The Saturday Evening
POST
August 24, 1957 — 15¢

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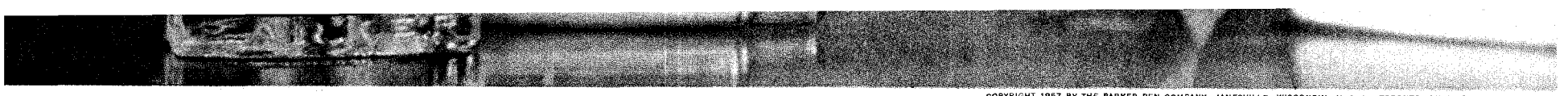

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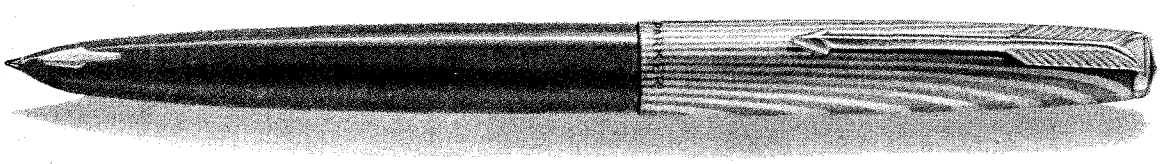

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Parker 61

Capillary Pen

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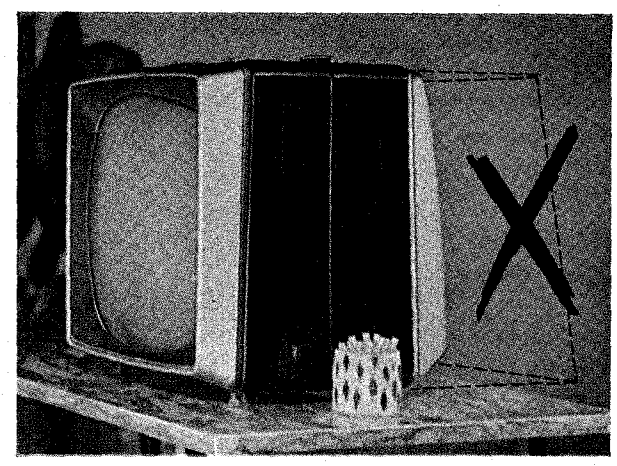
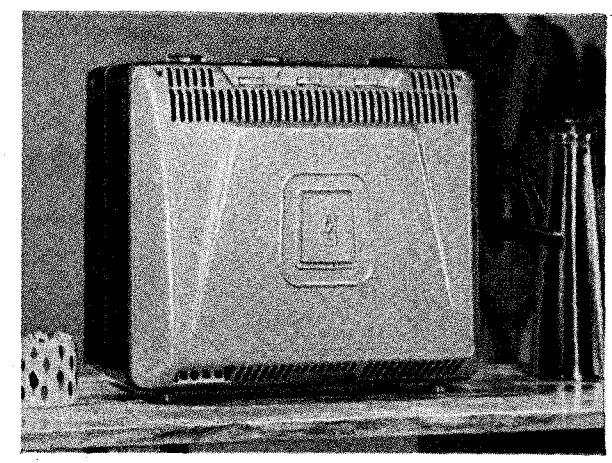
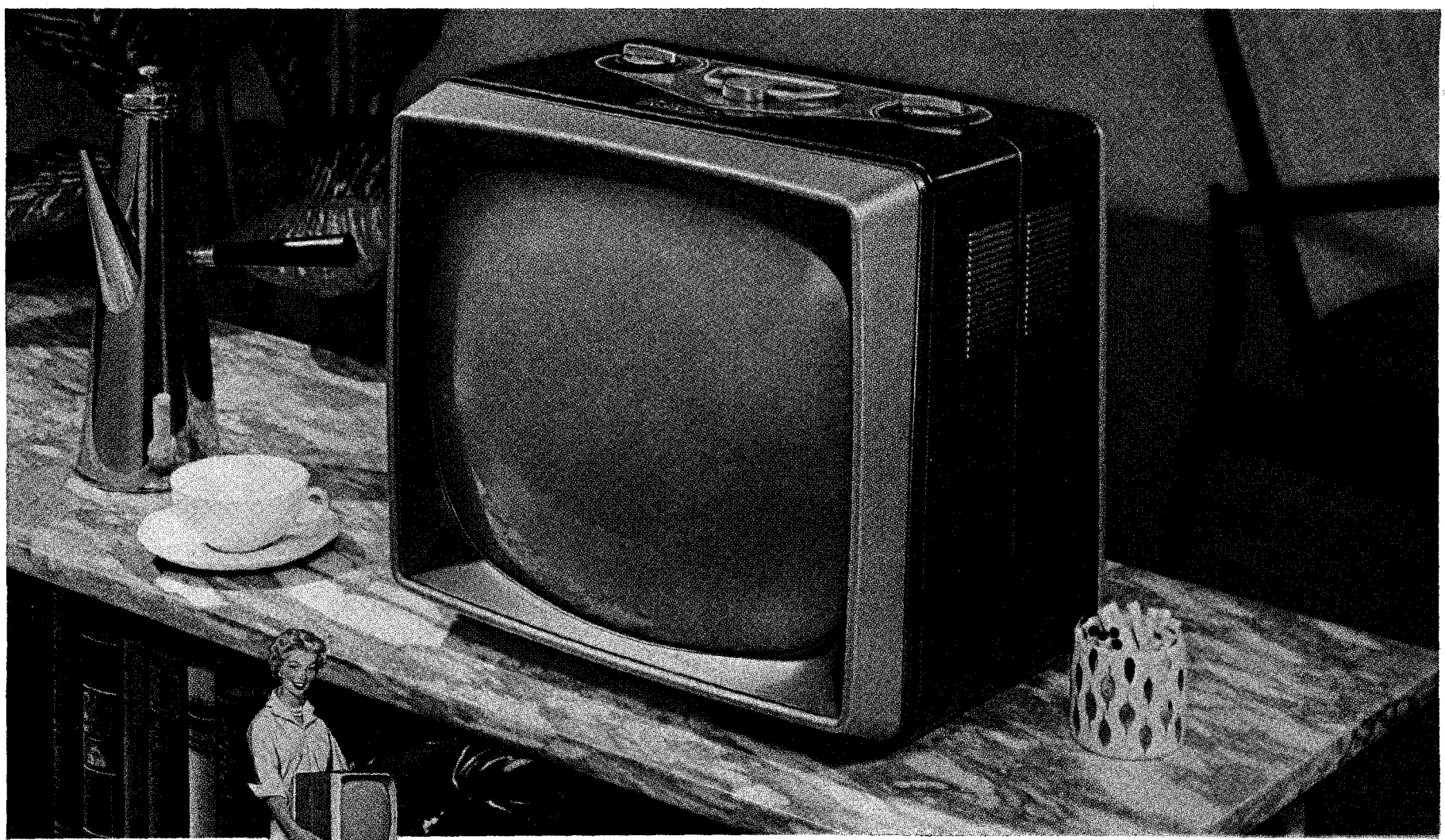


Most Slender of All!



Even the Back Is Beautiful!

NEW *Slender Seventeener* BY PHILCO



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IN THIS ISSUE

August 24, 1957 — *Vol. 230, No. 8*

4 Short Stories

Tugboat Annie and the Dangerous Cheapskate . . . *Norman Reilly Raine* 26
Top-Secret Man . . . *Jacob Hay* 30
Last Day in Paris . . . *Samson Raphaelson* 34
The Strange Courtship . . . *Stuart Cloete* 37

8 Articles

Buckskin and Blanket Days (First of three articles) . . . *Thomas Henry Tibbles* 19
Baruch: My Own Story
2. Life at Hobcaw Plantation . . . *Bernard M. Baruch* 24
The Face of America: Geyser on the Green . . . *Photograph by Arthur Griffin* 28
Can Labor Live Down Dave Beck? . . . *Cyrus S. Ching, as told to Ben Pearse* 31
We Toured the Midwest in an Outboard . . . *Arthur W. Baum* 32
Secrets of the Unknown War (Fourth of five articles) . . . *David Howarth* 36
Good News for Diabetics . . . *Milton Silverman* 38
Mr. Possum Goes to Town . . . *John Reese* 43

Serial

The Case of the Dead Man's Daughter
(Third of eight parts) . . . *Erle Stanley Gardner* 45

Other Features

Letters . . . 4
Editorials . . . 10
Post Scripts . . . 40
Verse . . . 62, 81, 92, 98, 101
Keeping Posted . . . 104

THE COVER

So I get filed away in Rover Kennels (sobs Earle Mayan's poor cover dog) while the rest of the family gets to do the roving. If they are so sad, why can't I go to Seaspray City, too, and help chirk them up? I could chase cats that otherwise might annoy them; I could whip up a short dog fight if things get dull; and I could bark at people who don't impress me as good for the family to associate with. But no; for my gay vacation it's a doggone boardinghouse, where the food will be adequate, but nothing like scraps of home cooking, and my doghouse will be a cage, although I'm not a wild animal. Do you know what? When the folks come back to get me, I am going to discipline them by pretending I have completely forgotten who they are—if I can keep my tail from wagging.

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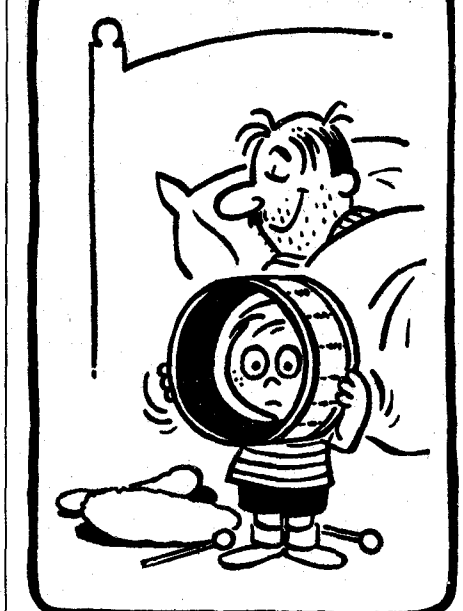

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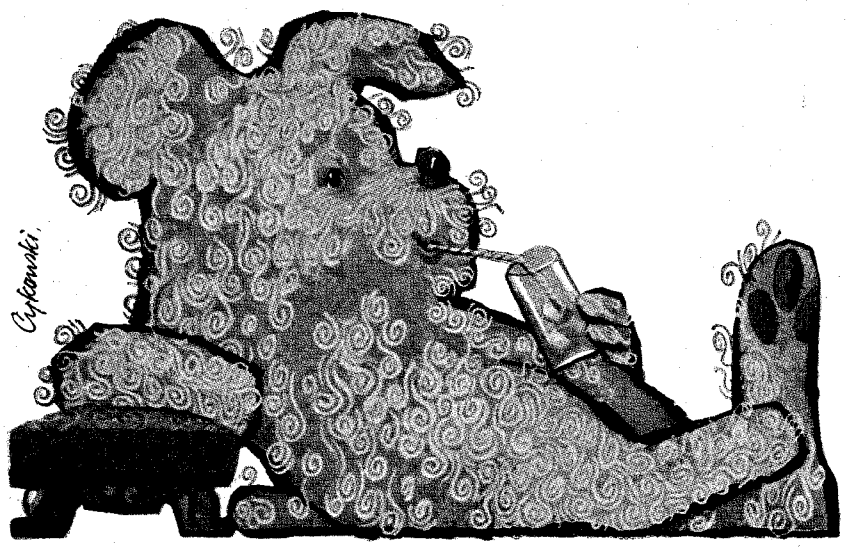

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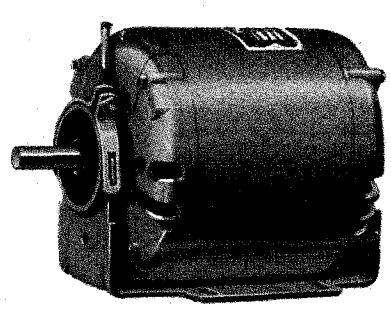

Letters

Anybody Here Seen Solomon?

Dear Sirs:

WHY JUDGES CAN'T SLEEP [by Ruth and Edward Brecher, July 13] presents . . . a problem which has long been recognized and deplored by those of us who have entered the field of penal correction.

The old days of lash and chains in the prisons of our country have given way to progressive programs of reconditioning the minds and bodies of offenders.

It is regrettable that the system of adjudging sentences has not kept pace.

W. B. VAN EMAN
Leavenworth, Kansas

Dear Sirs:

I cannot understand the attitude of the N.P.P.A. or the authors in viewing with concern "the judicial custom of imposing harsher sentences on those who demand trial than on those who plead guilty," and in refusing probation to those who insist on trial. I have little discretion under Kansas law as to the sentence imposed, but it seems like only common sense to give less consideration to a parole application of a man who has demanded trial than to one who has pleaded guilty. . . . A trial causes the state a large amount of unnecessary expense, and insisting on it, by a guilty man, would seem to actually be an additional offense against the state. Of course, a defendant has a right to a trial, just like a Fifth Amendment witness has a right to plead the amendment, but that, to my mind, does not mean that doing so discloses nothing unfavorable about the man's character.

ROBERT W. HEMPHILL
Judge 17th District
Norton, Kansas

Dear Sirs:

I note that there have been many meetings or conferences of members of the judiciary and also of the National Probation and Parole Association, and that we are soon to receive a document entitled Guides for Sentencing. Permit me to suggest that there are thousands and thousands of individuals who have not been taken into consideration and who have not been heard from—those who have been in prison and who, on being released, have made good and are now again respected citizens. They are the ones who have been on the receiving end of the sentences which have been imposed, and it is my thought that a representative group of these former "inmates" should be asked for their advice and counsel or recommendations.

DALE SOUTER
Circuit Judge
Grand Rapids, Mich.

For the Love of Lobsters

Dear Sirs:

As I am a transplanted Maine Yankee, my saliva ducts are still twitching after reading THE CARE AND EATING OF LOBSTERS [by Samuel T. Williamson, July 20]. . . .

The author omitted the way to select the more tender females. There are actually four ways, but the simplest is to look at the tentacles on the underside of the tail. If they are furry, it's a "she," but if they only have hairlike spines, it's a boy. The female holds her eggs with these furry tentacles for a brief period when hatching. Or put a few lobsters side by side and the ones with the broadest beam are girls. Ain't it always a fact?

CHRISTOPHER R. DEANE
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Sirs:

I read Williamson's story on lobsters until I came to the spot where he put the lobster in boiling water. Then I knew he knew nothing.

You should start to boil a lobster in cold water and bring it to a boil. Putting him in boiling water causes him to tense

up and toughen up, just as you would tense up every muscle if you jumped into scalding hot water in your bath instead of bringing the heat up gradually.

BYRON B. BLACK
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Why does Mr. Williamson advocate eating everything but the neck of a clam? I've eaten lobsters and clams from Eastport to Block Island and have yet to see anyone discard this delicacy. It is only necessary to remove the cap from the neck of a clam before dipping it in the butter and eating the whole thing.

ANNE ROMANO
Guilford, Me.

Dear Sirs:

I have just read with horror the recipe for Lobster Stew. . . . Maybe, but I doubt it, down-Easters put sodium glutamate and Maggi in their stews. No real Cape Codder would be guilty of such treason. It would be like putting the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder . . .

A real honest-to-goodness Cape Cod lobster stew is just lobster and no chemicals or fancy sherry or paprika—lobsters are boiled in lightly salted water twenty minutes for a medium one, the meat is removed and the green stuff and the coral (if the cook does not eat it then and there) are tossed out. Whole milk . . . is put into a kettle, *not* a double boiler, and a good big hunk of butter is thrown in, the lobster meat is added, the stew brought up to almost the boiling point and the diners, waiting at the table with big soup plates before them, are served directly from stove to plates with the hot, sweet-salty-tasting lobster and milk and butter—and that is IT.

M. F. LEONARD
Cape Cod, Mass.

Sen. Talmadge Denies

Dear Sirs:

I call your attention to the assertion in Part 4 of THE DEEP SOUTH SAYS "NEVER!"

(Continued on Page 6)

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A car is a good thing to do a lot of jobs with.

It'll take you to railroad stations, to supermarkets, to bridge games and hairdressers and veterinarians.

But don't tie it down just to jobs like that. It can do so much more for you. Let it.

Just get in it and go.

Go to a waterfall, or a picnic tree in a wooded place. Or to a lake in the summer sunset or the top of a snowy mountain. Or to a flower bed in the middle of a forest.

Go somewhere and be with beauty for awhile. Your car is the only way you can do it right.

There are over 200,000 service station men ready to help you wherever you drive. Knowing that trained, experienced help is as near as the next service station makes motoring a carefree pleasure.

DRIVE MORE—IT'S FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

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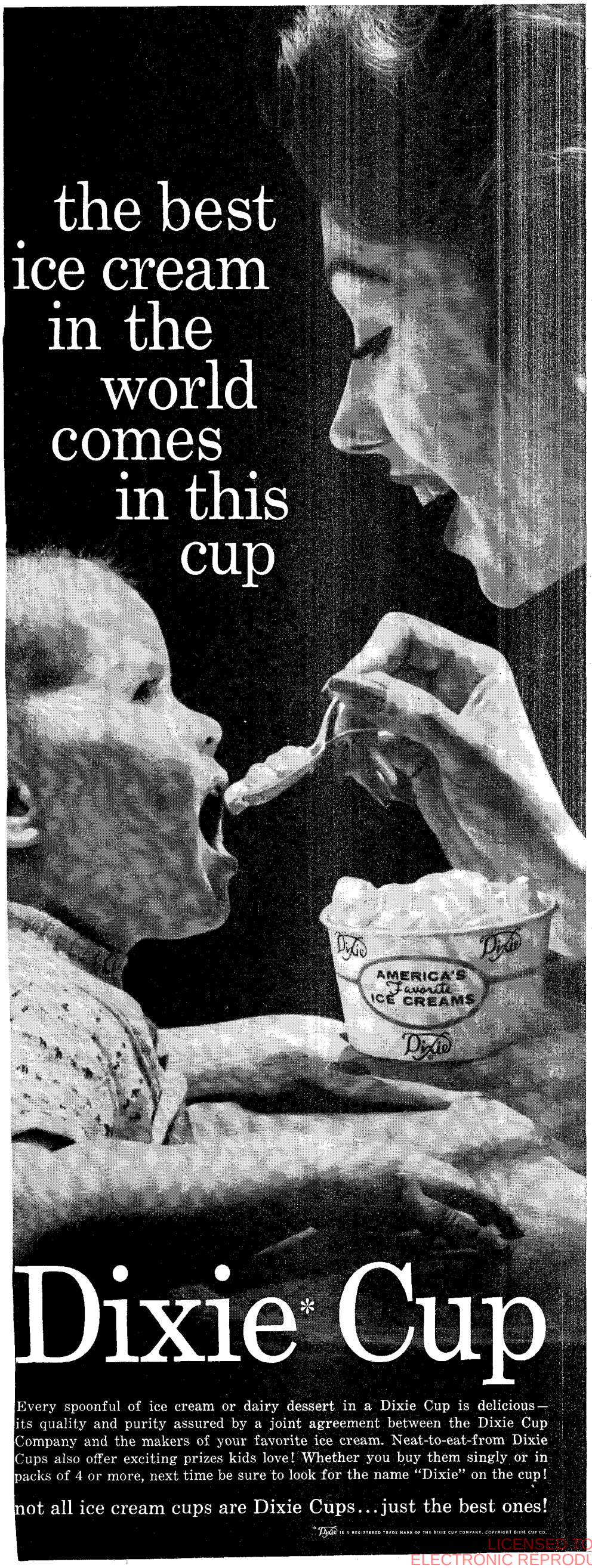
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Every spoonful of ice cream or dairy dessert in a Dixie Cup is delicious—its quality and purity assured by a joint agreement between the Dixie Cup Company and the makers of your favorite ice cream. Neat-to-eat-from Dixie Cups also offer exciting prizes kids love! Whether you buy them singly or in packs of 4 or more, next time be sure to look for the name "Dixie" on the cup!
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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

by John Bartlow Martin, as published in the July 6, 1957, issue that I, along with several other individuals, ". . . behind the scenes make policy (of the Citizens' Councils of America)."

This statement is absolutely false, inasmuch as I am not a member of that organization, have never been consulted in the formulation of its policy and have no connection with it or its activities whatsoever.

I am a charter member of the States' Rights Council of Georgia, Inc., and, as a member of that organization, helped formulate its policy, aims and purposes. . . .

The States' Rights Council of Georgia is not affiliated or associated with any other organization. It is a positive organization which stands for the American way of life and the right of individual liberty and self-determination, and it is not anti-anything or anti-anybody.

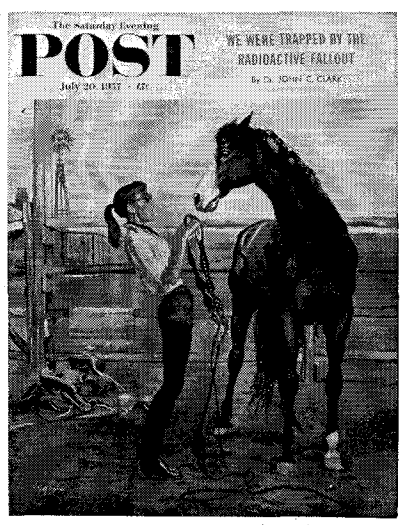
HERMAN E. TALMADGE
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

● *John Bartlow Martin simply reported what opponents of the Citizens' Councils are convinced is the truth. The passage at issue reads: "The key men in the national organization (of Citizens' Councils), Simmons says, are those who run the state Council associations—Sam Engelhardt, of Alabama; Emory Rogers, of South Carolina; William Rainach, of Louisiana; and Patterson, of Mississippi. Opponents of the Councils, however, believe that other men behind the scenes make policy—Sen. James Eastland, of Mississippi; Senator Talmadge, of Georgia; and John U. Barr and Leander Perez, of Louisiana."* —ED.

Reluctant Pinto

Dear Sirs:

Disregarding the bridle going on backward and the obvious approach to the



right of the horse, where is the curb chain or strap? [Cover by George Hughes, July 20]

No one but a bronc stomper or a rodeo hand would attempt to fork a western horse (stock, quarter, or pleasure) without a curb!

CURLEY BOWERSOX
Carthage, Mo.

● *It's probably a "dude horse," trained to work without the curb.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

If it isn't too late, you tell that skinny-legged gal to get out of there and leave that hoss alone. I've got a scar on my arm I got sixty years ago from a bite I got from a hoss like that.

WARREN TUCKER
Oakland, Cal.

Billboards: Pro and Con

Dear Sirs:

I wish to register a protest against the editorial by Neil M. Clark [UNSIGHTLY BILLBOARDS NEED NOT CLUTTER UP OUR COSTLY HIGHWAYS, July 13]. It condones a form of federal regulation which seriously jeopardizes personal freedom. Apparently also Mr. Clark failed to recognize the difference between the standardized outdoor-advertising medium and the various products and services available on the premises of business establishments along streets and highways.

Companies in the standardized outdoor-advertising industry, through the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, Inc., for many years have subscribed voluntarily to a code of policies in recognition of the public interest in scenic beauty and in safe, efficient streets and highways.

Member companies of our Association have no intention of lining the highway system with outdoor-advertising structures. We have opposed federal regulation as a matter of principle.

Actually, the bill now being considered in Washington will not eliminate the profusion of small signs Mr. Clark dislikes. On-premise signs will continue to be permitted.

HARLEY B. MARKHAM
Chairman of the Board
Outdoor Advertising Assn.
Chicago, Ill.

● *We do not oppose outdoor advertising, per se, but we feel that the people who are to pay for the new highway network should have the right to decide whether they prefer to see billboards or scenery during their auto trips.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

The average two-weeks vacationing families are being deprived of their well-earned mental relaxation by the billboards covering the majority of our once-upon-a-time scenic highways.

DARLEEN DOWLING
New Orleans, La.

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Reading across pages, then down:

19, 20, 21, 22, 23—Archive Art. • 24—Walter S. McDonald, Gottscho-Schleisner. 25—Bettmann Archive, from Bernard Baruch, International, Walter S. McDonald, Karsh. • 26, 27—James R. Bingham. • 28, 29—Arthur Griffin. • 30—Perry Peterson. 31—Ollie Atkins. • 32—Frank Ross. • 33—Four by Frank Ross; Center Studios. • 34, 35—Joe Bowler. • 36—From Kurt Olsen, by Kurt Olsen, from David Howarth, Center Studios. 37—Fritz Willis. • 38—Jacob Lofman, from Scope Weekly, courtesy of the Upjohn Company. • 39—Jacob Lofman. • 43—Gene Lester. • 45—James R. Bingham. • 102—Anonymous, Blaine Waller, PIX, two by Harry Saltzman.

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PEOPLE of all walks of life had their sleep electronically measured in laboratory sleep rooms. 3142 separate tests were made . . . 60,000,000 electronic recordings of brain waves, heartbeats, skin temperatures and muscular tensions. Every leading type of mattress was compared.

The results: when all the tests were added up, the charts proved Beautyrest gave longer periods of sound, deep refreshing sleep.

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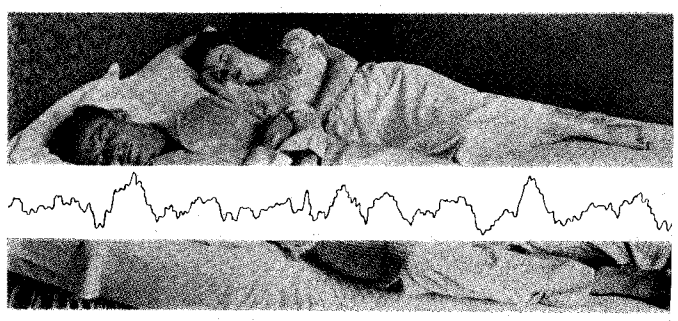
Beautyrest is made differently—with independent springs that adjust to your body's contours. They support every part of your body—and especially important—*they give firm support to the sensitive small of your back.*

Beautyrest at $79.50 is the *least* expensive of all to own. It's proved to last three times as long as *any* of the leading mattresses compared in durability tests.

Remember, Beautyrest gives more deep, refreshing rest . . . *firm* support for your back . . . two reasons why you *wake up wonderful* with Beautyrest.



Picture of sound sleep. Recorded heartbeats and brain waves showed sounder sleep on Beautyrest. This research was conducted at the United States Testing Co., using methods developed by the Sleep Research Foundation.

Simmons WONDERFUL *Beautyrest*

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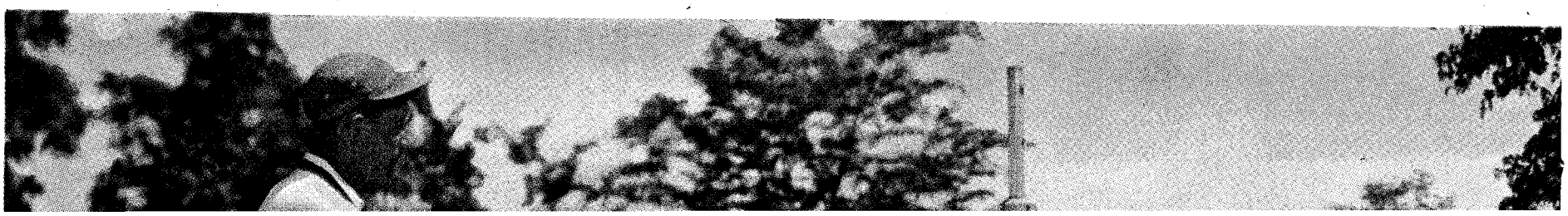

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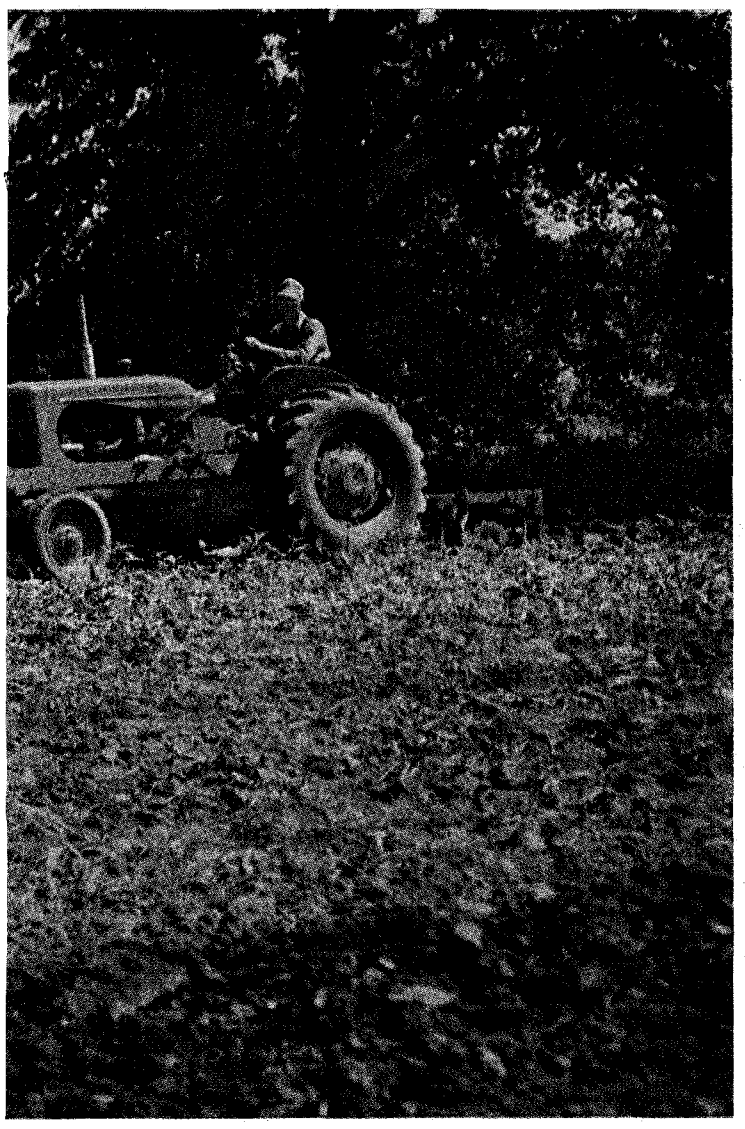
Family Farming–1957



Through the years, the Merle Joneses, of Missouri, have steadily increased the size of their farm. Yet today with modern machines, it's a stronger family operation than ever. Together, Merle and his family can handle more acres . . . easier . . . and with less outside help than at any time in the history of their farm.

For example, father and son operate their two Allis-Chalmers tractors as a team . . . plow up to 40 acres in a single day. This big capacity lets them finish plowing, planting and cultivating on time, even when weather is against them. And when the fleeting days of harvest come, their grain is cut and threshed in a single operation with their own harvester.

This progress has brought not only better farming, but also better living. The Jones children—Dick, Linda, and Merlyn—enjoy new opportunities to be active in school and youth programs. In fact, the whole family has more time and energy for church, community and family life.

Even though such farms have grown and become more efficient food producers, they remain *family* farms in the truest sense. ALLIS-CHALMERS GENERAL OFFICES, MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN.

Better homemaking, too. Here, Linda (center), friend Jackie Perry, and project leader Mrs. Everett Ausmus, inspect dress Linda modeled to win county 4-H competition.

ALLIS-CHALMERS

Where Engineering in Action is at work on your future—today.

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Editorials

Why Can't a Corporation Get a Break From the Senate's Probers?

Some of our corporate executives, especially those who operate the nation's oil industry, are wondering how they can profit from the Supreme Court's solicitude for the rights of individuals who testify before congressional committees. Oil executives, who took it on the chin before Senator O'Mahoney's subcommittee on public lands, would like to find the formula.

During the June hearings before Senator O'Mahoney's subcommittee, the oil companies were accused, on the basis of a report by the committee's staff, of using the Iranian crisis to grab Middle Eastern oil for themselves; and of taking advantage of the situation to stifle competition in defiance of the antitrust laws. None of this was based on testimony before the committee. Charges were also made that the oil companies had profiteered from the Suez "oil lift."

American oil companies went into Iran, after the nationalization of Britain's oil fields, as a means of keeping Iran's oil out of Soviet hands. They were exempted from antitrust prosecution by the Government for the reason that the companies had to be assured that they would not be prosecuted later for doing what the State Department wanted them to do in the emergency.

As far as the "oil lift" of 1956 is concerned, the cost of by-passing the Suez Canal, with a shortage of tankers to overcome, was high. But the "oil lift" is generally regarded as a triumph of American efficient management under peculiarly difficult circumstances. Surely those who directed it, and thus prevented a catastrophic oil famine in Western Europe, deserve something better than the reiteration of unproved charges dredged out of a report by the committee's staff—a report largely based, as Senator Dirksen brought out during the hearings, on articles in newspapers and other secondary sources.

Unlike a suspected subversive, an oil company can hardly challenge the legislative purpose of a "staff report" leaked to the press outside the committee room. However, oil companies and other corporations which think their rights are being overlooked by congressional committees might try leaking it around that they are up to some sort of shenanigans with the Communists. Once identified with the Red conspiracy, the oil boys could defy their inquisitors, take the Fifth Amendment, cite the First, and make the committee's day hideous with endless statements of "principle." At all events, they would seem to have as good a chance for a square deal as they have been getting by acting in the nation's interest.

Child Adoption is Better Managed Than it Used to Be

The time is long past when the adoption of babies was looked upon as a haphazard affair with the unpleasant aura of charity and the orphanage about it. Adoption these days is carried out with skill and understanding by professional agencies staffed with experienced social workers who use the resources of sociology and psychiatry to place the right child with the right couple.

There is still room for improvement, of course. Some social workers still approach human situations with a rigid professionalism that creates heartbreak and resentment. Too many agencies are still so squeamish about the religious angle that they arbitrarily and unjustly rule out some promising prospective adoptive parents who are of different faiths. For the most part, however, the picture is far brighter than it used to be.

As late as a generation ago, adoption was not a very common practice. Today it is becoming socially acceptable and seems likely to drive the old orphanage into oblivion, a prospect to be cheered.

Recent studies show that there are about 4,500,000 childless couples in this country, at least 1,000,000 of which are trying to adopt children. According to figures compiled by the Child Welfare League, there are about 100,000 children placed for adoption each year in the forty-eight states. This means that there are at least ten eager couples for every adoptable infant, which indicates why many childless people have to wait for two or three years before their prayers and formal applications are answered.

This sudden demand for adoptable babies has revolutionized adoption procedure. Each year sees fewer of the so-called "gray market" adoptions, where lawyer, judge and doctor combine forces to get an unwanted child into the hands of some eager couple. Each year there are fewer luckless infants given to unstable couples who vainly hope thereby to "hold together" their hopeless marriages.

The adoptive parents who go through the intensive interviews, home study and financial scrutiny called for by any reputable adoption agency today can feel justifiably proud when they are finally given a baby. They have passed a tough test.

But for all the careful preparation by the social worker, adoption is still a nervous time for the young husband and wife who suddenly find themselves with a wriggling, squalling pink stranger in their bassinet. It is a time of deep adjustment, unaided by the physiological changes that go with pregnancy. They are in no mood to be regaled by Cousin Myrtle's tale about the couple who adopted the darling little blue-eyed girl only to have the "real mother" appear on the scene a few years later to wrench the child tearfully away from them—as nearly happened in the recent struggle over little Hildy McCoy, whose foster parents were forced to flee from Massachusetts to Florida to make the adoption stick. Fortunately, such episodes are rare.

Finding Jobs for Refugees from Mao's Paradise Isn't Easy

The most serious indictment of Communist failure in China is not new. It consists of the fact that Chinese intellectuals, youth, farmers and technicians hate the Red regime, and are voting against it by fleeing to Hong Kong.

Hong Kong is, of course, jam-packed with Chinese refugees from Communism. Thousands of these refugees are competent, trained people who should be welcome in any country. The problem of placing them in jobs is a tough one and has been tackled by an organization known as Aid Refugee Chinese Intellectuals, Inc., which was spark-plugged by Rep. Walter Judd, of Minnesota, and sponsored by an impressive array of well-known Americans. The Far East representative is George A. Fitch, who has a long record of humanitarian service in China and Korea.

Up to now, Mr. Fitch and his associates have settled more than 14,500 Chinese refugees in various parts of Free Asia from Formosa to Malaya. However, more than 15,000 refugees in Hong Kong, who had been "processed" under the American Refugee Relief Act and had been sponsored in this country by persons who assured them of jobs and housing, had to abandon their hopes of admission to the United States when it was announced that the Chinese quota under the law had been filled. Although the U.S.A. can hardly handle all the people in the world who wish to escape from Communist tyranny, the possibility of extending the refugee program is worth exploring.

How Formosa has found room for so many is a modern miracle. Some 2,000,000, including government personnel and army, fled to Formosa when the Chinese Communists steam-rollered over the mainland. From Indochina came 30,000 internees released by the French. Then 14,000 Chinese POW's in Korea chose freedom on Formosa. Another 18,000 Chinese were evacuated from the Tachen Islands and 2000 more from Nanchi Island before these islands were handed over to the Reds. ARCI has resettled 12,000 refugees in Formosa.

Free World admission of refugees will amount to little if the Communist dictatorship continues to control Russia, China and their satellites. To admit refugees from Red China while consenting to expand imports of the products of Red China's slave labor would be pure hypocrisy.

All honor to those who work to alleviate the consequences of Communism to liberty! Considerably less to those "liberals" who seek to shore up the Red tyrants on their ticklish perches!

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You'll take extra pride and pleasure in the way it looks—the way it acts—and the way it's put together. No other low-priced car is quite so *sweet, smooth* and *sassy,* or so solidly and finely made as Chevrolet.

You'll feel a very special kind of pride the day you park a new Chevrolet in your driveway. Maybe you'll even find yourself looking out the window, now and then, just for the pleasure of seeing it there. It's a beautiful sight to behold—fresh and alert, with a certain ready-to-go spirit written all over it.

And when the neighbors drop by to "look 'er over," you'll be prouder than ever. They'll see the fine construction and finishing touches that put Chevrolet head and shoulders above its field. For instance, they'll feel the extra solidity of Body by Fisher, and they'll see the deeper luster of Chevy's long-lasting *lacquer* paint job.

Then they'll want a ride around the block to see if Chevrolet is as sweet, smooth and sassy as it looks. That's how people become happy Chevy owners. Stop by your Chevrolet dealer's and you'll see what we mean. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

More people drive Chevrolets than any other car.

CHEVROLET

You get more to be proud of in a Chevy!

More beautifully built and shows it—the Bel Air Sport Coupe with Body by Fisher.

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"SEE, WITH ZENITH SPACE COMMAND TV I CAN SWITCH PROGRAMS FROM CLEAR ACROSS THE ROOM!"

"Gracie!.. You wouldn't dare!"

ONLY *ZENITH* HAS SPACE COMMAND, THE REMOTE CONTROL UNIT THAT TUNES TV BY "SILENT SOUND"...

JUST TOUCH A BUTTON TO...

- *shut off the sound of long, annoying commercials while the picture remains on the screen*
- *turn TV on and off*
- *change channels (either direction)*

No Wires, No Batteries, No Transistors...

NOTHING BETWEEN YOU AND THE SET BUT SPACE!

Imagine the lazy delight of tuning television from your lounge chair . . . anywhere in the room! At the touch of a button, the control unit in your hand emits a "Silent Sound" which only the electronic ear of your Space Command receiver can hear . . . and instantly your set responds! Automatically, each channel comes in sharper and clearer than ever before on Zenith's revolutionary new "Sunshine" Picture Tube.

The tone, too, is brilliantly superior, because Zenith's four High Fidelity Speakers, mounted on the sides of your picture screen, project the sound with true "living" quality.

Select the perfect Space Command TV set for *your* room from Zenith's new Decorator Group in Traditional, Modern, and Provincial style cabinets. You'll have the finest in television performance, styling and cabinetry . . . plus the joy of Space Command Remote Control. Not an extra cost accessory, it's built right into your set!

BURNS AND ALLEN SHOW
Seen every week over CBS Television Network

ZENITH®
ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION
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The quality goes in before the Zenith name goes on
Backed by 38 years of leadership in radionics exclusively.
Also makers of Radio, High Fidelity Instruments and fine Hearing Aids

The Royalty of Television

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SPACE COMMAND TV

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Now for the *first time* you can WASH and DRY your clothes

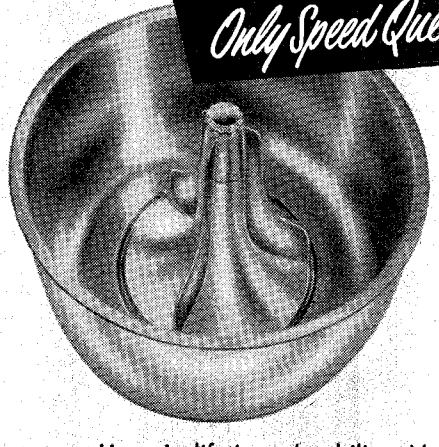
in sparkling *Lifetime Stainless Steel*

...thanks to the new *Golden Anniversary*

SPEED QUEEN

Royal Pair

Bowl-shaped STAINLESS STEEL TUB *Only Speed Queen has it!*



Here is lifetime durability. No rusting. No chipping. No corrosion. Always a smooth, bright surface to protect your clothes. Safe from damage against sharp blows. Truly the perfect laundry appliance metal.

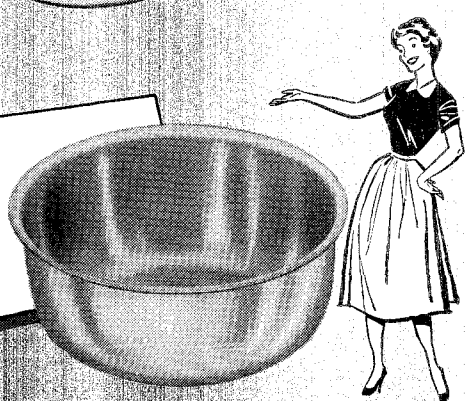
New **STAINLESS STEEL DRYER DRUM** *Only Speed Queen has it!*

Now, for '58, Speed Queen brings you the most highly-perfected automatic washer of all time! Which, to you, means greater convenience and lower operating cost than ever before. Some of the washer's main features are: Lifetime Stainless Steel Tub — Automatic Lint Remover — Automatic Rinse Conditioner — Automatic Sediment Ejector — Wash 'N' Wear Switch — Soap Saver — Transmission with 5-year guarantee — 2-speed wash and spin — 11, 7, 4 and 2-minute washing — Water level control — Water temperature control.

Matching the washer in beauty and built-in quality is the new Golden Anniversary Dryer. It's the first dryer to bring you the many advantages of a Stainless Steel drum. Now you can *dry* your clothes, as well as wash them, in smooth, gleaming Stainless Steel. See this incomparable Royal Pair at your Speed Queen dealer. For literature, write Speed Queen, a Division of McGraw-Edison Company, Ripon, Wisconsin.

McGRAW EDISON

SPECIAL *Demonstration* **OFFER**



As a special demanstration offer, at most Speed Queen dealers, this 3-qt. Stainless Steel mixing bowl, valued at $2.50, can be purchased for only $1.18. Get yours today.

ONLY **$1.18**

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REXALL'S Golden Rule

Save 30¢ SPUNTEX SEAMLESS NYLONS

51 gauge, 15 denier dress sheer; demi-heels and toes. Fine mesh type; snag resistant. Reg. $1.39 **$1.09**

Save 21¢ HAIR BRUSHES

Adrienne half-round or professional, or Stag club style. Firm, long-lasting nylon bristles. $1.00 Value **79¢**

Put It Right On The Table REXALL TABLE SWEET

This smart decanter contains the new *liquid* sweetener for beverages, cereals and for cooking. No sugar, yet your taste can't tell it from sugar! 4-oz. **89¢**

Save 31¢ 3-Way Headache Relief REXALL MONACET A. P. C.

Aspirin acts fast; phenacetin prolongs the relief; caffeine boosts the action of the other ingredients. 200 Reg. $1.29 **98¢**

NEW! Aerosol Body Spray REXALL ALCO-MIST

Spray it on, rub briskly—no waste, no muss. It's relaxing and soothing. Antiseptic and deodorant. 7-oz. **98¢**

They Stick Better! REXALL QUIK-BANDS

Rexall's Pro-Cap adhesive makes these plastic bandages stick better, with less irritation. Waterproof, flexible, flesh-colored. Plain or mercurochrome. Box of 47. **59¢**

Nasal Congestion? DEFENDER NOSE AND THROAT ATOMIZER

Takes heavy and light oils plus aqueous and alcoholic solutions. Reg. $1.79, save 30¢ now at..... **$1.49**

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WORLD MAP Save 71¢ on Hammond's 28" x 41" wall map in full color! Easy-to-read type on heavy, high-quality paper. A $1.00 value, now.. **29¢**

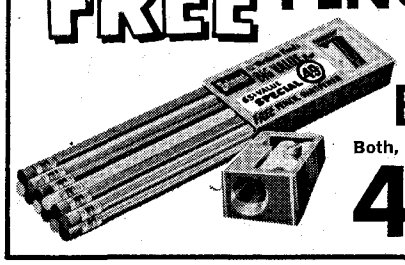
RETRACTABLE BALL PEN by Belmont. Has snap-button action and smart, two-tone color barrel. Only **49¢**

FILLER PAPER 5-hole punched, marginal ruled with wide or narrow lines. Big pack of 8" x 10½" sheets. A 50¢ value **2 for 89¢**

VACUUM BOTTLE Save 46¢! Cape Cod, with green-striped steel case, red plastic cap. Choose ½-pint or pint. A $1.85 value **$1.39**

BINDER Non-zipper style covered with DuPont "Mylar." Has a built-in clip and schedule. Choose either gold or white. A $1.50 value, now save at.... **$1.29**

FREE PENCIL SHARPENER When you buy a pack of 12 BIG VALUE PENCILS



Both, a 65¢ Value **49¢**

A real saving for home, school and office! 12 colorful pencils in new metallic wood finish—with free sharpener!

SAVE 19¢ ON LUNCH KITS! Choose your youngster's favorite lunch kit from more than half-a-dozen popular styles. Each kit has a ½-pint or 10-ounce vacuum bottle and each is regularly $2.98. Select yours now at **$2.79**

WIDE MOUTH VACUUM BOTTLE by Cape Cod. Ideal for soups, solid foods. $1.99 val., **$1.75**

SCOTCH PLAID ZIPPER BINDER, heavy-duty vinyl film cover. Rings hold 360 sheets, **$2.98**

BINDER, non-zipper style in sturdy vinyltex. Your choice of 3 pastels. Waterproof.....**59¢**

MAGIC SCHOOL SLATE is 8½" x 11" and fits ring note books. Complete with a writing stylus and 10-inch ruler printed on one side. **25¢**

WATERPROOF WASHABLE SCHOOL BAG in vinyl plastic with a lock. Boy's or girl's. **$1.69**

BALL PEN PENCIL CASE. King-size plastic case is a real pen that actually writes; contains 3 pencils and 6" plastic ruler. Color choice. **59¢**

DELUXE HOME SECRETARY EXPANSION FILE. A to Z, Jan. to Dec., household indexes. **$1.98**

PASTEL CLIPBOARDS are of Masonite with smooth, pearl-like finish in choice of six colors. Round corners and strong, steel clip. Each, **69¢**

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EXECUTIVE STENO BOOK, wire-bound with a red plastic-coated cover. White, ruled, only **39¢**

RIPPLE BOND TYPEWRITER TABLET contains high-quality paper, 8½" x 11". Only.....**50¢**

COMPOSITION BOOK, wire-bound. Wide and marginal ruled. 3-hole punched. Only....**25¢**

BELMONT FILLER PAPER is faintly ruled with wide or narrow lines. 3-hole punched....**39¢**

BELMONT FILLER TABLET has wide rule lines. 5-hole punched for ring binders. 8"x10½", **25¢**

GOLF BAG PENCIL CASE. 3 golf-head pencils in a miniature, bright plaid golf bag.....**29¢**

NOTEBOOK POUCH fits loose-leaf notebooks. Zipper-style with see-through front. Contains 2 pencils, ruler, flags, instruction sheet....**59¢**

PAINT AND COLOR SET. 14 colored paints, 6 crayons, brush—in "see-through" box...**59¢**

BELMONT BULL DOG CLIPS of spring steel. Grip firmly and hold paper, cloth or leather. Handy for office, home, shop or car. Each **15¢**

NEW INDEXED FILLER BOOK has 8" x 10½" wide-ruled sheets, punched and wire bound. 4 tab-indexed divider sections. 2 thicknesses: medium, **50¢**; or large (more sheets).....**79¢**

FIVE YEAR DIARY has a brass lock and key for complete privacy! The handsome cover is plastic alligator finish with gold trim and edges. Inside are 372 undated pages. Practical for businessmen as well as teenagers and college students. Reg. $1.50, save 21¢ at..**$1.29**

BOBBY SOCKS. Girl's white stretch socks with triple roll cuffs. Heavy cotton-nylon blend. Pair, regularly 85¢ now save at....**2 for $1.49**

Acid Indigestion? BISMA-REX MATES

Keep these pleasant tasting tablets handy—they're a quick, easy way to get famous Bisma-Rex relief. The antacids in the Mates' formula act fast and work in a "relay"—each antacid dissolves at a different rate to prolong alkalizing action and relief for hours. Bottle of 75 tablets. **89¢**

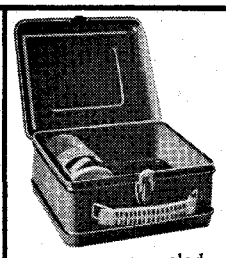
REXALL'S NEW-FORMULA BISMA-REX POWDER with two additional antacids—Magnesium Trisilicate and Aluminum Hydroxide—acts in a 6-way relay for prolonged relief. Lb., **$1.98**; 4¾-oz. ....**89¢**

REXALL BISMA-REX GEL, the liquid form, provides a soothing coating for irritated stomach membranes. ½-pint bottle, **$1.19**

Get THRU™ to Muscular Pain

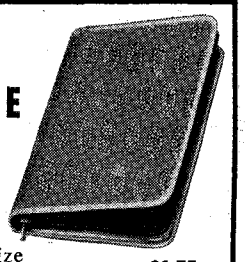
Thru, Rexall's revolutionary liquid pain-killer, actually goes *thru* the skin and gets deep inside aching tissue to kill pain where it hurts. *Thru* brings direct relief from muscular aches, stiffness, simple neuritis pain—and temporary relief from minor arthritic pain! Will not burn, redden or irritate skin. 2-oz. bottle. **$1.49**

Save 40¢ CAPE COD SCHOOL LUNCH KIT



Sturdy blue-enameled case. A ½-pint vacuum bottle keeps contents hot *or* cold till you're ready to eat! $2.79 Value **$2.39**

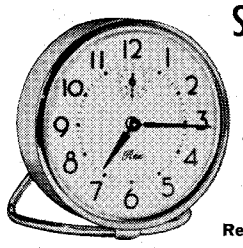
Save 36¢ OVERSIZE ZIPPER BINDER



Handy 14-inch size with a water moccasin reptile design cover. Has a water-repellent lining inside. $1.75 Value **$1.39**

OTHER BINDERS FROM..$1.98

Save 59¢ REX ALARM CLOCK



Reg. $2.98 **$2.39**

Dependable and accurate! Plain dial model is shown above. Or choose luminous hands and dial, reg. $3.98....**$3.29**

Fun for Children to Wear! 'LITTLE WARRIOR' QUIK-BANDS

Rexall's Indian-design bandages for children are bright-colored plastic—flexible and waterproof. Stick quickly, stay securely. Box of 32 **39¢**

Faster Cold Relief REXALL SUPER ANAPAC

Vitamin C and citrus bioflavonoid help promote resistance; antihistamine and APC relieve cold miseries at every stage. Bottle of 30 tablets, $1.79. 12 tablets, only..... **98¢**

SUPER ANAPAC, Jr. for children. 24, 79¢

REXALL DRUG PRODUCTS ARE GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

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Values SAVINGS YOU CAN MEASURE

200 Reg. 87¢ **67¢**

Save 20¢ REXALL ASPIRIN

No faster-acting aspirin made!

Taken with water, Rexall Aspirin is ready to go to work for you even before it reaches your stomach! 5-grain. Save on this big family size.

REXALL RUBBING ALCOHOL. Pint.....79¢
REXALL ASPIRIN, child's, 1-grain. 50....35¢
REXALL MINERAL OIL, extra heavy. Pint, 74¢
REXALL Mi31 MOUTHWASH. Full pint....89¢
REXALL BORIC ACID makes soothing solution for eyes, throat. ½-lb. powder or crystals, 60¢
REXALL COTTON BALLS, 65, reg. 39¢....29¢

NEW! Antibiotic Acne Treatment REXALL ACNOTHRICIN

Hides skin blemishes as it speeds healing and guards against spread of infection! 1½-oz. **98¢**

REXALL WITCH HAZEL. Pint .....63¢
REXALL CALAMINE LOTION. 4-oz. .....35¢
REXALL COD LIVER OIL. Pint.....$1.59
REXALL ZINC OXIDE OINTMENT, 1-oz....33¢
REXALL HYDROGEN PEROXIDE, 3%. 4-oz. 18¢
REXALL ESSENCE PEPPERMINT, 1-oz. ...49¢
REXALL FOOT POWDER, 4-oz. dispenser..43¢
REXALL ANTIHISTAMINE TABLETS. 15...49¢
REXALL THERMODEX TABLETS supply salt and dextrose; help prevent heat cramps. 100, 49¢
REXALL LANOLIN, USP. 1-oz. .....39¢
REXALL GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES. Two sizes—for adults or infants. Jar of 12.....53¢
REXALL FLUID EXTRACT CASCARA, Aromatic. Effective vegetable laxative. 2-oz. .....59¢
STAG "GENTLEMEN'S BOX" STATIONERY. Large sheets of white vellum; envelopes. $1.29

Itching Skin Irritations? REXALL HISTACALMA LOTION

Combines calamine, anti-*histamine, benzocaine.* 6-oz. **78¢**

REXALL HISTACALMA CREAM, 1½-oz., 96¢

NEW STAG TOILETRIES

STAG ELECTRIC PRE-SHAVE LOTION...$1.00
STAG COLOGNE. Windswept tang! 3-oz., **$1.25**
STAG AFTER-SHAVE LOTION. 5-oz. bottle, **$1.**
STAG LATHER SHAVE CREAM, 4½-oz. ..65¢
STAG BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAM, 4½-oz., 60¢

GOLDEN RULE SPECIALS

ENVELOPES. 6½" return address, air mail or commercial. Big cello-pack, reg. 10¢, **3 for 27¢**
REXALL REEL-ROLL COTTON in box with handy cutting edge. 3-oz., reg. 69¢, now **59¢**
MONREALE OLIVE OIL, finest quality, imported from Spain. 6-oz. bottle, reg. 62¢..**49¢**
PLAYING CARDS, Cascade. Bridge, poker or pinochle. Each deck, a 65¢ value, now....**53¢**
MEN'S ARGYLE STRETCH SOCKS, cotton-nylon blend for extra strength and comfort. Fit sizes 10-13. Color choice. Pair, reg. 85¢, **2 for $1.49**

PAPER OR ENVELOPES "Big Value" brand. Pack of white-wove paper, or 6½" commercial envs. 39¢ value **33¢**
PERMANENTS Cara Nome "FAST". Save ½! Gentle, Regular, Super, or Pin Curl. Or choose Little Girls'. Reg. $1.50, now **2 for $1.50**
BOBBY PINS Helen Cornell. Choose black or bronze. Card of 72 Rubber Tipped or 90 Regular style, reg. 25¢, now 19¢ or **2 for 35¢**
CREAM SHAMPOO Cara Nome. ½ price! Conditions as it cleans. Lanolin-rich. Big 8¾-oz. jar, reg. $2.00 now only **$1.00**
FACIAL TISSUES Rexall Luxury Tissues are soft, yet strong. Choice of white or popular pastels. 2 boxes of 500, reg. 79¢ **63¢**
IRISH LINEN TABLETS "Big Count". Popular note size with ruled or plain sheets. Reg. 10¢, now **3 for 27¢**
CELLO-PACK STATIONERY Quality paper and envelopes. Choice of 5 styles, including airmail. Reg. 39¢ **33¢**
MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS Rexall. Antacid, mild laxative. Highest quality. 36, 30¢ value **17¢**

More Bristles! Better Handle! Travel Case!

NEW! REXALL DE LUXE TOOTHBRUSHES

These all-new brushes keep their firm shape longer—free from "stick-out" edges—thanks to new, super-fine Hyzon bristles. Each brush now holds hundreds more bristles than ever before! The colorful handles have an improved, firm-grip design. The clear plastic case doubles as a toothbrush holder for travel. 6 medically-approved styles; soft, medium or firm texture. Natural bristles available in two styles.

EACH 69¢

Save 35¢ STAG AEROSOL SHAVE CREAM & STAG AFTER SHAVE LOTION

STAG AEROSOL SHAVE CREAM's instant lather sets up whiskers for clean, smooth shaves. STAG AFTER SHAVE LOTION—with a special tang that's fresh as all outdoors. Stag adds a bracing touch to good grooming.

Both Reg. $1.54 **$1.19**

Breathe Easier, Fast REXALL OXY-BIOTIC A.H. NASAL SPRAY

For colds, hay fever and nasal congestion! Antibiotic, with antihistamine—for swift, effective relief. Pocket atomizer contains more than 200 applications. **$1.19**

Upset Stomach? REXALL PABIZOL

Quick relief for minor stomach upsets and simple diarrhea caused by unwise eating. Pleasant peppermint flavor. 4-ounce bottle. **57¢**

Bottle of 36 **$2.59**

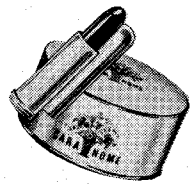
11 Vitamins, 12 Minerals with Liver Concentrate and Vitamin B_{12} REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS

America's largest selling vitamin and mineral product! One daily tablet gives you more than your minimum requirement of all vitamins with known minimums—plus B_{12}, folic acid and true liver concentrate—and 12 important minerals including iron. 144, **$7.95**; 72.....**$4.79**

REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS, JR. for children 6 to 12. Multi-vitamins with B_{12}, iron and liver. Bottle of 144 tablets, **$5.49**; 72, **$3.29**; 36, only.....**$1.79**

CARA NOME BEAUTY BUYS

Save 85¢ CARA NOME LIPSTICK AND FACE POWDER



Exquisitely fine Cara Nome Radiance Powder plus a Cara Nome Permacreme Lipstick. Choice of shades.

Both, reg. $2.35 $1.50

½ Price! CARA NOME DEODORANT CREAM

2-oz. Reg. $1.00 **50¢**

Special ingredient *stops* perspiration, keeps underarms dry for hours. Dainty fragrance.

Save 31¢ CARA NOME MAKE-UP STICK

Non-drying, non-greasy. It's a complete make-up—powder and base, in one! Choice of 4 shades. Reg. $1.50 **$1.19**

CARA NOME DRY SKIN CLEANSING CREAM

Pure, mild, safe for most sensitive skins. Choose this special dry-skin cream, regular Cleansing Cream or Cold Cream. 3-oz. **$1.25**

CARA NOME 'RADIANCE' COMPRESSED POWDER

In pretty pink plastic case. Won't "cake" or streak. Choice of six radiant shades. **Only $1.25**

Sets Pin Curls to Stay CARA NOME FAST SET

Delicately fragrant hair spray contains no lacquer. Fast Set is rich in lanolin that actually conditions your hair as it sets it. Fast Set leaves hair lustrous and soft, yet holds the curls for days. Save with this big can.

CARA NOME LIQUID LANOLIN COMPOUND for skin and hair. Save 31¢! 4-oz., reg. $1.50, **$1.19**

11-oz. can $1.89

FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS — Be wise, be safe—**VACCINATE** ASK YOUR DOCTOR

Prescriptions and drugs are my most important job—look for me at the orange and blue sign.

This advertisement is run on behalf of 10,000 independent druggists who recommend and feature products of the Rexall Drug Company. These suggested retail prices are effective through September 30, 1957 and are subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities. Rexall Drug Company, Los Angeles 54, California.

Rexall

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$50,000.00 Canada Dry Sweepstakes • 5083 PRIZES

GRAND PRIZE: ALL THE SILVER DOLLARS YOU CAN SHOVEL IN 5 MINUTES

Guaranteed minimum prize! **$15,000.00**

NO JINGLES!

NO PUZZLES!

NOTHING TO BUY!

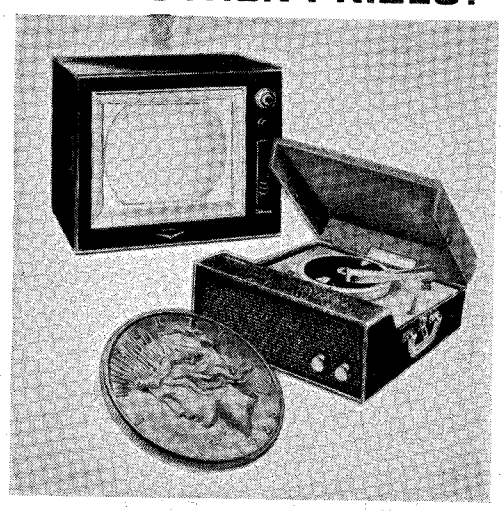
2nd PRIZE

All the silver dollars you can shovel in 2 minutes!
(guaranteed minimum prize—$6,000)

3rd PRIZE

All the silver dollars you can shovel in a minute!
(guaranteed minimum prize—$3,000)

PLUS 5080 OTHER PRIZES!



- 5 RCA Color Television Sets!
- 75 RCA Portable Phonographs!
- 5000 Individual Silver Dollars!

Get Your Free Entry Blank and full details at neighborhood stores. All entry blanks must be postmarked by midnight, September 8, 1957. Address, Sweepstakes Contest, P. O. Box 76, New York 46, N. Y. Selection of winners to be determined by an independent organization. Winners will be flown to New York City for shoveling contest. Sweepstakes not open to the residents of any state or locality where sweepstakes of this kind may be prohibited or taxed.

Enter as many times as you wish... No limit to entries. You MUST comply with rules on entry blank.

10 delicious Canada Dry Beverages are yours to enjoy

Quinine Water True Fruit Orange and Ginger Ale

And all ten have these 3 wholesome ingredients . . . pure, pure water sparkling with the extra-touch of *exclusive* "Pin-Point Carbonation"... premium, extra large crystal sugar . . . and nature's finest flavors. They give all Canada Dry beverages their unique, distinctive taste.

CANADA DRY

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COUNTER REVOLUTION

Millions of wise motorists buy auto insurance over the counter at Sears or at an Allstate Insurance Center

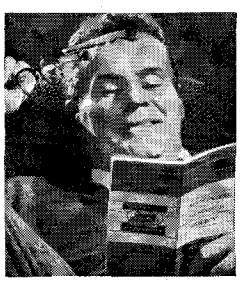
And they often save more than 20%

It is no accident that Allstate Insurance can be bought at Sears. Allstate was founded by Sears—on the same low-overhead, big volume, quality-for-less principle that made Sears famous for better values.

Better value with no fuss and feathers characterizes everything about Allstate.

For instance, we cut red tape in paying claims. Our adjusters all over the United States and Canada often write checks right "on the spot."

Our policies are printed in large type and plain language. You know exactly what you're buying.



You don't need glasses to read the large type in an Allstate policy.

Our streamlined operation results in lower rates. Savings of 22% are common; some folks save as much as 38% from rates charged by most other companies. In Texas, Allstate charges standard rates, but eligible policyholders have always saved through dividends.

With insurance rates rising, why not compare an Allstate policy with your present one? Visit a Sears store or Allstate Insurance Center. Or an Allstate Agent will be glad to call at your home. Just look up Allstate in your phone book.

One final thought: When you telephone us the first words you hear are "Allstate—how can we help you?" That's how we feel about our customers all the time . . . not just when we sell you a policy.

You're in good hands with

ALLSTATE® AUTO • FIRE
HOMEOWNERS
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Founded by Sears, with assets and liabilities distinct and separate from the parent, Sears, Roebuck and Co. Home Office: Skokie, Ill.

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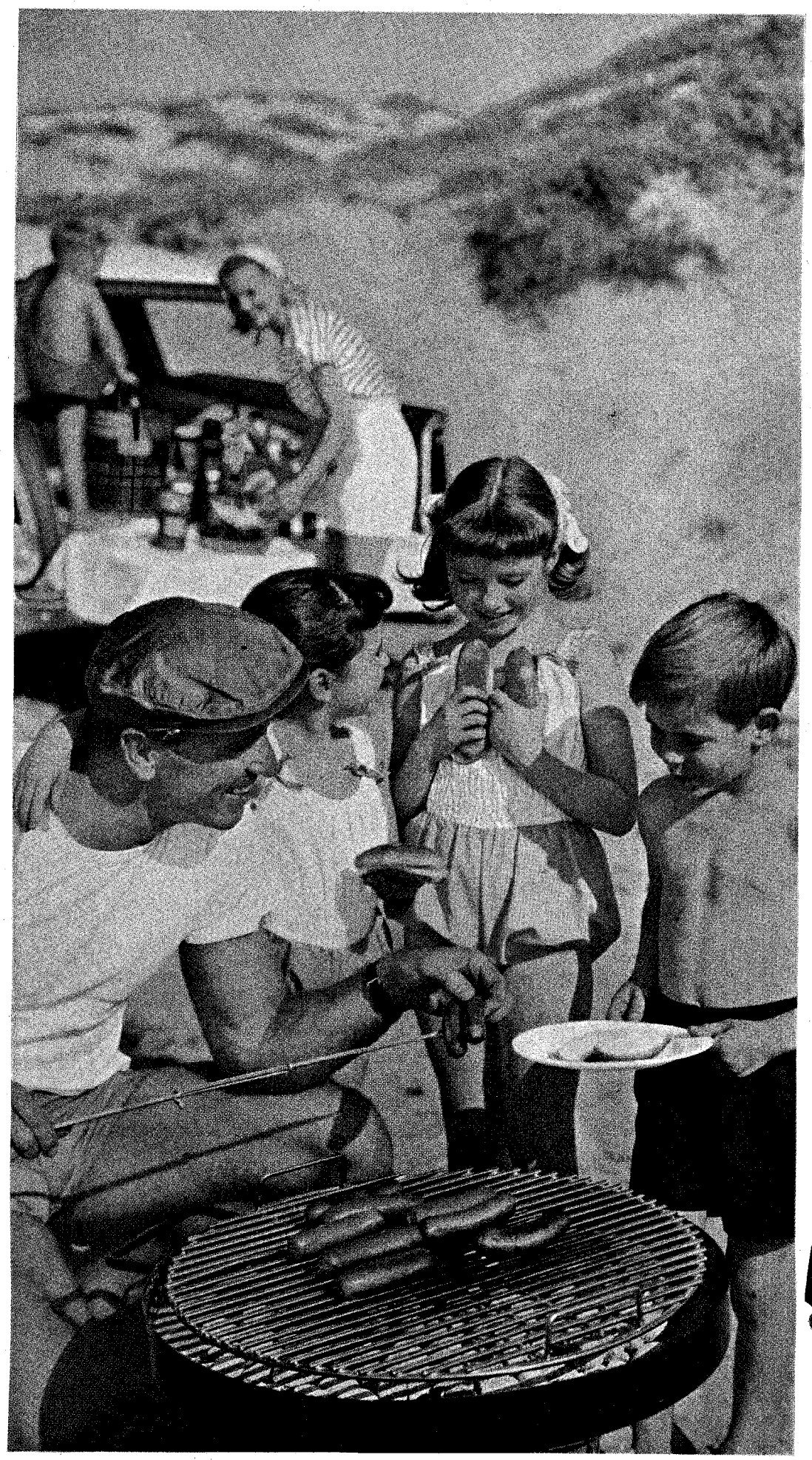
Here's why <u>your</u> family should be among the millions who use

ONLY GLEEM — *the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*



JUST <u>ONE</u> BRUSHING destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria

MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED

When *your* family's out having fun like this—can they always brush after meals? Then make sure they start their day with the one and only Gleem—to get added resistance to decay . . . protection against mouth odor *all day*. Gleem with exclusive GL-70 completely destroys most bacteria with just *one* brushing. And you'll discover youngsters love Gleem's flavor so much it's easy to get them to brush regularly. So if your family can't always brush after meals, even though it's best, use Gleem . . . it meets this modern problem!

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove just brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor, means a sweeter goodnight kiss! So start *your* day with Gleem.

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

HERE IS A MAJOR LITERARY FIND, A GREAT TRUE ADVENTURE STORY TAKEN FROM A MANUSCRIPT THAT, FOR 52 YEARS, GATHERED DUST, UNPUBLISHED.

Buckskin and Blanket Days

By Thomas Henry Tibbles

In 1856, a runaway boy named Tibbles lit out for the West and joined a band of Indians. He became one of them, joining their secret societies, hunting buffaloes, even going on the warpath.

Now, a century later, the long-lost story of his adventures has come to light. Here is a major literary find with an astonishing history. Thomas Henry Tibbles wrote his memoirs in 1905. He was a famous man then; as lecturer, editor, novelist and historian, he had campaigned for years to halt the Government's oppression of Indian tribes. Nominated on the Populist ticket, he had run for the vice presidency of the United States and lost. Then, embittered by defeat, he put his memoirs away to gather dust.

At his death in 1928—he was then eighty-eight years old—Tibbles was a forgotten and a forgetful man whose private papers were in hopeless disorder. Page by page, the remarkable manuscript has been reassembled over the years. This week, Buckskin and Blanket Days is being published by Doubleday & Company. The first of several chapters from the book is presented here.

The Editors

FROM BUCKSKIN AND BLANKET DAYS, BY THOMAS HENRY TIBBLES Copyright © 1957, by Vivien K. Barris

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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PART ONE

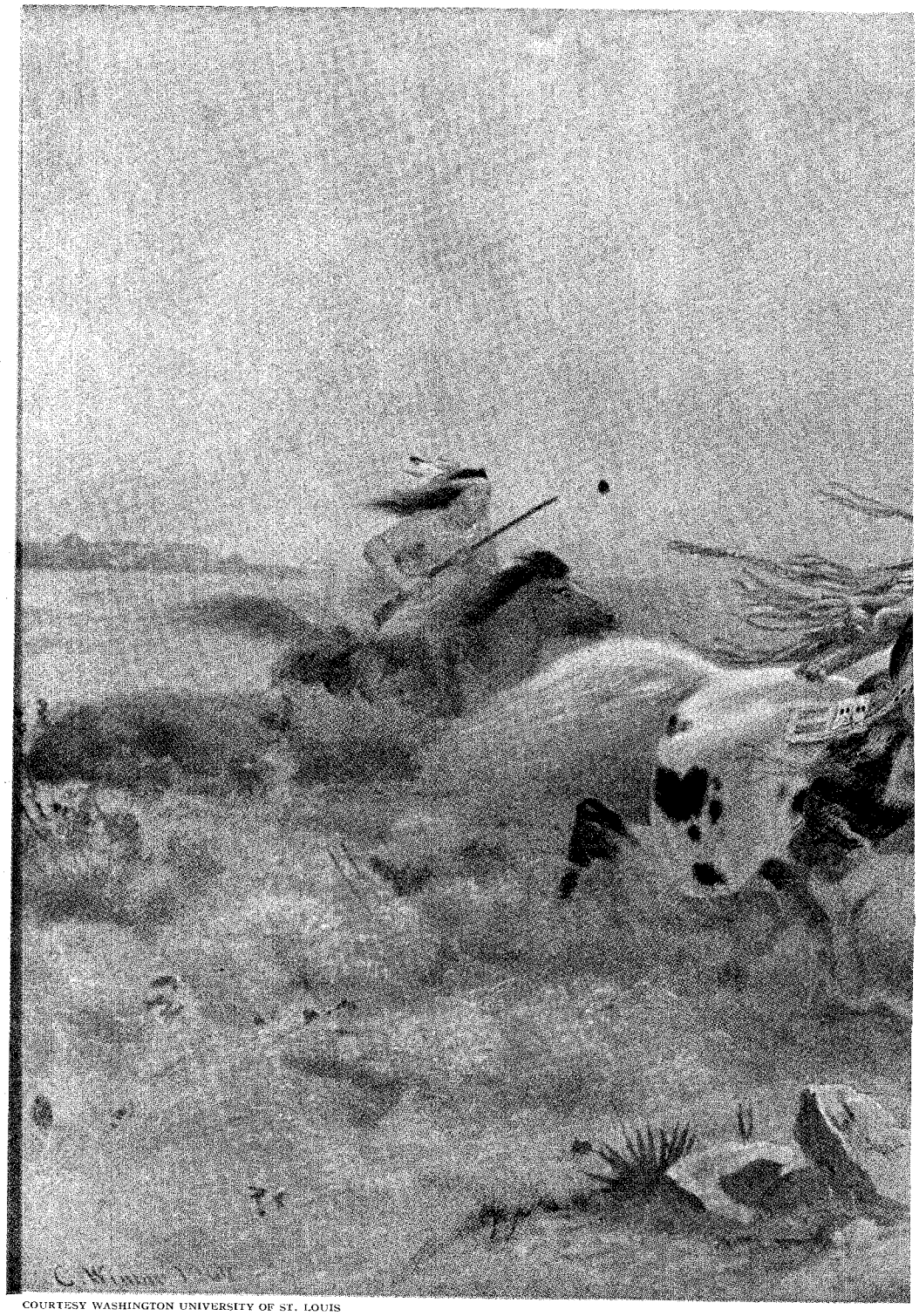
In the spring of 1856, when I was sixteen years old, I ran away from the farm with the clothes on my back, a rifle and a horse named Old Titus. I was heading for the territory of Kansas and the bloody fighting there over the slavery issue.

After a spell of guerrilla warfare, I joined a group led by John Brown, the famous abolitionist, and rode with them into Platte County, Missouri, on slave-stealing raids. One night we were ambushed by a gang of Border Ruffians. I got away in the dark by swimming the Missouri River with my horse, and on the far bank I took refuge with a tribe of Indians. Their chief, Johnny Cake, could speak a few words of English. From him I learned the Indian sign language, an elaborate system somewhat akin to deaf-and-dumb signs.

I had one last fight with the Border Ruffians and came out with nothing worse than a bullet crease in my scalp. By October the shooting had died down, and I was in Lawrence, Kansas, looking for new adventures. Among the newspapermen whom the excitement had brought to Lawrence were the noted correspondents Albert D. Richardson and James Redpath. Now that news was slack, these two men planned a hunting trip and engaged me as a guide. I had some reputation for shooting, and Richardson vowed he wanted one man along who could hit a buffalo if the animal came up and stood sideways to him.

There was also in Lawrence an Englishman about whom no one knew anything, except that he had plenty of money. He was determined to join our hunt, and we couldn't get rid of him. He brought along a cart loaded with baggage, driven by a French manservant. Just one sign of good sense appeared: two extra horses were hitched behind. Redpath was very angry, but he tamed down a little when he saw how swiftly the Frenchman made camp, lariated out the horses and cooked his master's supper.

Since I had learned from talk with Indians that we should find plenty of game out on the Solomon River and along the headwaters of the Republican, I headed our party in that direction. The Englishman proved to be as much trouble as a two-year-old baby. He kept making side excursions and getting lost. One day he ran across a camp of young Indians who were on a horse-stealing expedition. The young scamps were ready for any sort of devilry, and I had to use diplomacy to bring the English lord and ourselves safely out of their clutches. Luckily for us, they were Iowas and Otos. If they had been Sioux or Comanches, our whole party would have been scalped.



COURTESY WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY OF ST. LOUIS

A Young Woman of the Flat Head tribe, by Alfred Jacob Miller, 1837: One of the artist's companions fell in love with this belle. Later, Tibbles found similar beauty in the maiden Sunshine.

WALTERS ART GALLERY © UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS

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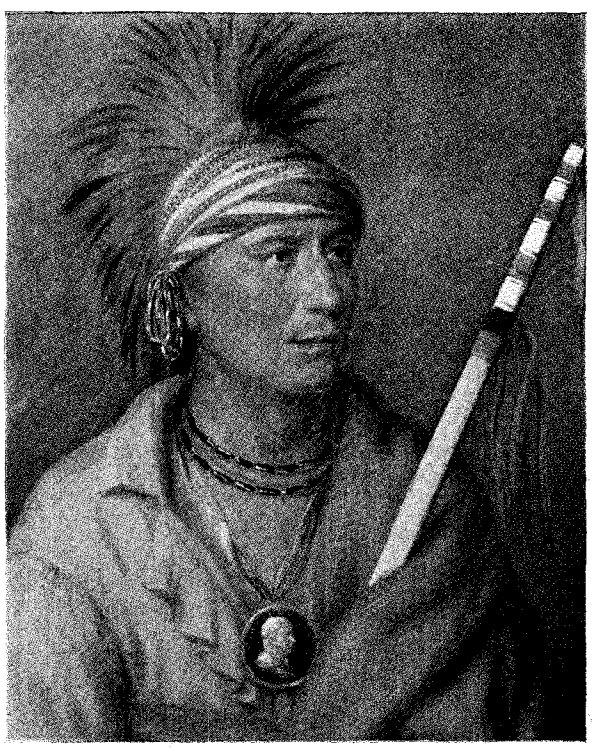
The Buffalo Hunt, by Charles Wimar, 1860: "For an Indian to kill a buffalo with a bow and arrow requires bravery, skill and great strength of arm," Tibbles observed.



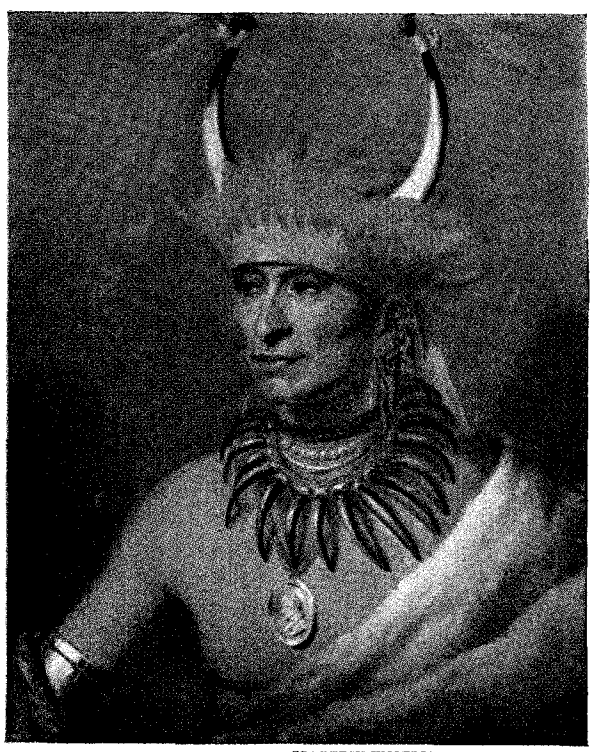
COURTESY SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

"No Heart," a member of the Iowa tribe, by Charles Bird King, 1837: His band preferred petty pilfering to white men's scalps.

THE ARTIST'S BRUSH DOCUMENTED THE EARLY WEST

The illustrations of these pages, as well as those in forthcoming installments, are the work of American artists who braved hardship and danger to portray life on the Indian frontier. Many of these scenes were drawn on the spot. Others were re-created later in the quiet of a studio back East. But each of the artists, like Thomas Henry Tibbles himself, found the Indian a unique and fascinating being. Here are eight paintings from a great pictorial record.

The Editors



COURTESY KNOEDLER ART GALLERIES

Shaumonekusse, Chief of the Otos, by Charles Bird King, about 1830. He posed in buffalo-horn headpiece and grizzly-claw necklace.

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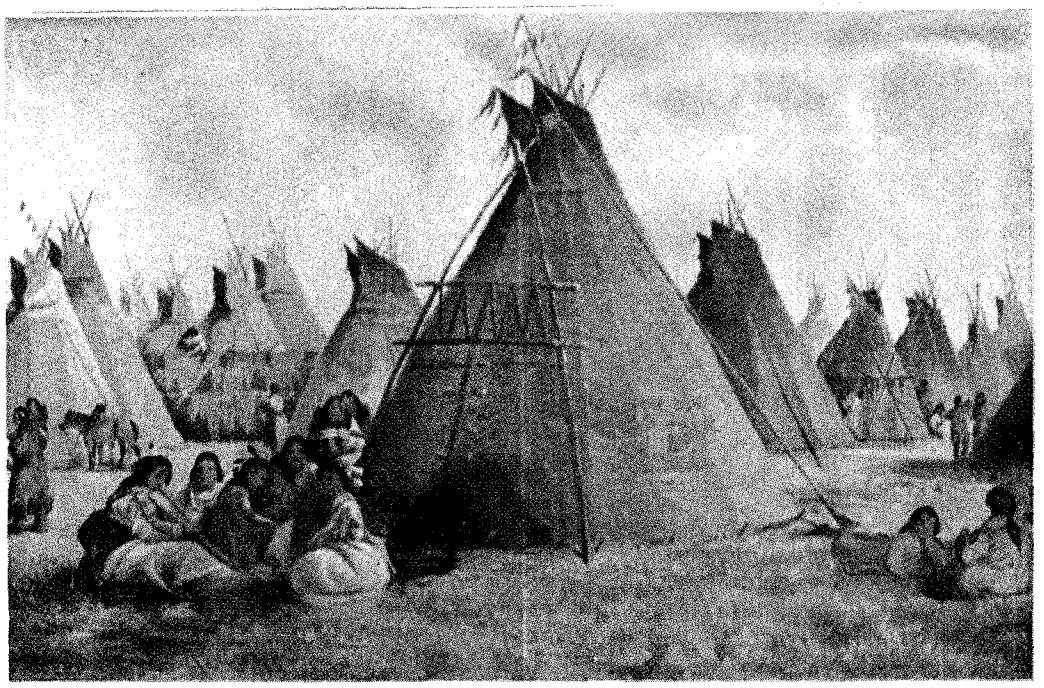
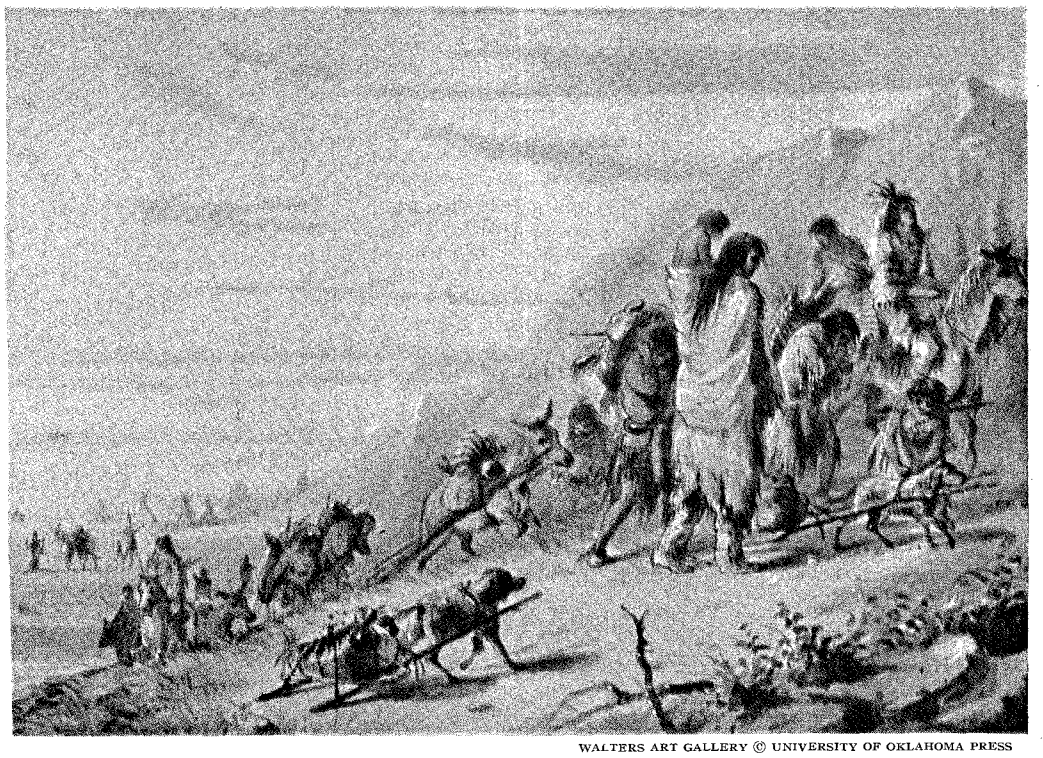


COURTESY DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS

Prairie Indian Encampment, by John Mix Stanley, about 1845: Such a scene prompted journalist Horace Greeley to describe the plains dwellers as "slaves of appetite and sloth."



WALTERS ART GALLERY © UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS

Pawnee Indians Migrating, by Alfred Jacob Miller, 1837: The Indians, constantly on the move in their pursuit of food, even harnessed their dogs to the two-poled travois.

Indian Campfire, by Charles Wimar, 1852. The red man, often thought stoic and impassive, greatly enjoyed late and lively bull sessions as well as night-long dances and feasts.

COURTESY ROBERT B. HONEYMAN, JR.

After three or four more days of traveling, we camped on the bank of a good-sized stream. The buffalo were there in large numbers, with plenty of antelope and other game. Richardson and Redpath, who wanted trophies to carry back East, took great risks to get heads of big buffalo bulls which had good horns and long, shaggy hair.

We now discovered that the French servant was a taxidermist and had brought the tools of his trade along in the cart; Redpath was so delighted that he forgave the Englishman's presence.

Then something happened which I had never before seen on the plains—a heavy fog which lasted almost twenty-four hours. I proposed waiting in camp until the fog lifted, but Richardson and Redpath thought that this would be a fine time to crawl up on a herd of buffalo. We started out, Frenchman and all. After a while I noticed that we were crossing our own trail; we had been riding in a circle.

I proposed to follow our trail back to camp, but all the others were in favor of going on. I started for our camp alone. After an hour or so, a drizzling rain joined in with the fog. I finally decided to stop and wait for the air to clear. Unsaddling Old Titus, I took the saddle for a seat, wrapped my blankets round me, and sat there hour after hour in the cold drizzle.

The day wore away, night came, and still the fog remained. At last Old Titus lay down, and I crawled up to him and went to sleep. When I woke, the stars were shining and I was ravenously hungry. Taking my directions from the stars, I rode toward the river which ran by our camp. When I reached the bluffs along the stream I rode up the highest of them to get my bearings. Old Titus began to show signs of uneasiness. I knew he had scented Indians nearby, and I thought, *They're those Iowa and Oto scamps again.*

Then I reflected that perhaps they were Comanches. If so, meeting them would be dangerous. I quickly left that high and conspicuous point, and as I came down the hill I saw a plain trail, apparently much used of late. Ponies had followed it to and fro. Indians were surely encamped in the timber at the foot of the hill. To what tribe did they belong? I walked up and down the trail, studying its signs with care. This was what I read:

They had been hunting; heavily loaded ponies had been led down the track. The imprints of moccasined feet were clear, but I was sure they were not prints of Comanche feet; I knew that the Comanches soled their moccasins in another way. I decided to ride openly into this camp and act as if we were friends.

Making my way cautiously down the hill and across heavily timbered bottomland, I saw eight or ten tents. Standing in front of one of them was Johnny Cake, the Indian chief with whom I had stayed after escaping from the Border Ruffians.

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COURTESY CITY ART MUSEUM OF ST. LOUIS

The Captive Charger, by Charles Wimar, 1854. Horses were the highly prized trophies of the Indians' battles against the white man or rival tribes. For with the horse they made war, hunted buffalo, and moved camp. Here warriors lead off the steed of some hapless United States cavalryman. On horseback, the Indian's skill as a fighter was matchless.

The Indians consider that the act of shaking hands is extremely funny, but the old chief showed his delight at seeing me by shaking my hand energetically. "How!" he greeted me. "Come and eat. Give pony to squaw."

He led the way into his tepee. Hominy and a bowl of black soup were set before me. As I had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, I began to stuff myself.

Presently the old chief asked me, "Like 'em?"

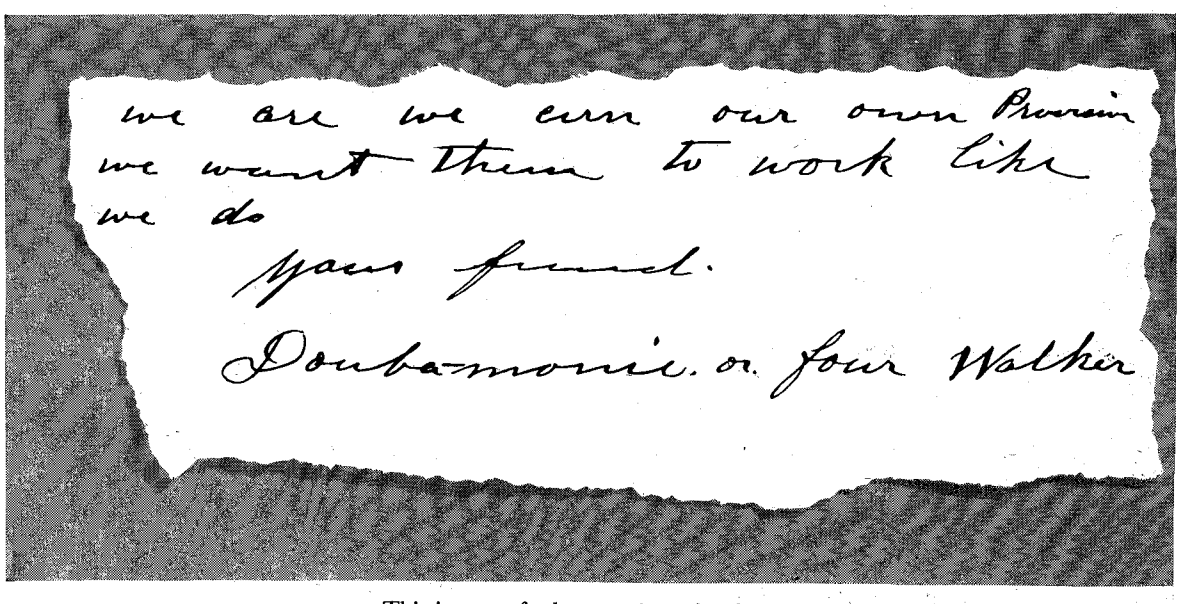
"Yes," I answered.

After a short pause, during which he watched me eat, he asked again, "Like 'em?"

I laid down the horn spoon, looked him in the face, and said, "Yes, it is good. Why do you ask so many times?"

"Grasshopper soup!" he replied. Then he gave himself up to a fit of laughter.

That was his way of getting even for some remarks on Indian habits (Continued on Page 95)


we are we cum our own Provision
we want them to work like
we do
Yours friend.
Doubamonie. or. Four Walker

This is part of a letter written for the illiterate Doubamonie, or Four Walker, to Tibbles. He was the *Nudunaga* who led the hunts and war parties in which Tibbles took part during 1856–57.

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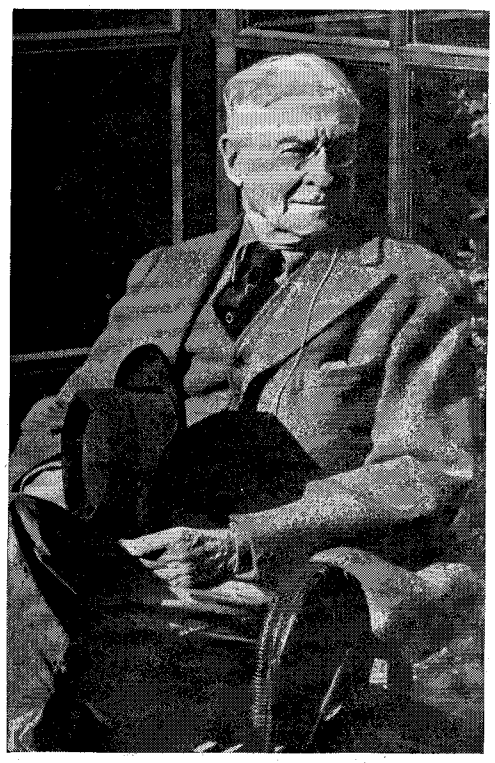

The author on his "private park bench" at Hobcaw, an Indian word for "between the waters."

Baruch: MY OWN STORY

PART TWO

Life at Hobcaw Plantation

For 52 years the famous were entertained at this palatial 17,000-acre South Carolina retreat. Here are Mr. Baruch's personal recollections of his distinguished guests.

By BERNARD M. BARUCH

Baruch built this 10-bedroom Georgian colonial mansion in 1930 after a fire destroyed the original house during the family's annual Christmas gathering the previous year.

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In this hectic Age of Distraction, all of us need to pause every now and then in what we are doing to examine where the rush of the world and of our own activities is taking us. Even an hour or two spent in such detached contemplation on a park bench will prove rewarding.

The importance of such periodic stocktaking was one of the most valuable lessons I learned from my early experience as a speculator. After every major undertaking, as I have written earlier, I would shake loose from Wall Street and go off to some quiet place where I could review what I had done. If I had lost money I wanted to make sure I would not repeat the same mistake. If it had been a successful operation, getting away from the clattering tickers helped clear my mind and refresh me physically for any future action.

Having acquired this habit, I naturally grasped the opportunity that came to me in 1905 to acquire a veritable Shangri-La in my native South Carolina—famed Hobcaw Barony, whose sandy beaches and salt marshes once offered the finest duck hunting in the United States; with four rivers and a bay which abounded in shad, trout, crab, terrapin, shrimp and oysters; with stretches of almost primeval forest thick with quail, deer and wild turkey; and with no telephone.

Twice a day I arranged for mail and telegrams to be brought out to Hobcaw from Georgetown, but that was all the communication with the outside world I desired for myself or my guests.

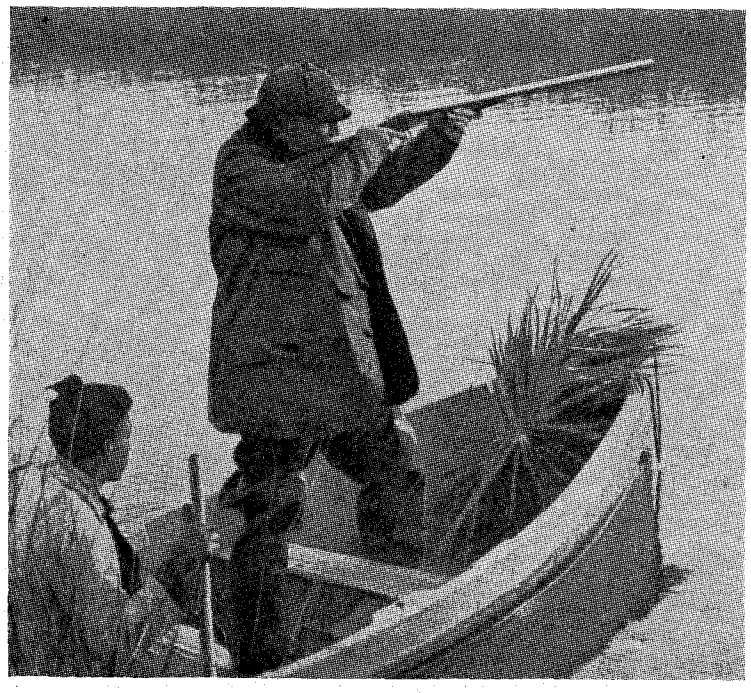
Later, when I entered public life, I found it equally valuable to have an oasis of serenity in which one could take refuge. In the winter of 1945 when Gen. George C. Marshall, then Chief of Staff, was spending a weekend at Hobcaw, I remarked to him how important it was for top officials of government to break free of the immediate pressures of the day and make time to think of the larger problems on the horizon. Nodding his head vigorously, he told me, "Early in the war I instructed every officer assigned to the General Staff to get away from Washington for a day or two each week. I didn't want tired minds making decisions that would affect the lives of millions of soldiers."

Even Franklin D. Roosevelt, overburdened with crushing war responsibilities, learned that no man can be too busy to rest. In April of 1944 he journeyed to Hobcaw for what originally was intended to be a two-week visit. He stayed a whole month.

Hobcaw is said to be an Indian word meaning "between the waters," my plantation covering a neck of land between the Waccamaw River and the Atlantic Ocean. It originally was part of the barony granted Sir George Carteret by King George II, and naturally a good deal of history clusters about so old a place. I remember how pleased President Roosevelt was when I took him down to the edge of Winyah Bay and showed him the remains of a fort the British had put up during the Revolutionary War. Near the fort were the graves, now overgrown, of several British soldiers. I have never permitted these graves to be opened. (Continued on Page 81)

About This Article

This is the second of two articles excerpted from Mr. Baruch's autobiography, a book to be published by Henry Holt & Co., Inc. *The Editors.*



Former President Grover Cleveland duck shooting at Hobcaw. The plantation's choicest hunting site was named the "President's Stand" in his honor.

A morning's bag: At right are Hucks and Ball Cains, onetime poachers on the Hobcaw preserve. Ball served a jail sentence for his misdeeds, then came after Baruch with a shotgun.

Former Senators Pittman (left), of Nevada, and Robinson, of Arkansas. Pittman saved the "good corn licker" from burning Hobcaw.

Baruch (right) and his guest, General George C. Marshall, before a quail hunt on the plantation's game-rich tracts.

Admiral William D. Leahy was a wartime visitor with President Roosevelt.

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"I'm in charge here and you'll do what I tell you!" he said furiously, his face livid.

Tugboat Annie and the Dangerous Cheapskate

The indomitable Annie goes to battle against a man who cares more about a fast buck than human lives.

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

It was a blustery spring day, with the white-flecked waters of the Puget Sound port of Secoma patterned by cold sunshine and the shadows of fast-moving rain clouds, and the air alive with the high, wild piping of gulls. But in the private office of Alec Severn, the plump and amiable little owner of the Deep Sea Towing and Salvage Company, the atmosphere was heavy as he sat behind his desk and stared morosely at the weather-beaten, mastiff face of his senior skipper, Tugboat Annie Brennan.

"Well, that's the jam I'm in," he said unhappily. "And there's not a cussed thing I can do, without outside help."

"But, Alec, all yer tugs has been workin', an' fer months me own Narcissus was haulin' big supply barges up to them new arctic bases," Annie protested. "Gov'ment contracks pays good, an' ——"

"That work has slacked off now!" he said irritably. "You know that! And as a result of being in constant service, my whole tug fleet needs a complete overhaul. But I just can't swing it."

"So along comes this San Francisco feller, Bulger ——"

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"Bolzer, Annie! B-o-l-z-e-r! And he'll finance me, yes—provided he approves our operation methods."

"Does he know the towboatin' business?"

"No, but he's a business-administration expert. And since he tells me he has many contacts with shipping companies, he might steer some jobs our way."

"Ye check his financial standin'?"

"Naturally! I'm not a fool, Annie!" he snapped testily. "But I do wish I didn't have to leave tonight for that Sea Freight Carriers' Convention in New York. It's important, though, for business."

"Don't worry, Alec," said Annie, promptly reassuring. "I'll run things here fer ye like I've allus done."

Severn looked uncomfortable. "Not—not this time, Annie, I'm afraid," he said placatingly. "You see, Bolzer insists on coming in to supervise while I'm gone. It'll give him a chance to study ——"

"Ye mean ye're hirin' him?"

"I asked him about that, but he doesn't care one way or the other, as long as I give him authority to appoint himself in an emergency where he'd have to commit the company. So he'll come in as an adviser only, at present. But mind, Annie"—and Severn's tone hardened—"whatever he says here goes!"

"It won't work!" said Annie abruptly. "Unless his job's official, he could git us in a jam, then duck out an' leave you holdin' the sack. No, sir! Put him on the payroll. Then you're his boss."

"What's wrong with your thinking today, Annie?" he said impatiently. "A tugboat owner's always liable for the mistakes of his employees! But this way, if he was at fault, I could sue him! Anyway," he ended in sudden appeal, "quit arguing, will you? I need his money—and I need it soon!"

"O.K., ye ol' gafoozler," she replied quietly and stood up. "When's the financial blizzard takin' over?"

"Before I leave. I'll want you to meet him. So come back ——"

"Can't," said Annie. "I got that tow fer Foss Harbor right away."

"That's right; I forgot. Well"—he held out his hand—"see you when I come back. And please don't tangle with Bolzer! I'm already committed for dockyard space and new supplies for overhauling the tugs, and if you foul me up with him, Annie, I'll be out of business and you'll be out of a job!"

"I won't let ye down, Alec," she assured him.

From Foss Harbor the Narcissus was dispatched to other jobs, so a few days elapsed before she was headed once more toward her home port. Meanwhile, however, Fred, the office dispatcher, had kept Annie informed by radiophone of the radical and, to her, alarming changes and innovations which Mr. Bolzer, upon taking charge, swiftly had effected. Puzzled and worried, she had said nothing of this to her crew, but now, with their return so imminent, she could no longer keep still.

"I don't like it! Not wuth a cuss!" she exploded suddenly to Peter, the Narcissus' bovinely phlegmatic mate, who was at the wheel, with the tiered lights of Secoma rising out of the windy darkness ahead. "I'll bet Alec never figgered on this crazy stuff when he put him in charge!"

Peter stared. "Who you talkin' about, Annie?" he rumbled.

"That Bulger character! Fust thing he done, Fred telled me, was put box lunches aboard the tugs on short hauls to economize on galley fuel oil an' cook's wages."

"Oh-oh! That won't last long!" said Peter deeply. "The crews'll quit!"

"An' how! But wuss than that, he's replacin' all the serviceable gear what's on the tugs, wid ol' wore-out stuff that he's dug up from God knows where! An' ——"

"Wha-a-at's that?" Even the lethargic Peter now was startled. "Why, in towboatin' ya gotta use the best, regardless o' cost! Because not just ships and cargoes but even lives sometimes has to depend on it! Why's he doin' that, Annie?"

"Fred says he's makin' us use up the old stuff afore the tugs is overhauled, to save buyin' new when they're in service again. But lemme tell ye, Peter," Annie growled, her big face grim, "he ain't gonna play no such battledore an' cockleshell wid me!"

"What's he like?" Peter asked. "You met him yet?"

"No. But way he's actin' he's prob'ly got a extra head he uses jest fer thinkin' up fool idears. Well, anyways"—she peered forward through the window—"there's the channel lights openin' up. So we'll soon find out."

A half hour later, as the Narcissus came alongside her wharf, the door off the office landing was flung open, silhouetting a short, slight, narrow-shouldered man in a neat, dark business suit. He leaned over the rail, peering intently down at the tug. Then, quick as a rabbit, he scuttled down the steps, bounded across the wharf and jumped on board, and in seconds was greeting Annie, who stood, face expressionless, outside the pilothouse door.

"Hello, there! Hello, there!" he said briskly and thrust out his hand. "I'm Bolzer, and I guess you're Tugboat Annie Brennan. Glad to see you, Annie!"

"Hi!" said Annie without enthusiasm. "So you're Bulger, huh?"

"Bolzer!" he said. "Spelled with a 'z'!"

"That's yer privilege," she told him stolidly. "Middle name's Thrifty, though, ain't it? Least, that's what I hear."

"What's that? Oh—thrifty! Ha-ha-ha! Ve-ry funny," he chuckled, but his lively brown eyes sharpened a bit. "You're right too! I'm all for economy. All for it. When it makes sense. But never mind. There's lots to do, so let's get at it! First, I've got a good job lined up for the Narcissus here, and ——"

"What is it?"

"One I dug up myself. Never let the grass grow when I run things," he said complacently. "I've got a lot of fine shipping leads ——"

"The job—what is it?" Annie rasped.

"Ever hear of the steamer Chesil Bank?"

"Yeah. Big old coaster what's rottin' on Seal Reef, where she piled up a year ago."

"You're right, Annie! Absolutely right!" cried Mr. Bolzer, happy as a quizmaster. "Only she's afloat again. She was bought for peanuts, as is; then a Canadian salvage outfit was hired and got her off the reef."

"What was she bought fer—scrap?"

"Far from it! Beyond a few sprung plates and a cracked propeller shaft, she's still a valuable ship. So you'll bring her down here for repairs."

"Who bought her?"

"Some people I know. She's at Nanaimo, B.C., now,

(Continued on Page 55)

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

The steamer was being blown inexorably back toward the murderous base of Ship Head.

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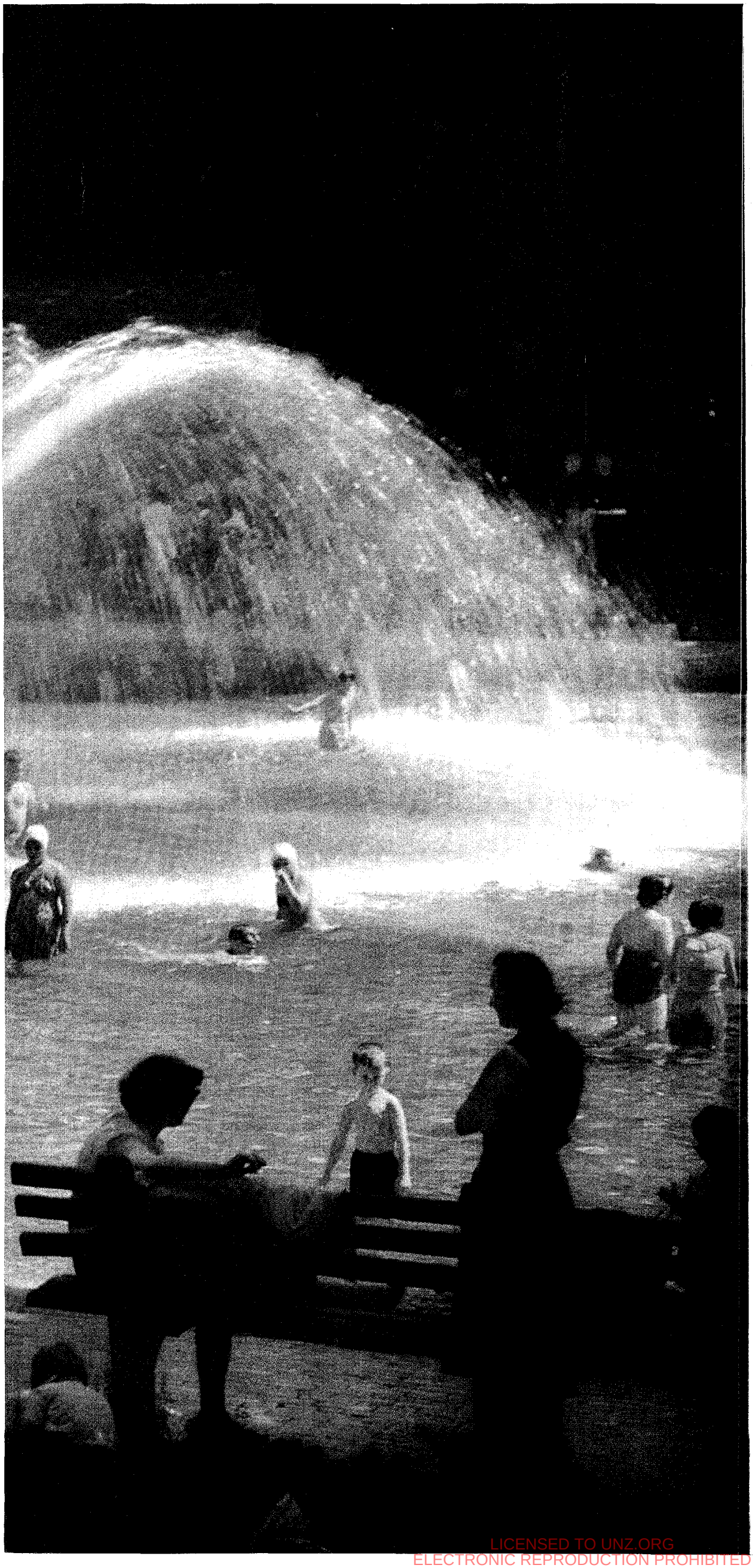

Geyser on the Green

When Boston's humid heat pushes past the ninety mark, new Bostonians bearing such unlikely Yankee names as Spinazzola, Murphy and Leonadaikis gather at the Frog Pond on the Common to watch their children splash and frolic, squealing in the fountain's cooling water. Three hundred years ago, when Governor John Winthrop set aside the Common as a "trayning field and pasture for cattell," Frog Pond was a muddy, shallow, spring-fed hole, its surface flecked with skipped-stone flashes and the silent rings of blinking frogs. Today the pond is changed as are the names of Yankee youngsters playing in it. It is a city substitute for the Atlantic's brown salt sands too far away for easy travel.

Photograph by Arthur Griffin

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"We've put our best thinking into this mess," the Under Secretary said; "I believe we have the answer."

Nothing had ever stirred up such a furor at the Pentagon as the improbable case of the . . .

Top-Secret Man

By JACOB HAY

You may well ask what ever happened to Howard and Vinnie Enderby, but you will never get a clear answer from the United States Government. In fact, the United States Government doesn't even want you to ask questions about the Enderbys, and if you do, you might find yourself regarded with a cold and fishy eye by some polite young fellow from the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Chances are you've never heard of the Enderbys, and so you wouldn't have heard of their abrupt disappearance. Rest assured the newspapers gave it very little space. On orders from Washington. You think that sort of thing can't happen here? Well, sir, think again.

As it happens, I know what became of Howard and Vinnie. I threatened a floor fight if I didn't get the facts, and the Defense Department finally gave in.

Permit me to introduce myself. Upsham is my name; Clarence P. Upsham, Member of Congress from Exeter County, Pennsylvania, representing in the lower house as fine a group of upstanding American citizens as you will find anywhere in this blessed land of ours, co-author of the Upsham-Shoemaker Act and vice chairman of the Subcommittee on Inland Herb Production.

And I say to you, my friend, that the conduct of the Government with regard to Howard and Vinnie Enderby has been infamous! I repeat, sir, infamous!

The whole nefarious affair began just over two years ago, shortly after Howard was, on the strength of some original work he'd done as associate professor at State, appointed to the post of chief of Research and Development for the Exeter Electronics Corporation, of which you have undoubtedly heard.

Roebuck Masterson, president of Exeter Electronics, is a very close personal friend of mine, and I have the facts

(Continued on Page 90)

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The author (left) and Senator John L. McClellan, chairman of the Senate investigating committee that recently uncovered widespread abuses of union funds.

Can Labor Live Down Dave Beck?

A veteran arbitrator of labor-management disputes analyzes the crucial problems unions face as a result of the Senate exposé of labor racketeering.

By CYRUS S. CHING, as told to Ben Pearse

Reading the newspaper headlines recently about Dave Beck, head of the Teamsters Union, and some of his light-fingered and heavy-fisted lieutenants, I thought of my uncle back on the farm where I grew up. When the first frost came, he'd hand me a hoe and say, "Well, Cy, that potato patch we've been cultivating all summer looks all right, but you can't tell a spud by the vine you see aboveground. Let's see what kind of a crop we've raised."

My uncle, of course, was just trying to make digging potatoes sound like fun. He never convinced me it was, and at eighty-one I still hate the sight of a hoe. But I think he had a point that bears on the Senate Select Committee hearings on improper labor-management activities. We've spent a lot of time cultivating labor unions in the past twenty years, guaranteeing the right of collective bargaining and protection in other ways. Their growth has been tremendous and, generally speaking, I think a good thing for the country.

But the Select Committee headed by Sen. John L. McClellan, of Arkansas, has proved you can't tell a union, any more than you can a potato, by what you see aboveground. When you dig down you sometimes find a bad one.

In the forty-five years I have dealt with labor unions, I have always tried to treat them fairly. I handled labor relations for the Boston Elevated Railway for seven years, and for United States Rubber Company for twenty-eight years without ever having a major strike on my hands. As a mediator with various Federal boards before and during World War II, and director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service afterward, strikes and threats of strikes were my business. Yet I dealt with A.F.L., C.I.O. and independent unions as impartially, I believe, as a mere human can.

But the financial finagling of Beck and some of his aides, the union's unsavory links with underworld characters and the dynamiting and extortion the (Continued on Page 72)

THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE

During his remarkable forty-five-year career as a labor-management relations expert, eighty-one-year-old Cyrus S. Ching has mediated some of the toughest disputes in American history, including the 1948 automobile workers' strike, the 1949 steel strike and the 1951 copper strike. He was appointed director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service in 1947, and served until 1952 when he retired to practice as a private consultant. —The Editors

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We Toured the Midwest in an Outboard

After 620 miles in a 21-foot boat, a Post editor and his wife report that outboard touring is fun and not too costly— but dockside facilities lag behind the new boom.

The author and his wife Sally putt-putt past Paducah, Ky. "We underestimated the sun and refused to install a canopy," says Baum, who advises: "Don't go on a long trip without one."

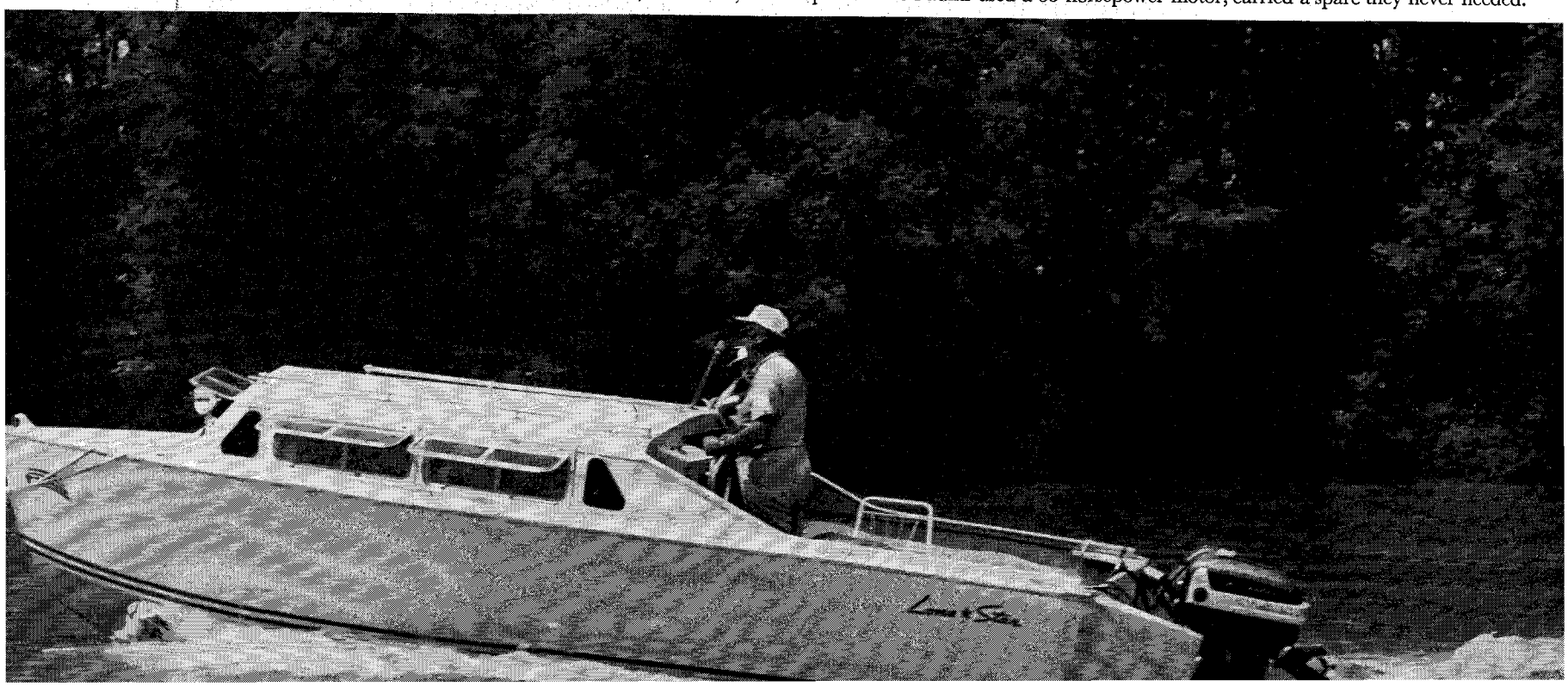
By Arthur W. Baum

It is a reasonable guess that on any nice weekend in 1957 there will be more people in more small boats on more American waters than in any comparable weekend of a preceding year. The boom in pleasure boating, spurred by the portable, detachable motor called the outboard, now involves approximately one eighth of the nation's families. Small boating has tripled since the war, and new sailors are daily testing every wet spot on the map.

We—my wife and I—decided to see if small boating was ready for us. We wanted to know how beginners get along, how they navigate, what the costs are, whether this form of recreation is for the middle-aged—or beyond—as well as for the more pliant. We knew that every weekend millions buzz the docks of local boat clubs, showing off their motors, their water skis, their physiques or catches of fish. But how about a full-length cruising vacation?

We bought a boat. We cruised 620 miles on parts of four rivers ranging from medium to the biggest. We found the trip fascinating and

Under way on the Wabash: The boat, a 1956 Lone Star Cruisemaster, aluminum, can sleep two. The Baums used a 35-horsepower motor, carried a spare they never needed.



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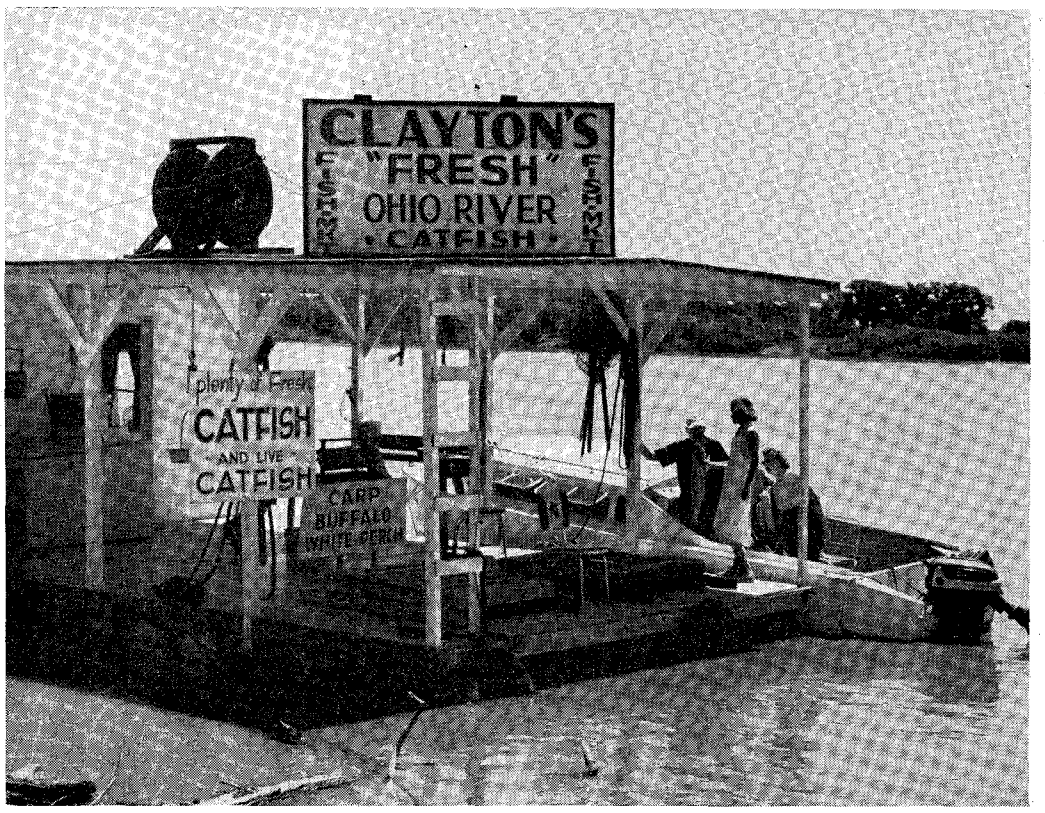
The Shawneetown (Ill.) Yacht Club: Baum gets wet feet toting six-gallon gas tanks to the boat at this Ohio River "facility."



At a riverside fishmarket on the Ohio, the voyagers inspect a potential catfish dinner. Total cost of the nine-day voyage (including depreciation of boat and motor) was $176, of which $67 went for gas and oil.

rough, beautiful, exciting and occasionally frightening.

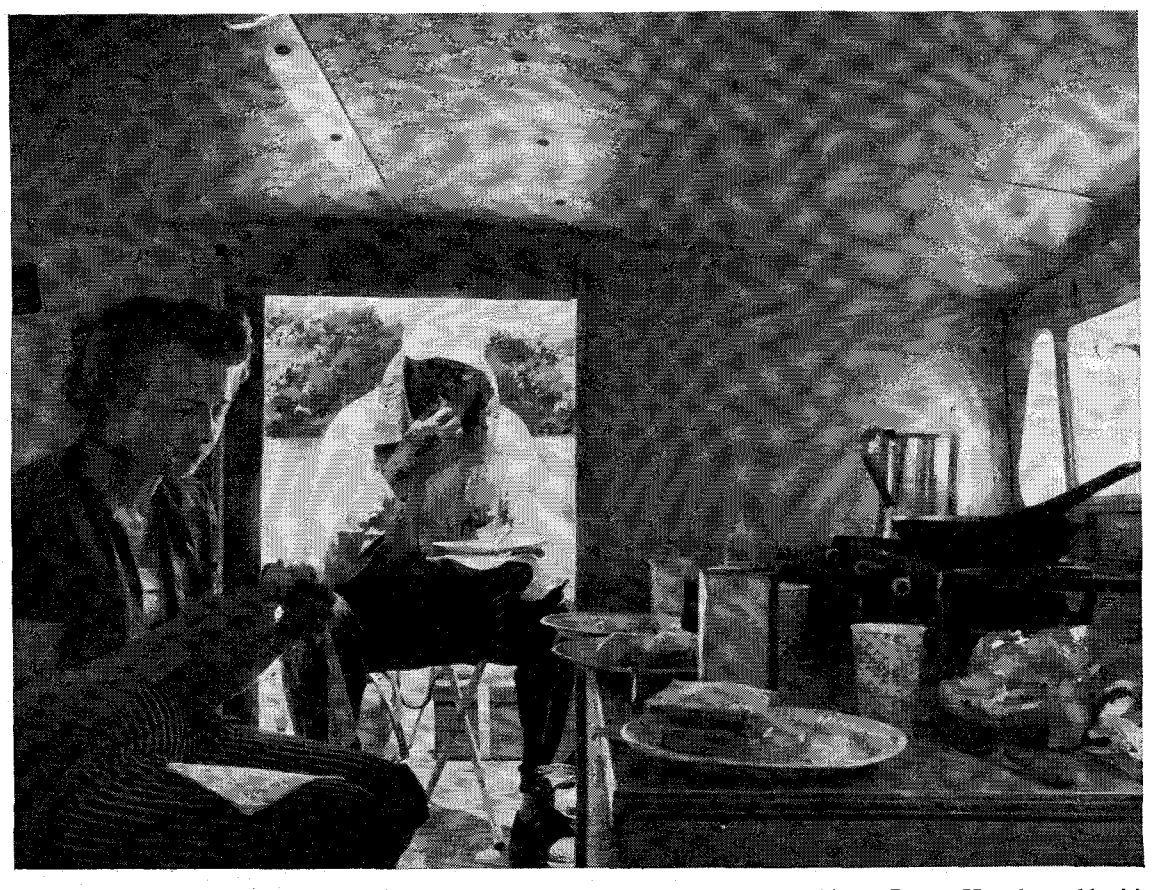
This trip and this crew put the waterways and small-boat equipment to a wicked test. We were uninformed about water, ignorant and naïve. On a Sunday afternoon in mid-June neither of us had ever before so much as started an outboard motor or operated any kind of watercraft larger than a rowboat. Twenty-four hours later, alone, we pulled out to cruise hundreds of miles on rivers which had one thing in common—all were disturbed by recent storms, running high and faster than normal, and spotted with floating debris.

The boat, twenty-one feet long, was sturdy, responsive and had plenty of freeboard—that is, distance between the water line and the deck. The outboard motor was unfailingly faithful. It pushed us for nearly a hundred hours without once refusing to start or uttering a faint cough of complaint. The butane stove worked, the head—marine toilet—worked, the ice chest kept cool and the bunks were long enough, if hard. Our single flaw was a loose connection in the electric starting system which, until it was located, required us to start the motor by pulling a rope.

Our mistakes were largely our own. We could have used a little less boat and more power. We chose, in part of our route, to buck the Mississippi when the current was at least seven miles an hour against us. The Mississippi nearly won. We underestimated the sun and refused to install (Continued on Page 69)

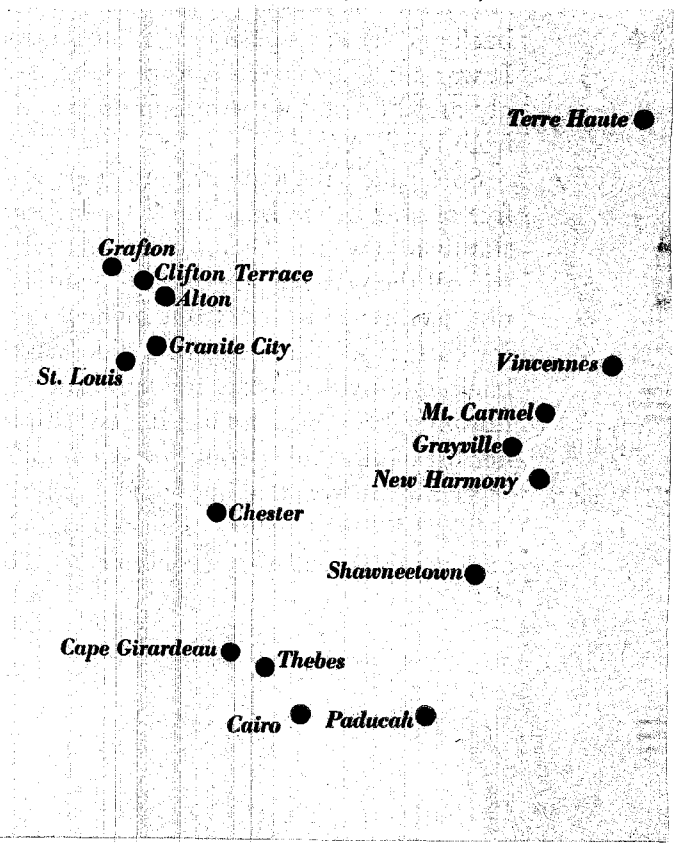
"Ouch!" The author wallops his noggin on the boat's most often encountered hazard, its low hatch.

Photographs by Frank Ross



Lunch on the Mississippi: "A small cabin cruiser is cozy, but no Waldorf," says skipper Baum. Here he tackles his noontime meal in the cockpit, while his wife takes advantage of the galley to escape from the glare of the sun.

Cruise route: Terre Haute, Ind., to Grafton, Ill.



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Last Day in Paris

She had business in a strange city, and she didn't want her husband to tag along.

By SAMSON RAPHAELSON

Last year in Paris my wife showed a side of herself I had never suspected before, and if Paris can do that to her, I wonder if any woman is immune. My wife, whose name is Emmie, is extremely sane. We've been married eight years, and if a woman has a screw loose you definitely would get a hint in all that time. What I'm trying to say is, if you happen to be in Paris with your perfectly rational wife, and she suddenly doesn't make sense, I highly recommend that you be charming, the way I was. My name is Harry Pringle, and when I say I was charming, I mean it on a heroic scale. I was patient and kind, and utterly charming, and I certainly don't regret it.

Emmie and I were having breakfast in bed on the morning of our last day in Paris. We had agreed to spend the day seeing Versailles with our friends, Bill and Grace Upton, but Emmie said, "Let's call it off and loaf. Tomorrow we'll be on the boat, heading for America. Instead of us pushing Paris, why not sit back and let Paris push us?" I knew just how she felt. It was our first time in Europe; we had crammed Italy and France into two months and we were dizzy from it all.

So I called the Uptons, and they were glad to be free of us. I mean, back home we see each other constantly and we had been stuck with each other on this trip all the way from Naples. I mean, it was a pleasure, openly expressed. "But make a date with them for cocktails," Emmie said. I did, hung up, climbed back into my bed under my tray, and there we were, finishing breakfast, taking it easy, Emmie checking her list of gifts and I counting our remaining money.

"How are you making out?" I asked.

"Fine," said Emmie. "I've covered all our friends and relatives, and very economically too."

"Nothing more to buy?"

"Nothing. I can't even think of anything more for Johnny."

Johnny is our seven-year-old son, and he was spending the summer happily on an Illinois farm with his grandfather, but we kept worrying about him and buying him a gift in every town, which is quite an achievement, because what can you get in Europe that a small American boy gives a hoot about?

Incidentally, we're not millionaires. I'm thirty, a Chicago lawyer, and it took all eight years of our marriage to save the money for this trip. On the other hand, don't get the impression we were doing it like college kids, with bicycles and sleeping bags. We occasionally hit three-star hotels and managed to keep within our budget—a budget we didn't have to stick to, by the way. We could have splurged a little without going broke if we had had the impulse.

To be accurate, if Emmie had had the impulse. I could easily have such impulses, but she was the one with character in our family. I don't mean to give an impression of a dull, plodding, penny-pinching housewife. Far from it. Emmie is still a girl—twenty-nine, and she looks even younger—I mean very pretty and gay. Personality on top, character underneath. I may be exaggerating a little, but I'm prejudiced, and always will be.

Now where was I? Yes, Paris hotel. Me counting French money.

"How's your bookkeeping?" asked Emmie.

"Well," I said, "it looks as if we have a money problem."

"I told you not to play roulette," said Emmie.

I had gone off by myself in Monte Carlo one evening, and Emmie

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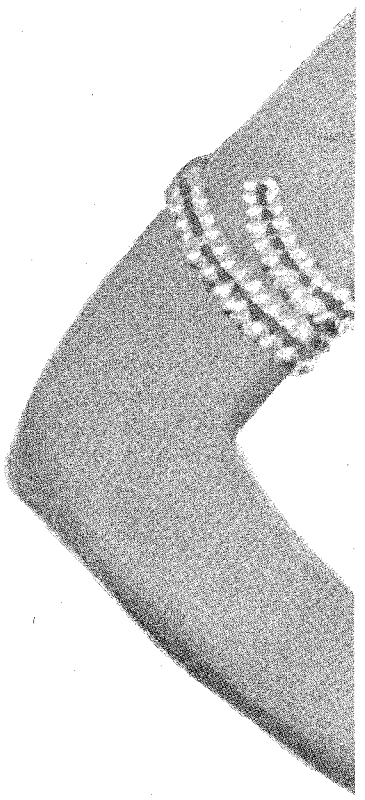
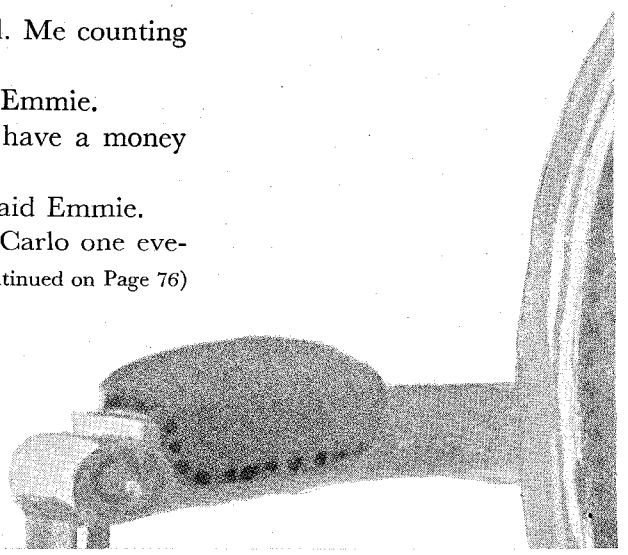


Emmie looked spectacular. There should have been a spotlight on her.



Illustrated by Joseph Bowler

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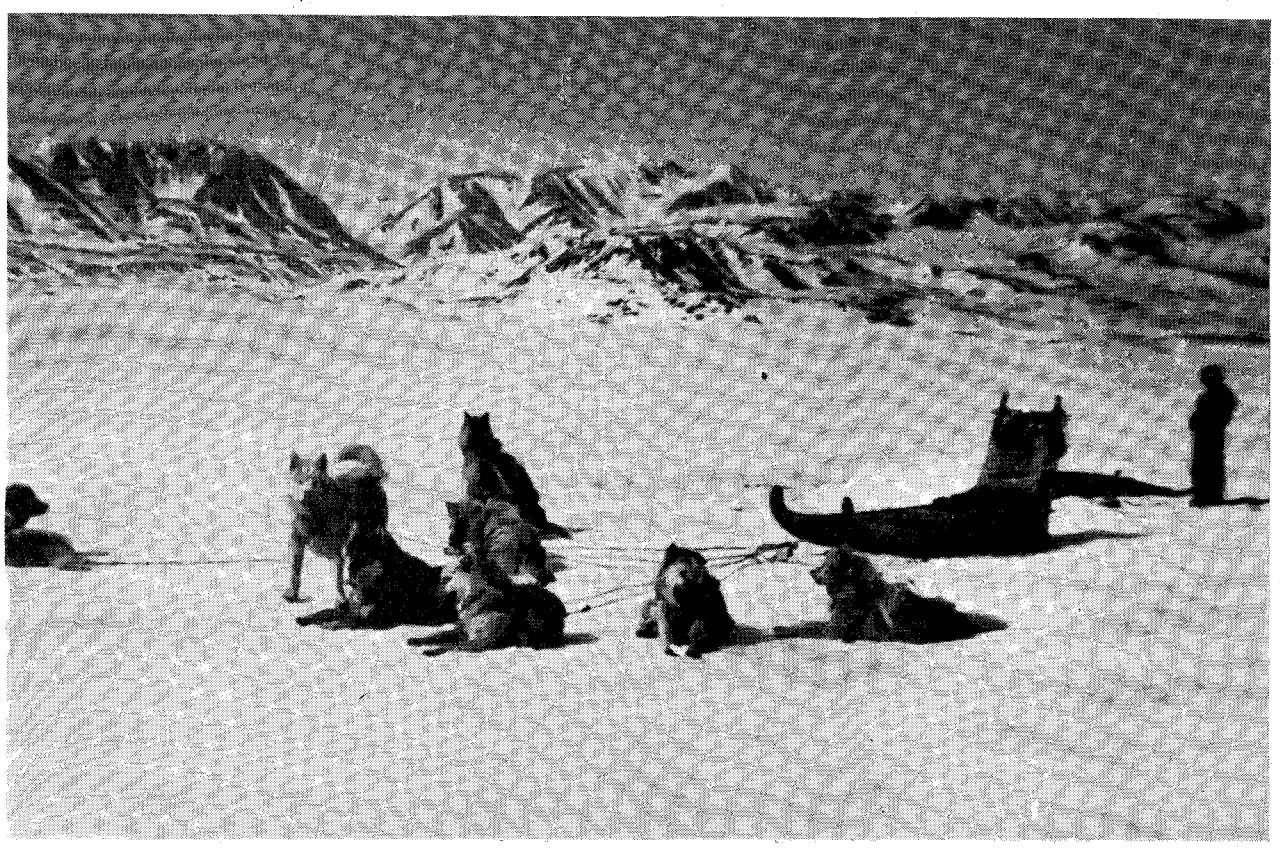

Marius Jensen's expert handling of this dog team and sledge enabled him to beat the Germans to Ella Island.

Jensen today on his farm in Denmark. His quick thinking sent the German raiders off on a hazardous trail.

Secrets of the Unknown War

Across the frigid arctic wastes the scattered survivors of Greenland's tiny army desperately prepared for a last-ditch fight against the invaders.

By DAVID HOWARTH

PART FOUR

The fifteen members of the North East Greenland Sledge Patrol knew little of world events, but they had heard fearsome stories of the ruthlessness of Germans. In talking things over, they had all agreed that they could expect only to be shot if any of them were ever captured by the Germans who had established a meteorological base in Greenland. Even so, when Marius Jensen and Peter Nielsen were captured by the Germans at Sandodden on the morning of March 26, 1943, they were shocked to learn that the Germans had killed their comrade, Eli Knudsen.

However, because neither Peter nor Marius had had anything to eat for twenty-four hours, not even the prospect of being executed could quite make them forget that they were extremely hungry. When Peter was dragged in and confronted by Lt. Hermann Ritter, the commander of the Germans, he immediately asked for some breakfast. At that, the Germans began to laugh, and he and Marius were fed.

Afterward, Ritter began to question them. Both of them pretended to be much more stupid than they were. They said that Ib Poulsen, the leader of the sledge patrol, just gave them their orders, and they never asked about things that did not concern them; they did not know how many men there were at Ella Island or how many there were in the sledge patrol. Ritter said he had heard that there were Americans at Scoresby Sound, a settlement far to the south. They said there might be, for all they knew; Poulsen would never have told them a thing like that.

Ritter was able to make them tell him a little more than they intended, but he could also see that they knew much less than he had expected. There is nothing much that a questioner can do against studied stupidity unless he uses threats or some kind of third degree, and Ritter was too badly upset by Eli Knudsen's death to be able to contemplate more violence. During (Continued on Page 99)

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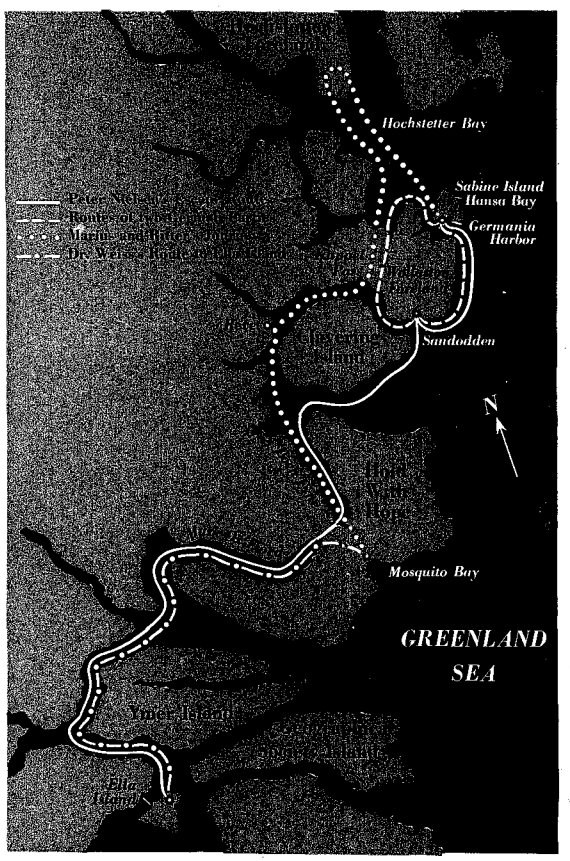
After escaping the Germans, Peter Nielsen (right) stumbled across Kurt Olsen (center) in Musk Ox Fiord.



The frozen seas gave the sledge drivers a swifter but more exposed route than the mountainous interior.

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The girl sat down and said,
"I want your help.
I have killed a man."

THE STRANGE COURTSHIP

She was sent from heaven to be his bride, Philip insisted, even if she was a murderess . . .

By STUART CLOETE

Philip Botha turned up the lamp and looked at the papers on the kitchen table. This was a fine thing. Today a man was no longer free. He must do arithmetic as if he were a child. It was some years since he had been a child and he had forgotten most of what he had learned.

Income tax. He picked up the envelope. It was from the Receiver of Internal Revenue, Pretoria, South Africa. What a man he must be, that receiver. Magtig, the things they wanted to know. Things that he did not know himself. How many eggs had he eaten? Eggs used in the house? How was he to know that? Nobody knew, not even the hens. How many head of stock had he? That was easy—five hundred and forty-two. How many bulls, cows, oxen, heifers? How many calves? How many of them were bulls and how many heifers? He never really worried till it was time to wean them. What could one do about it? How could he turn bulls into heifers? In the end it leveled up.

But this was a terrible thing to happen to a man who had lost his mother only a year ago. His mother had always done this for him before. It was a woman's work. A man plowed and hunted. A man worked his land. He did not sit like a child doing sums at night, after a day's work, when all God-fearing folk were in bed. This land, this farm was his. It came from his father, who had had it from his grandfather. Ja, it was a fine thing that he could not eat an egg without explaining it. How much milk did he use? What did he do with his skim milk? What was his income from stock sales? How much did he spend on fertilizer, on stock feed?

(Continued on Page 60)

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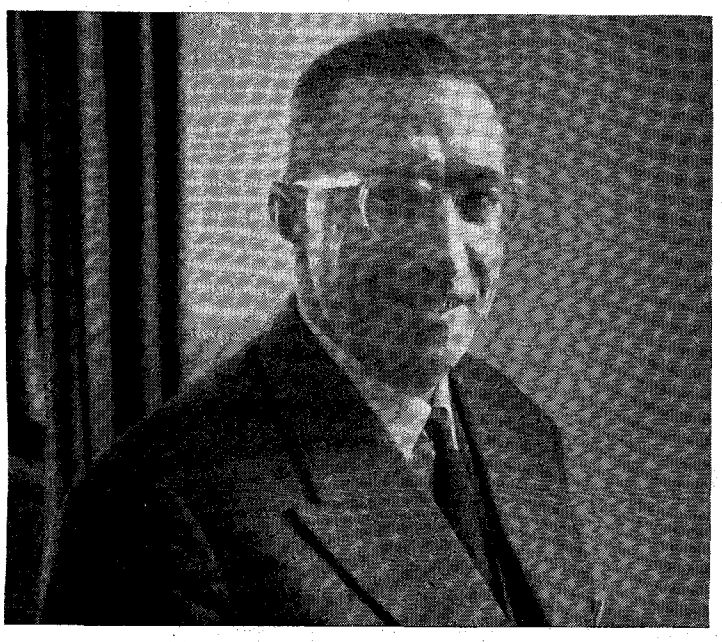
Good-by needle: Siegfried Fleischer, 79, has given himself 10,000 injections of insulin in his 55 years as a diabetic. Now he can use a new drug, tolbutamide, in pill form.

GOOD NEWS FOR DIABETICS



Dr. Auguste Loubatières. His long-overlooked research in sulfa drugs ultimately gave rise to the new pill.

Now, a new pill may free thousands of diabetics from their lifelong slavery to the hypodermic needle.

By Milton Silverman

In the year 1902, a plump, successful young German building contractor named Siegfried Fleischer called upon a physician in Berlin and described his mild but annoying symptoms.

"So," remarked the doctor. "We will therefore make a few tests."

Within an hour, the tests were completed and the diagnosis was obvious. "Herr Fleischer," said the doctor, "I regret to inform you that you have diabetes."

In those days, more than half a century ago, medical men knew little about diabetes except that it was concerned somehow with the pancreas gland, it produced strange symptoms in many parts of the body, it was marked by high concentrations of sugar in the blood and by the presence of sugar in the urine, and it could not be cured or controlled by any known medicine. The only accepted treatment—more acceptable to doctors than to their patients—was a strictly limited diet essentially free from sugars and starches.

Young Fleischer was put on this kind of semistarvation menu. It took eighty pounds off

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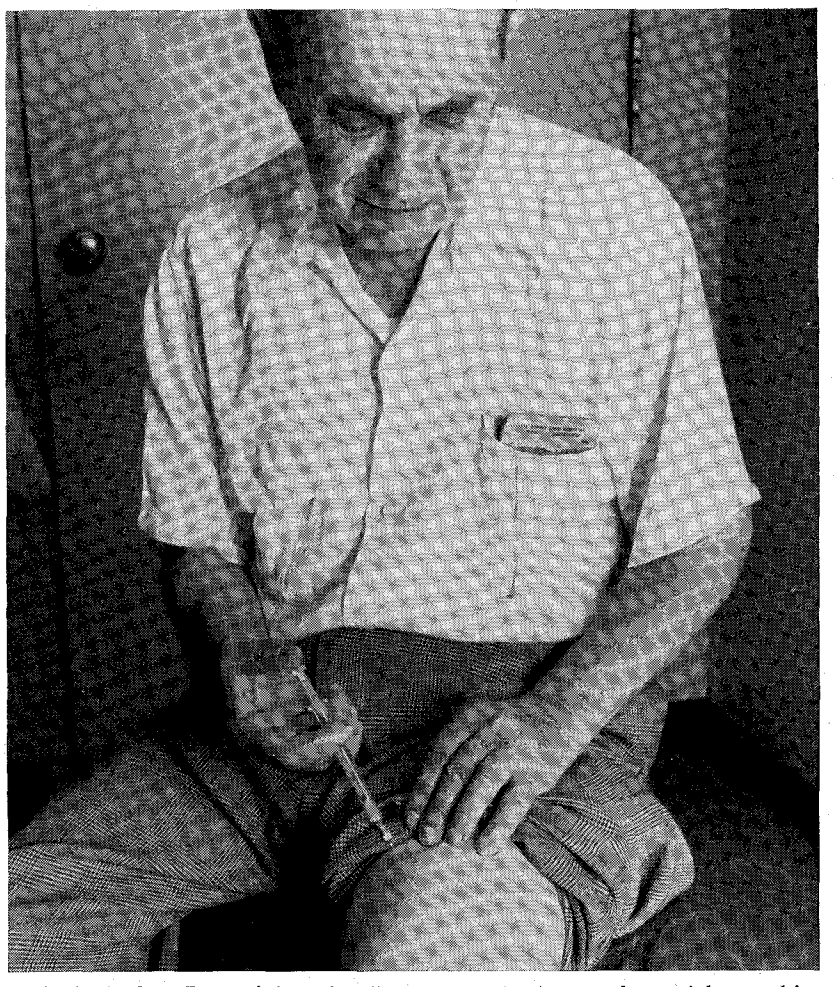
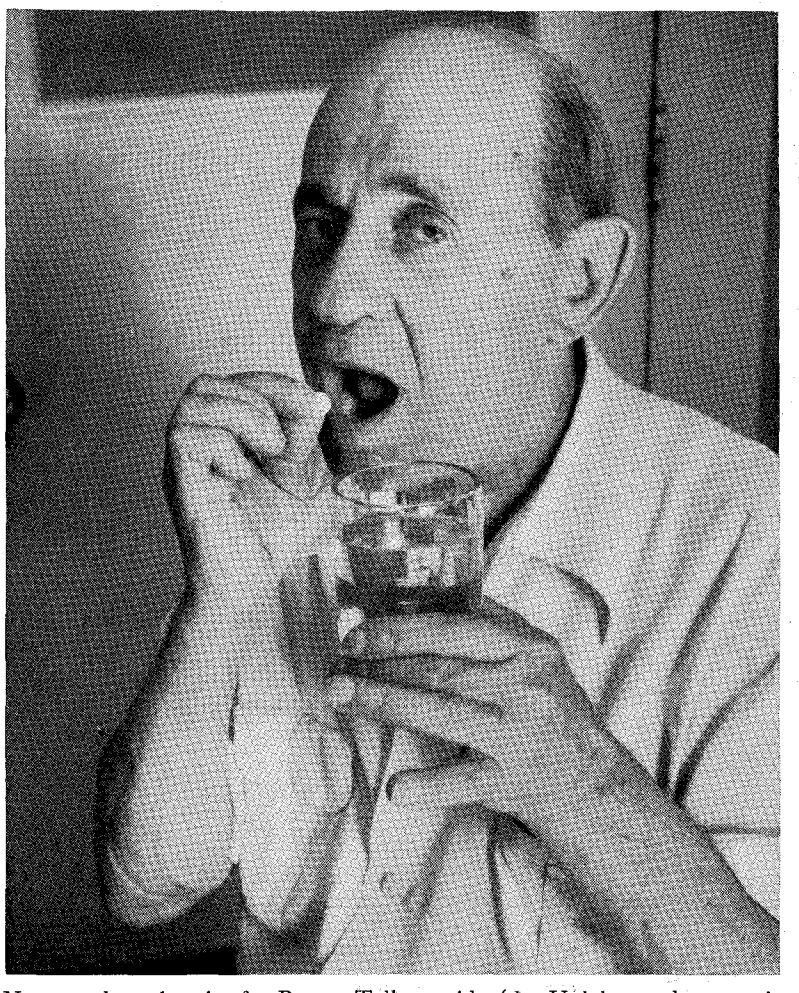


Diabetic Isadore Rosen injects insulin into his leg. An overdose might put him into the dangerous insulin shock, or an underdose might result in a diabetic coma.



No more hypodermics for Rosen. Tolbutamide (the Upjohn trade name is Orinase) works best on older patients who are affected with mild diabetes.

his weight, it barred him from most of the foods he once enjoyed, but it kept him alive.

After insulin was discovered, he was started on daily injections of this hormone, and continued these treatments for approximately thirty years. During this period, he gave himself about 10,000 insulin injections.

"I was grateful to have insulin," he said. "I no longer was forced to live on that terrible diet. I could eat a few things I liked—once in a while a piece of cake or a cookie. But insulin was a nuisance."

Ten thousand times Fleischer had to sterilize his needle and syringe. Ten thousand times he had to disinfect the skin on his thigh, insert the needle, and inject the potent solution. And day after day he had to carry his emergency ration of sugar in case his insulin overreacted. Never was he free from the fear that an overdose of insulin might put him into the dangerous insulin shock, or an underdose might be followed by the equally dangerous diabetic coma.

In 1938 he came to America with his wife and put himself under the care of a New York diabetes specialist.

"Even with the patient's scrupulous cooperation," this doctor said, "we could never quite keep his diabetes under complete control. His blood sugar was always on the high side, and he constantly spilled out a little sugar in his urine."

Finally, one day in 1956, the doctor called him into his office for a momentous conference.

"Mr. Fleischer," he said, "I have just received a new kind of medicine for the treatment of diabetes. I think you can take it instead of insulin. You can take it by mouth."

Fleischer was incredulous. "By mouth?" he repeated. "You mean no more injections? I won't have to take any more shots?"

"That's right," said the doctor. "Of course, it may not help you, but are you willing to take a chance?"

"For fifty years, I have been dreaming of this day—a medicine I can take by mouth! Naturally I will be willing."

The new drug was called tolbutamide, or Orinase. It was prepared in the form of white tablets with a faintly bitter taste. Fleischer was directed to swallow four tablets a day for the first week, and then two tablets a day thereafter—presumably for the rest of his life.

"Within a week," the doctor reported later, "the patient's blood-sugar levels were down to normal and, apparently for the first time in many years, his urine tests were negative. Under continuing treatment, his diabetes has remained under control."

This year, after more than eighteen months on tolbutamide treatment—and with no more insulin injections—Fleischer was still "under control." His blood tests were still satisfactory, and his urine tests were negative. At the age of seventy-nine, white-haired, courtly, punctilious in his manners, he was still a diabetic—but he was exceedingly happy.

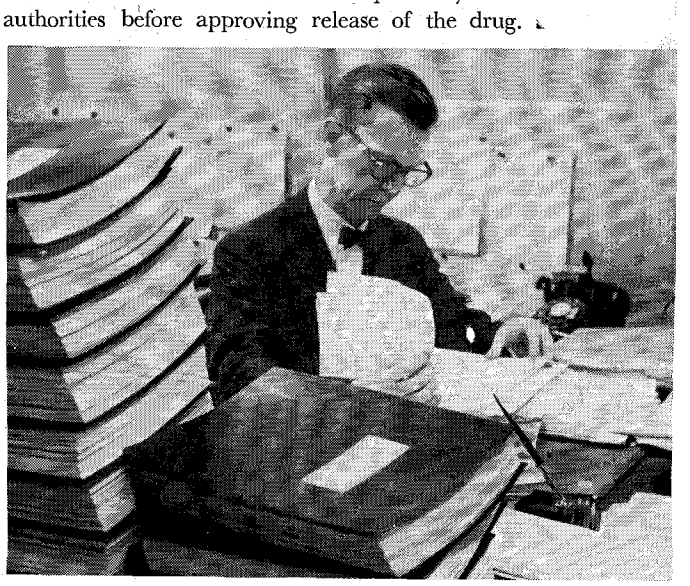
"In my whole life," he said, "I have never been so relaxed."

Siegfried Fleischer, who had gone through the whole range of so-called modern diabetes therapy during his lifetime, was among the first patients in the United States to be put on tolbutamide treatment. By this spring it was reported by one pharmaceutical company—the Upjohn Company, of Kalamazoo, Michigan—that the new oral antidiabetic was being used experimentally by more than 15,000 patients in this country and 30,000 in Europe.

Tolbutamide was described repeatedly and emphatically (Continued on Page 46)

Dr. Henry Dolger, of New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital, treats a diabetic expectant mother with Orinase.

Dr. C. J. O'Donovan, of the Upjohn Company, examines some of the case histories required by U.S. authorities before approving release of the drug.



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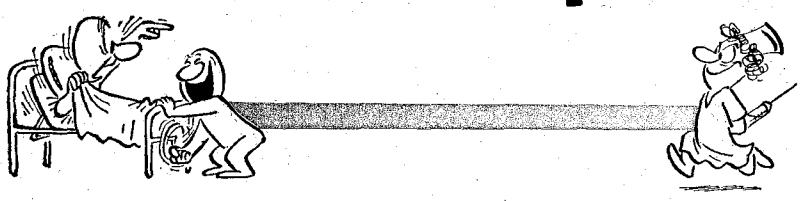
Post Scripts



American Success: One Definition

A man who can afford a man
To mow the lawn and dig the weeds
So he can take the weekend off
And play a round or two of golf
And get the exercise he needs.

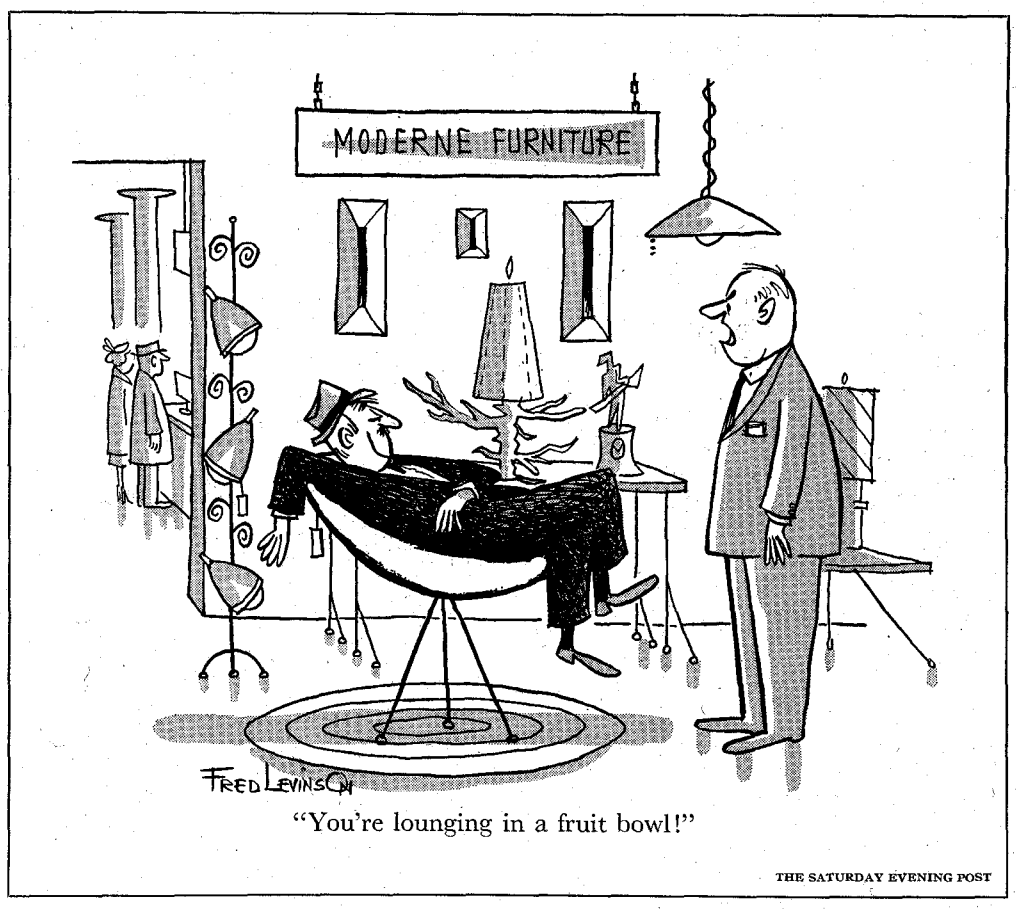
GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

The Indignities to Which I Find Myself Subjected!

"Does this tooth hurt at all as I touch it?"
"Nod do mudge, dogder."
"How about this one?"
"Dad one hurds gwide a bid."

"Now, then, as I hold the stethoscope here, inhale deeply."
"Aaaa-eeeee-h."
"Hold it."
"Zut."
"Exhale."
"H-eeeee-aaaa."
"Hold it."
"Hup."

"We'll have that cinder out of your eye in a jiffy, sir. Now, if you'll hold your head way back and roll your eyes to the left."
"Like that?"
"A little more. . . . Now, to the right, please."
"Like that?"
"Yes. Now, up and sort of ——"



"You're lounging in a fruit bowl!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm glad you decided to give our shop a try, sir, because whoever's been cutting your hair hasn't been doing it properly."
"Oh?"
"You see, as I comb it over to the right here, it hangs down clear below your right ear. As I comb it like this over to the left, it hangs down even farther below your left ear. Here; let me show you something interesting. Notice how, as I comb your hair straight down here in front of your eyes, the ——"

"Say ah."
"Ah!"
"Again."
"Ah!"
"And again."
"Ah!"

VERNON H. KURTZ

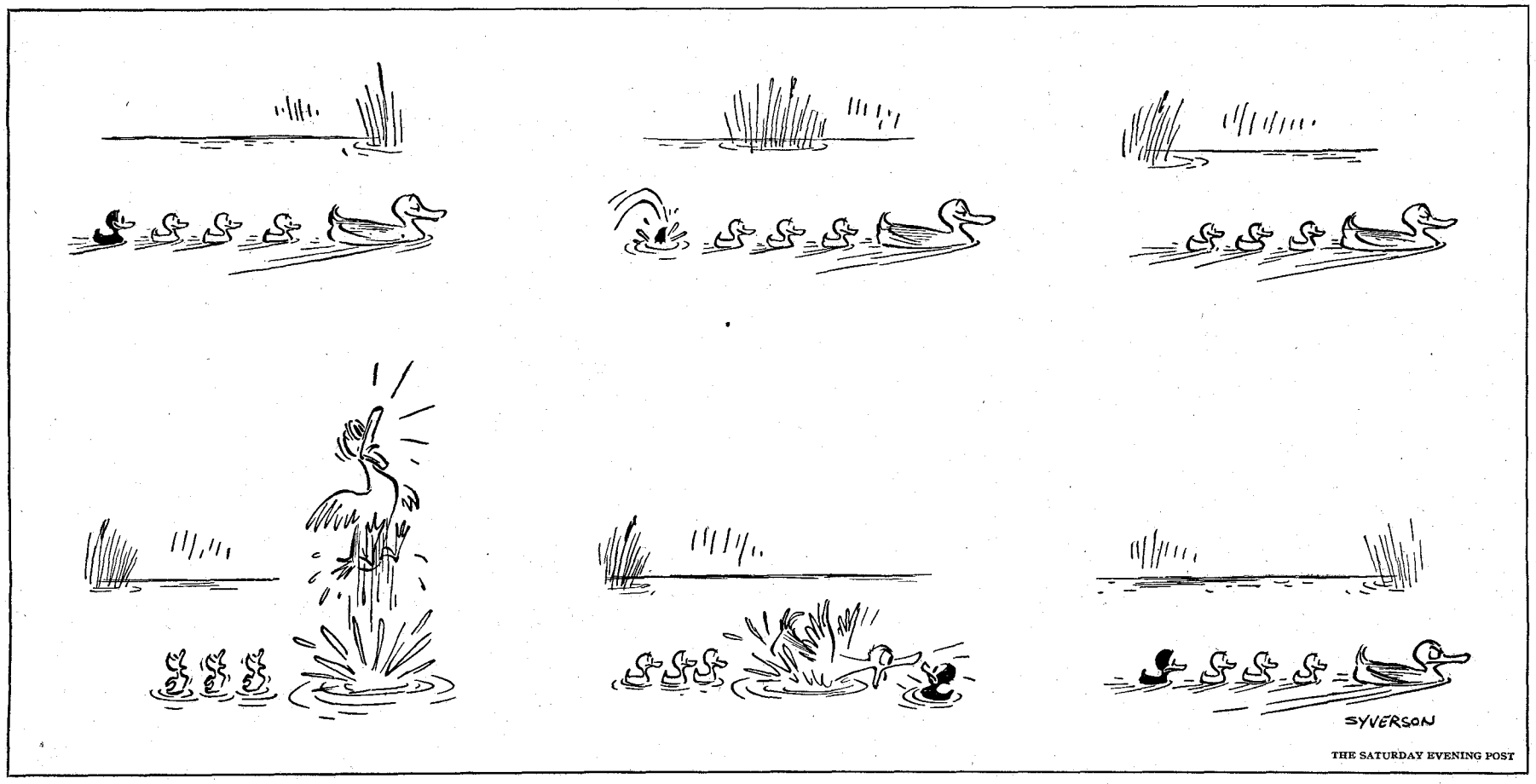
Pause in the Office Routine

After the watches are checked,
  After the nails are buffed,
After the paper is read,
  After the hair is fluffed,

After a story is told,
  After a point is proved,
After the midmorning coffee,
  After a spot is removed,

After a look out the window
  To see, will the sun through the murk break,
Shortly before it is lunchtime,
  Comes what we assume is a work break.

RICHARD ARMOUR



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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New Idea: Cold Soup Cocktail!

You've had fruit cocktails. And shrimp cocktails. And juice cocktails. Now have a Soup Cocktail—frosty cold for summer.

Try Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup as a cocktail. Tuck a can in the refrigerator till it's chilled. Then whip in a soup can of cold milk and pour in cups or glasses. Garnish with something crisp and green . . . chives, parsley, mint or dill. Or a slice of lemon or lime.

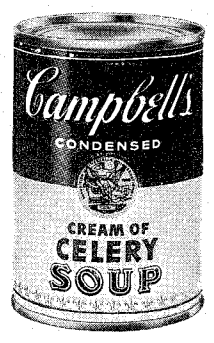
Why not get out a tray and set a new fashion —Soup Cocktails, for cool, cool sipping!

Save these Soup Cocktail reminders!

RECIPE: Chill soup. Add one soup can of cold milk. Whip till smooth; garnish and serve.

SOUP	GARNISH
Cream of Celery	Chopped chives
Tomato	Parsley sprig
Cream of Chicken	Grated lime rind
Cream of Mushroom	Mint or dill

Extra special soup-mate cocktail: Black Bean Soup and Consommé, ½ can water, splash of sherry!



SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS: Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids—for general well-being • Proteins—for upkeep and growth • Carbohydrates—for energy

Once a day . . . every summer day . . . SOUP!

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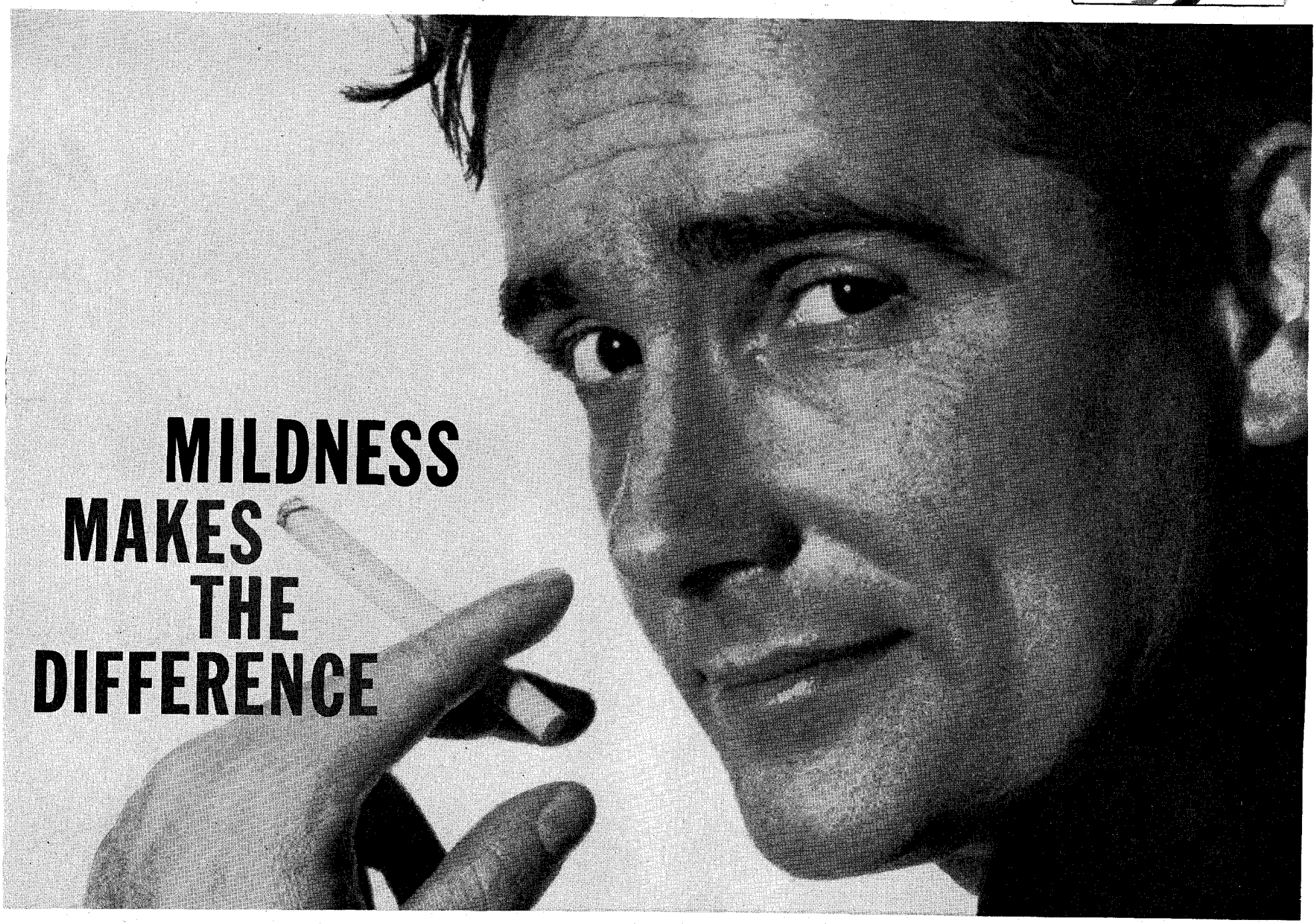
When you smoke steady like me...



You don't smoke just *one* cigarette—you smoke *pack after pack,* day after day.
That's why *Tareyton mildness makes a wonderful difference in your smoking.*
Your taste stays clean, fresh, wide-awake. You get more *enjoyment* out of smoking.
Try Tareytons. You'll see.

filter tip TAREYTON

BY THE MAKERS OF HERBERT TAREYTON—FAMOUS FOR QUALITY, DELIGHTFULLY MILD, TIPPED, FULL KING SIZE

product of The American Tobacco Company — Tobacco is our middle name. (© *A. T. Co.*)

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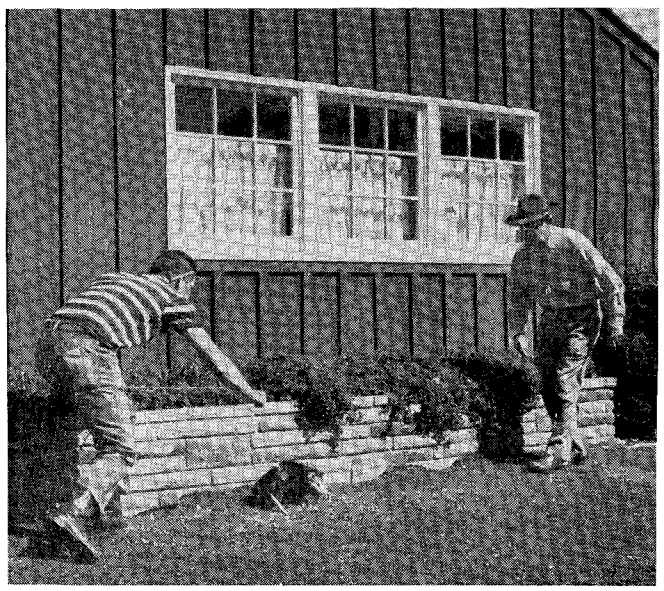
Wilshire Boulevard: A lady becomes aware of a quaint escort in the heart of downtown Los Angeles. Possums seem to like urban life only in the Los Angeles area; so far, they haven't invaded other cities, even in their native South.

An inspector from a Hollywood animal shelter holds up a trophy. The police get about two calls a day to haul off live possums, pick up hundreds of dead ones.



Possum-catching: whenever the dim-witted marsupial realizes the jig is up, he'll roll over and play dead.

Mr. Possum Goes to Town

This silly little animal has given up his country ways and taken to strolling down the boulevards of Los Angeles. And his antics are giving the city folks quite a shock.

By JOHN REESE

"Officer, there's an enormous rat in my house!" comes a woman's scream over the telephone. "It's bigger than my cat, and it's hissing and showing its teeth at me. Can you send someone over right away to shoot it?"

"Don't be alarmed, ma'am," sighs the police dispatcher. "It's only a possum, and it'll leave you alone if you leave it alone. Just keep an eye on where it goes, and I'll have a car there to pick it up in a few minutes."

Not a day or night passes but what dozens of such calls come into police headquarters all over Los Angeles County, California. Besides the amazed and often hysterical people who do not recognize a possum, never having seen one, there are the more blasé types who say, "You won't believe this, and I haven't had a drop to drink, but there seems to be a possum in my bedroom. What do I do about it?"

The shy little opossum, nominally a "wild" animal, has multiplied incredibly in the Los Angeles area, growing with the city. The metamorphosis of former farms, groves and ranches into an industrial community of 5,000,000

(Continued on Page 64)

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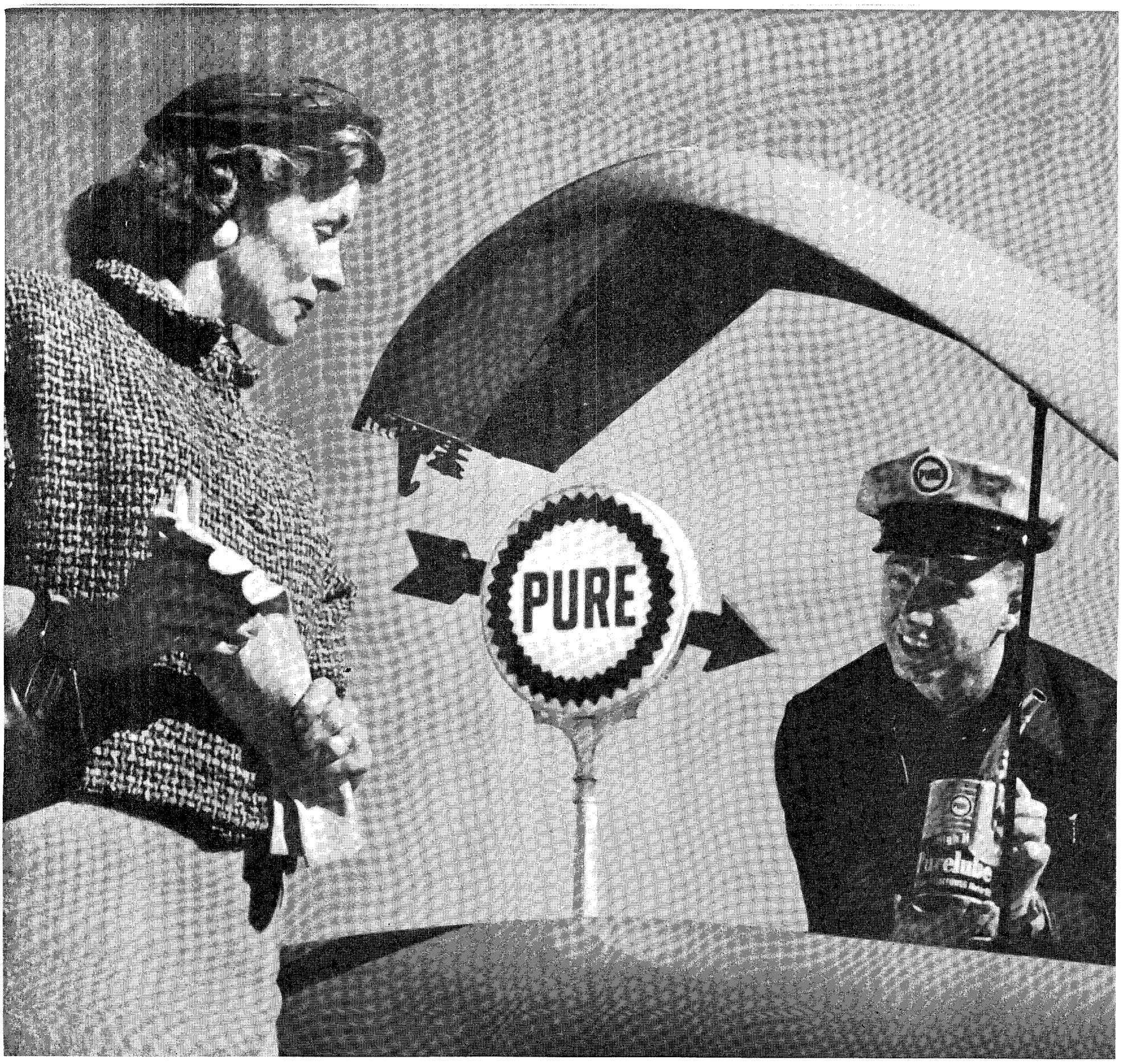

Motor oil isn't her cup of tea,

so she's buying High HP Purelube because she knows she can

BE SURE WITH PURE

WHY YOU TOO CAN BE SURE WITH HIGH HP PURELUBE

Experts in lubrication say a *multi-grade* oil is the best kind you can use in today's high-horsepower cars. We say the best of the new multi-grade oils is High HP Purelube.

This oil "leads a double life." Protects like a *heavy* oil when the engine is warm, flows like a *light* oil when it's cold.

High HP Purelube also gives you all the horsepower you paid for . . . actually can save up to 50 gallons of gasoline a year through cleaner, smoother engine performance.

You'll find the same top quality in *all* PURE products—not to mention PURE'S famous Royal Welcome Service—at any PURE dealer's station you drive into (more than 15,000 of them in 24 states). Nice feeling, that . . . to know you can be *sure* with PURE.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.

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The Case of the DEAD MAN'S DAUGHTER

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Garvin had always loved Stephanie Falkner, though he was afraid to admit it even to himself.

Perry Mason's client risks a murder rap to protect the girl he loves.

The father of Perry Mason's beautiful client, Stephanie Falkner, had been murdered for refusing to sell his Las Vegas property shares to a gambling syndicate. Mason now represented Stephanie's interest and that of another client, Homer Garvin, Sr., who bought into the property at the time Stephanie was to be his future daughter-in-law.

Mason interviewed a George Casselman, who claimed he acted for the syndicate. Immediately after Mason's visit, both Homer Garvin, Sr., and Stephanie called on Casselman. The next morning, Casselman, who Garvin thought was Glenn Falkner's killer, was found murdered.

Perry Mason couldn't reach Garvin, Sr., through Stephanie, but he did find a revolver, with one shot fired, under her pillow. She said Garvin had given it to her for protection. The lawyer also called on Garvin's newlywed son, and on Garvin's recently fired secretary, Eva Elliott, but they didn't know Garvin's whereabouts.

III

She bustled out of the apartment, closed and locked the door, hurried to the elevator and almost ran to the cab. They drove to Mason's office. Mason said to the cab driver, "Add a trip to Hollywood to what you have on the meter already, and tell me how much."

The cab driver made an estimate.

"Here's the fare and a tip," Mason said. "Deliver the young lady where she wants to go."

The cab driver touched his cap. Mason and Della Street got out of the cab and had no more than crossed the sidewalk when Lieutenant Tragg, of the Metropolitan Homicide Squad, fell into step beside them.

"You folks get around. You certainly do," Tragg told them. "Well, let's go up where we can talk."

They rode up to Mason's floor and walked down the corridor to his office.

"Well?" Mason asked.

"George Casselman," Lieutenant Tragg said.

"What about him?"

"Dead."

"How did he die?"

"A contact shot with a thirty-eight-caliber revolver."

"When?"

"Sometime last night."

"Where?"

"In the apartment where I understand you saw him around eight o'clock."

"How did you get that information?"

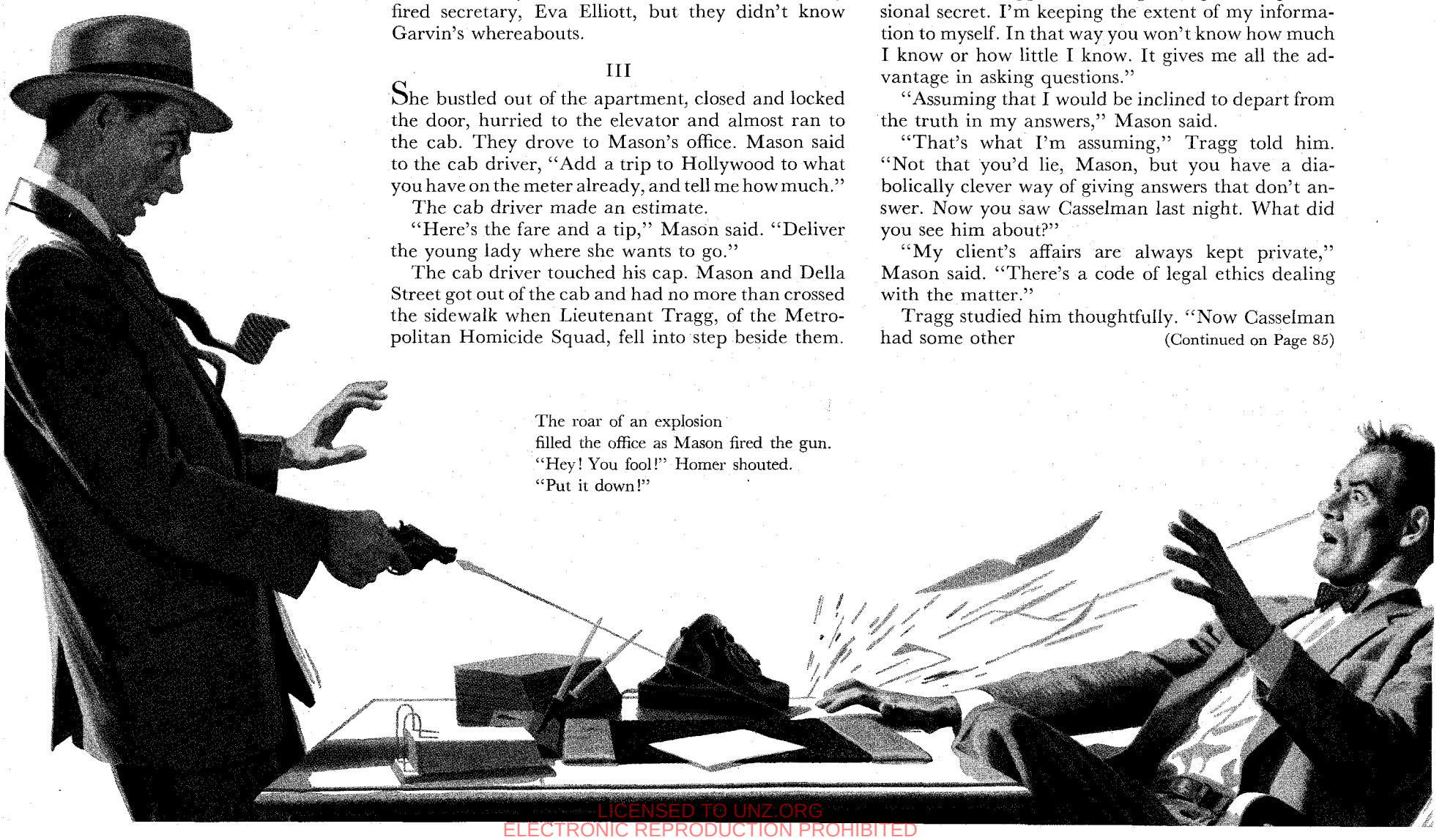
"That," Tragg told him, grinning, "is a professional secret. I'm keeping the extent of my information to myself. In that way you won't know how much I know or how little I know. It gives me all the advantage in asking questions."

"Assuming that I would be inclined to depart from the truth in my answers," Mason said.

"That's what I'm assuming," Tragg told him. "Not that you'd lie, Mason, but you have a diabolically clever way of giving answers that don't answer. Now you saw Casselman last night. What did you see him about?"

"My client's affairs are always kept private," Mason said. "There's a code of legal ethics dealing with the matter."

Tragg studied him thoughtfully. "Now Casselman had some other (Continued on Page 85)



The roar of an explosion filled the office as Mason fired the gun. "Hey! You fool!" Homer shouted. "Put it down!"

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Good News for Diabetics (Continued from Page 39)

as no true substitute for insulin. It is not the long-sought "oral insulin." It is a different chemical with a different action, and its role appears to be limited primarily to victims of mild diabetes—those who produce a little insulin but not quite enough for their own needs. These potential users may include as many as 1,400,000 of the 2,000,000 diabetics in this country.

Even by this June, when tolbutamide was finally approved by the Food and Drug Administration for general use by the medical profession, there was no complete agreement on its significance. In some quarters it was hailed as the greatest boon to diabetics since the discovery of insulin. On the other hand, some experts vigorously continued to dispute such assertions; they insisted that tolbutamide must still be regarded as an experimental drug, its long-term effects are still unknown, and its role in practical medicine remains to be accurately charted.

"The clinician will not be entirely at ease in the use of these compounds until the exact mechanism of their function is known and proved to be innocent over long periods," said Dr. Garfield G. Duncan, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in a recent review of tolbutamide and related drugs. "However," he added, "with growing experience with these products, the favorable indications increase."

Behind the development of tolbutamide and its chemical relatives lies a record of tragic errors, tests on hundreds of proposed remedies, and a most fortunate medical accident—an accident which had to occur twice before its meaning became apparent. According to medical historians, this is what might well have been expected, for the whole study of diabetes has been marked by accidental discoveries.

In 1796, Dr. John Rollo, surgeon general of the British Royal Artillery, stumbled upon the dietary treatment of the disease. "The diet," as he put it, was "to consist of animal foods principally."

Then, in 1920, Dr. Moses Barron, of the University of Minnesota, accidentally discovered that a certain blockade of the pancreatic ducts would destroy one portion of the pancreas but spare another part—a part which turned out to be the source of insulin. In 1921, Drs. Frederick Banting and Charles Best, working at the University of Toronto, picked up this clue and followed it to isolate insulin. For their epochal discovery, the two Canadians and their colleagues shared in the award of the Nobel prize.

Insulin was truly magnificent for millions of patients. It spared them from terribly rigorous diets, from increasing weakness and even from early death. But insulin treatment was far from perfect. It failed to help some patients. It had to be given with considerable care and according to exact dosages. And, since insulin itself is destroyed in the digestive tract, it had to be given by injection.

Accordingly, many investigators undertook a search for other remedies, especially for remedies which could be taken by mouth. They tried onion juice, microbes from the intestines of doves, and extracts of yeast, mushrooms, whortleberry leaves and carrots. They tried highly recommended native "cures" from Greece, North Borneo and the jungles of Africa. All of these proposed agents were either ineffective or too deadly for human use.

In the 1920's, a group of German chemists announced what they claimed was a safe, orally effective antidiabetic chemical known as Synthalin. It may have been effective, but it was certainly not safe. Put on the market too rapidly, before adequate testing could be completed, Synthalin produced serious liver damage in 40 to 50 per cent of patients who tried it.

Then came the first real break. During World War II, a team of chemists prepared a new microbe killer, a sulfa drug listed under the code name of 2254-RP. Early in 1942 it was sent for clinical trials in Southern France to Dr. Marcel Janbon at the Montpellier Clinic for Contagious Diseases.

"We suggest," said the chemists, "that this new compound be tested in the treatment of typhoid fever. It should be administered by mouth."

Although France had already fallen, the Germans had not yet moved occupation troops into Montpellier. Nevertheless, conditions were unhappy. Food supplies were running short, malnutrition was common, sanitation was poor, and there were plenty of patients suffering from typhoid. Doctor Janbon selected several of these victims for the test and proceeded to give them the new pills.

The results were fantastic. Some patients seemed to benefit from the new sulfa drug. Others, however, soon developed strange and shocking symptoms. They became dizzy and faint, they shook and trembled, and they perspired heavily. Two of these unfortunate people—a nineteen-year-old girl and a thirty-one-year-old woman—died in a few days.

Doctor Janbon hurried to the nearby physiology laboratories at the University of Montpellier and consulted his brilliant colleague, twenty-nine-year-old Dr. Auguste Loubatières.

"What could have happened?" he asked.

"Well," said the physiologist, "the symptoms you describe in your patients are precisely the same as the symptoms I can produce in my dogs if I give them too much insulin. It appears that your new sulfa drug lowers the sugar concentration in the blood."

"Impossible!" said Doctor Janbon.

"Very well," said Doctor Loubatières, "we shall prove it."

Immediately the scientist began animal experiments in his laboratory. "On June 13, 1942," he reported later, "we were able to assure Doctor Janbon that the oral administration of 2254-RP produces a prolonged lowering of the blood-sugar level."

Two weeks later, Loubatières made the significant discovery that the new chemical had this remarkable action only if some insulin was present in the body. It worked if the pancreas was intact, or even if a large portion of the gland was removed. But if the entire pancreas was cut out, and no insulin was being produced, the sulfa drug was ineffective.

It soon became evident that although 2254-RP itself was too fleeting in its action and not suitable for use in human beings, a longer-lasting and safer sulfa derivative might be found to treat diabetics—an orally effective drug for those patients whose disease stemmed from a "sluggish" pancreas or insufficient insulin production. Here was the first lead to a safe pill for diabetics.

Incredibly, practically no one seemed interested. The French scientist himself performed animal tests on about a dozen other new sulfa drugs, but none was entirely satisfactory. He published numerous articles, and he gave many lectures. But except for a few other workers in France, Germany and the United States, who made a few preliminary but fruitless investigations, Doctor Loubatières' work was generally overlooked, ignored or ridiculed.

"We knew about his research for more than ten years," one American drug-company official admitted at a recent conference. "Until my dying day I shall continue to wonder why we didn't pick it up."

In February, 1954, almost twelve years after the accidental discovery in the typhoid-fever wards at Montpellier, essentially the same accident occurred in Berlin. This time the chemical was a new, long-lasting sulfa drug, later called BZ-55, created by the German firm of C. F. Boehringer and Sons. It was turned over to Dr. Hans Franke, of the Augusta-Viktoria Hospital, who then turned it over to his young assistant, Dr. Karl Joachim Fuchs, for routine tests as a germ killer.

"Oh, good, you gave junior his bath."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In 1954, much of the glamour had gone from the sulfas. Penicillin and the other antibiotics were available, and testing new sulfa drugs was considered a thoroughly unexciting chore. Nevertheless, Doctor Fuchs proceeded with his routine assignment in routine fashion, administering BZ-55 to patients hot and feverish with pneumonia, kidney infections and similar ailments.

"The therapeutic effect was as anticipated," he reported. "There was a prompt return of the temperature to normal."

Then he suddenly spotted a few patients who were not reacting as anticipated. They were dizzy, shaking and perspiring. They were acting as if they had been given an overdose of insulin.

"I think I should try this on myself," said Doctor Fuchs.

Two hours after the young physician swallowed the tablets of BZ-55, he became faint, trembled and perspired, and announced that he felt tired and hungry. At the same time, tests showed that his blood-sugar level had dropped far below normal. It stayed down for nearly six hours, and then slowly came back to the proper level while his shaking and perspiring ceased.

"Now what?" he asked.

"Now we will repeat this several times," said his chief. "If we get the same results, perhaps we should find some patients with diabetes."

When diabetic patients were taken off their insulin injections and given the tablets of BZ-55 instead, the new sulfa drug proved to be remarkably effective. Slowly, over several days, it brought elevated blood-sugar concentrations down to normal, kept sugar from pouring out in urine, and it made the patients happy.

In October of 1955, after months of cautious tests, the Berlin physicians made their first formal report. They had treated more than fifty patients, following some of them for more than a year.

"In reviewing our entire patient series," they said, "we are inclined to believe that this effect is seen in 80 per cent of all diabetics, especially in light to moderate diabetes, regardless of how long the disease has existed. . . . Toxic side effects, for which we have kept a continuous and close watch for over a year, have not been observed so far. . . . We recommend the clinical use of BZ-55 on as large a scale as possible."

At the same time, Dr. Ferdinand Bertram and his associates in the Barmbek General Hospital at Hamburg reported essentially the same results with a group of eighty-two patients. The new drug, they said, failed to help young patients and those afflicted with severe forms of the disease.

"In contrast to this, astonishing therapeutic results were obtained in older diabetics," they stated. "In some cases, the treatment was amazingly successful. BZ-55 is the first antidiabetic substance whose effectiveness following oral administration has been proven beyond doubt."

The results seemed too good to be believed. In the United States, by and large, these results were not believed. The tragic case of Synthalin, with its toxic side effects, was still clearly remembered here. Accordingly, American physicians greeted the first news of BZ-55 with skepticism and grim warnings.

This go-slow attitude was endorsed thoroughly by officials of Eli Lilly and Company, of Indianapolis, who had brought BZ-55 to this country for experimental purposes. "It must be used with caution," they said, "and particular attention must be paid to possible toxicity resulting from long-term administration."

Last October, after painstaking investigation on human (*Continued on Page 50*)

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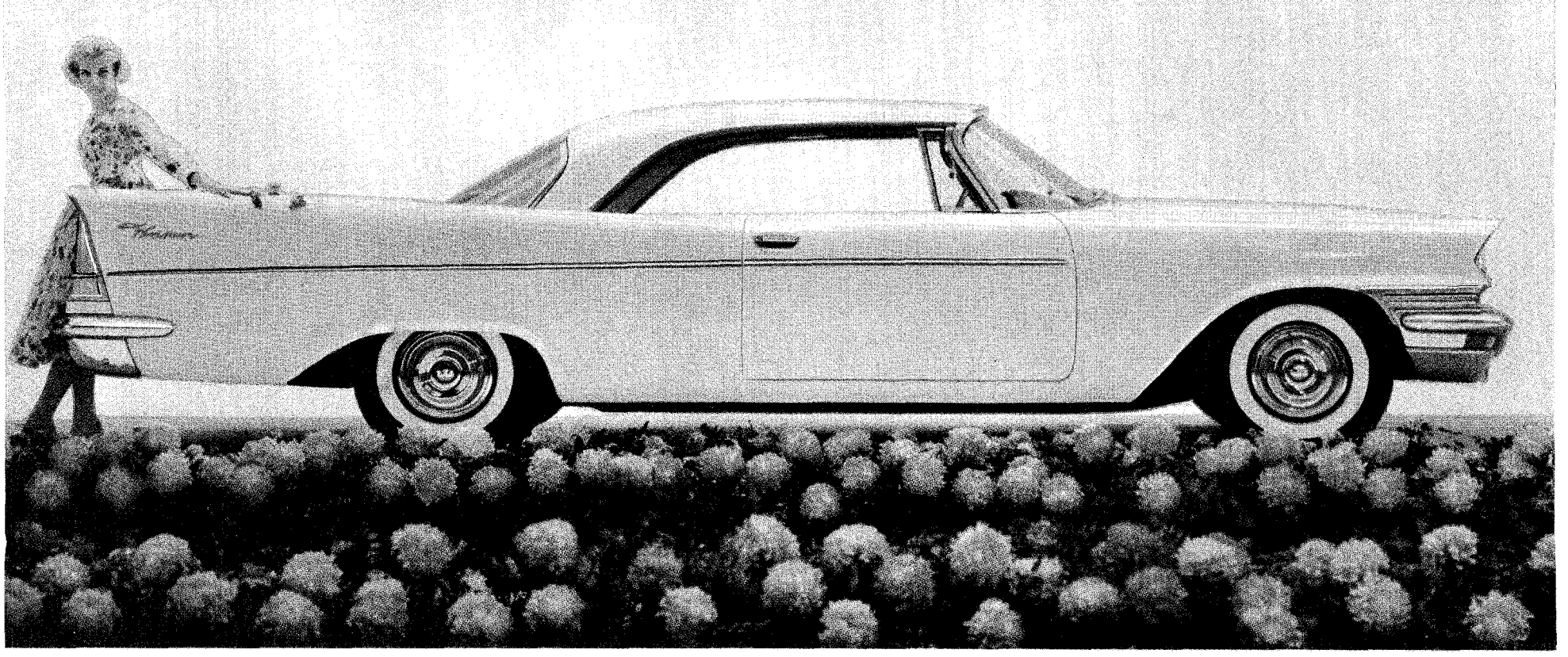
Most glamorous car in a generation



Here's why it's the "Pick of the Field" in the $3000 price range!

Proved styling success! Lower, longer, roomier than any car in its price class, with far-ahead design that will be new even next year!

Proved new engineering advances! The biggest and most important in motoring . . . advances that many cars will not have even next year!

Proved resale value! The highest in its price class and the highest in all Chrysler history, it reflects the great popularity of the 1957 Chrysler cars.

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Why shouldn't you buy the one prestige car at a medium price today and enjoy the benefit of such giant strides in automotive engineering as Chrysler's revolutionary Torsion-Aire Ride . . . Pushbutton Torque-Flite . . . and Total-Contact Brakes . . . plus exclusive Chrysler luxury car quality and appointments.

If you've waited to be sure of getting the best buy, now is the time to see your Chrysler Dealer. Because now the proof of success is in! And remember . . . the most important part of the deal you get is the *car* you get!

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(*Continued from Page 46*) volunteers, it was obvious that the doubts and warnings had been justified. American diabetes experts agreed with the German claims that BZ-55 was highly effective, but they could not agree with the German claims that it was highly safe.

"Forty thousand patients in Germany have taken this drug without any serious side effects being reported by German investigators," Dr. Kenneth Kohlstaedt, of Eli Lilly claimed, but he added that this had not been the experience in the United States.

The trial on thousands of patients in this country revealed that significant toxic side effects had occurred in about 5 per cent of the subjects, and in one institution—the famed Joslin Clinic, in Boston—side effects were noted in about 9 per cent. Eight or nine deaths had been charged to the drug in the nationwide test.

"We deeply regret that this compound apparently does not meet the rigid requirements for a drug that must be taken throughout life," said Doctor Kohlstaedt in announcing the end of the BZ-55 trials. And he added, "We share the disappointment of many diabetics."

Interestingly, American doctors learned later, BZ-55 was not withdrawn by the German manufacturers, and even as late as this spring was still being used by tens of thousands of patients in Europe.

But while BZ-55 was being shelved in America, another and curious oral antidiabetic was rapidly moving forward. Synthesized by chemists at the Hoechst Dyestuff laboratories in Germany, it was not a true sulfa drug, although it was a distant chemical cousin. Technically, it was called a sulfonyl-urea compound. This is the drug now being used under the name of tolbutamide, and introduced in the United States by the Upjohn Company under the trade name of Orinase.

"It is a strange compound," said Dr. C. J. O'Donovan, of Upjohn. "It has none of the germ-killing properties of the true sulfa drugs. Also, it seems to have none of the toxic properties of some of the sulfas. All it appears to do is help a lot of diabetics."

German investigators were the first to try tolbutamide, and groups of doctors in Augsburg, Frankfurt, Freiburg, Karlsburg and Munich had reported tests on 781 diabetics, with excellent results in more than half. "The untoward effects are remarkably slight," said the German physicians.

The Upjohn scientists, with admirable caution, decided to check for themselves. They tried the new chemical on dogs, rats, toads, rabbits, ducks and chickens.

In November, 1955, what were termed "preliminary preliminary trials" were begun at the University of Pittsburgh, Western Reserve University, the University of Washington, Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital, the University of Illinois, Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, in Boston, and a few other medical centers.

"These were cautious, short-term studies," it was reported. "Only a few hundred patients were involved. We were sure that tolbutamide would work. What we wanted to know, with our fingers crossed, was whether it would work safely."

In three months, no serious side effects were noted. The "preliminary preliminary" trials were ended, and the "preliminary" field test was begun. This was a broader study, destined to include many thousands of patients, but the attitude was still one of skepticism and watchful waiting. Again, the scientists were confident that the drug would work. But would it work safely?

"It was a harrowing time," said one Upjohn worker. "Sooner or later, I felt, the whole thing would blow up—I'd go to my office some morning, and there would be a telegram reporting the first serious side reactions."

All during 1956, experts continued to issue warnings and urge caution. Doctor Best, in Toronto, speaking mainly about BZ-55, stated that "while the work is of high significance, results may dash the hopes of those longing for an agent to free them from the tyranny of the insulin syringe."

Editors of The Journal of the American Medical Association wrote, "It behooves all physicians concerned in the treatment of diabetic patients to watch the results of forthcoming study. . . . The drugs at present are not available for sale, and their introduction into general use should come only after exhaustive trials, more definitive knowledge of the mechanism of action, and, especially, long-term observation for any possible chronic deleterious effects."

The American Diabetes Association spoke out against any premature optimism that the new chemicals would soon replace insulin injections.

Meanwhile investigators began publishing their findings on tolbutamide in the medical journals. Their reports did not instantly banish all opposition, but they served to diminish it. The successful treatment of thirty-four out of forty-four patients was described by Dr. Arthur Mirsky and his associates at the University of Pittsburgh; three out of five patients by Dr. Laurance Kinsell and his colleagues at the Highland-Alameda County Hospital in Oakland, California; fifty-eight out of seventy-five by Dr. Sol Sherry at Washington University, St. Louis; and 109 out of 143 by Dr. Samuel J. H. Sugar, of the District of Columbia General Hospital. One of Doctor Sugar's patients was a young mother who was safely carried through her pregnancy with tolbutamide, and who gave birth at the appropriate time to a healthy eleven-pound boy, while two others in the same group were maintained on the new drug while they successfully underwent major surgery. Both pregnancy and major surgery are generally believed to be particularly dangerous in diabetics.

At the University of Toronto, long considered the veritable shrine of insulin research, Dr. W. T. W. Clarke reported that twenty-five out of forty patients were apparently under control with the new chemical.

One of the largest groups tested with tolbutamide was studied by Dr. Henry Dolger, head of the diabetes clinic at New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital. "The general impression on more than seven hundred patients," he told the New York Academy of Sciences last February, "indicates that tolbutamide can be used successfully in the treatment of seventy per cent of all adult patients. Toxic effects, affecting less than one per cent of the group, consisted mostly of transient skin reactions."

Roughly one half of the New York diabetics had previously been attempting to control their disease by diet alone, but without noticeable success. The other half had been taking insulin before changing over to tolbutamide.

"Among diabetics over the age of forty," Doctor Dolger told his fellow physicians, "tolbutamide will be successful in four out of five patients. Among those twenty to forty years of age, it will be successful in one out of three."

The New York investigator, like other workers, noted that the oral drug rarely worked in what is termed "juvenile" or "brittle" diabetes. This form seems to be almost a different disease, often marked by very high but erratic insulin requirements, and by frequent and serious complications.

Very recent reports reveal that a few juvenile patients have been helped by a third new compound, a synthetic imidourea preparation known as DBI, although the drug, tested in New York and Boston, has caused nausea and vomiting in several cases.

At the Joslin Clinic, in Boston's Deaconess Hospital, where the earlier tests on BZ-55 had resulted in two deaths and in toxic side effects in 9 per cent of the patients, Dr. Alexander Marble and his colleagues reported that tolbutamide had been used, with no deaths, and with undesired but minor side effects—mostly skin rashes—in only nine tenths of 1 per cent.

After a year's trial, involving 420 patients, Doctor Marble confirmed the original reports from Germany that the new compound can lower blood sugar in the majority of middle-aged and elderly diabetics. "Judged by strict criteria," he said, "sixty-four per cent of selected patients on tolbutamide achieved good or fair control of sugar in the blood and urine."

The best results, he added, were obtained with older patients afflicted with so-called stable diabetes, requiring not more than forty units of insulin daily. He emphasized that the new drug should not be tried in the presence of diabetic coma or other complications, acute infection, liver or kidney disease, or a known sensitivity to any of the sulfa drugs.

By last June, the Upjohn scientists in Kalamazoo—along with physicians all over the country—were evidently breathing easier. The earlier controversy, which had flared originally over BZ-55, but later involved tolbutamide, was continuing, and would undoubtedly continue indefinitely in some quarters, but most of the heat was gone. The Upjohn men had compiled detailed information on 7147 patients treated by some 400 different doctors. Approximately 7000 were in the twenty-one-to-eighty-year age group, and about 76 per cent of these subjects had given what were termed "good" or "excellent" responses.

Although there had been the expected deaths from pneumonia, cancer, heart attacks and even suicide which naturally occur in this age group, there had been no death considered directly attributable to the drug. About 3 per cent of the group had shown some side reactions—mostly a temporary case of hives or other skin rash, indigestion, nausea, or a "sweet" or "metallic" taste sensation—but no serious toxic effects were reported. During the test period, more than 120 patients had each consumed more than a pound of the tablets.

There was still considerable controversy over the precise mechanism of tolbutamide in the body. "Our understanding of its mode of action," one expert confessed, "is in a state of crystallized confusion." Evidence was accumulating, however, to suggest that the remarkable chemical acts at least in part by stimulating release of insulin from the pancreas and decreasing release of sugar from the liver. It cannot work unless at least some insulin is present. It clearly cannot "cure" diabetes, but must be taken indefinitely. Dietary control is still essential.

"The use of tolbutamide does not give license for dietary abuse," it was emphasized.

Similarly, there was still no general agreement on the best way to select those patients most likely to be helped by the new tablets, or how to make the switch from insulin injections to tolbutamide tablets—whether by an all-at-once routine or by a tapering-off process—with maximum efficiency and safety. After about two years of trials, there was no way to predict whether or not a patient might continue to benefit from the tablets for periods of five, ten or twenty years.

"Nevertheless," says Doctor O'Donovan, of Upjohn, "with the advent of these new chemicals, we may be upon the threshold of a new era of therapy in diabetes, for they give promise that a significant portion of our diabetic population may be unshackled from syringe and needle. . . . There is an attitude of cautious enthusiasm." THE END

"I'll wait for you, Dudley, even if I have to date someone different every night to keep from getting serious about any one fellow."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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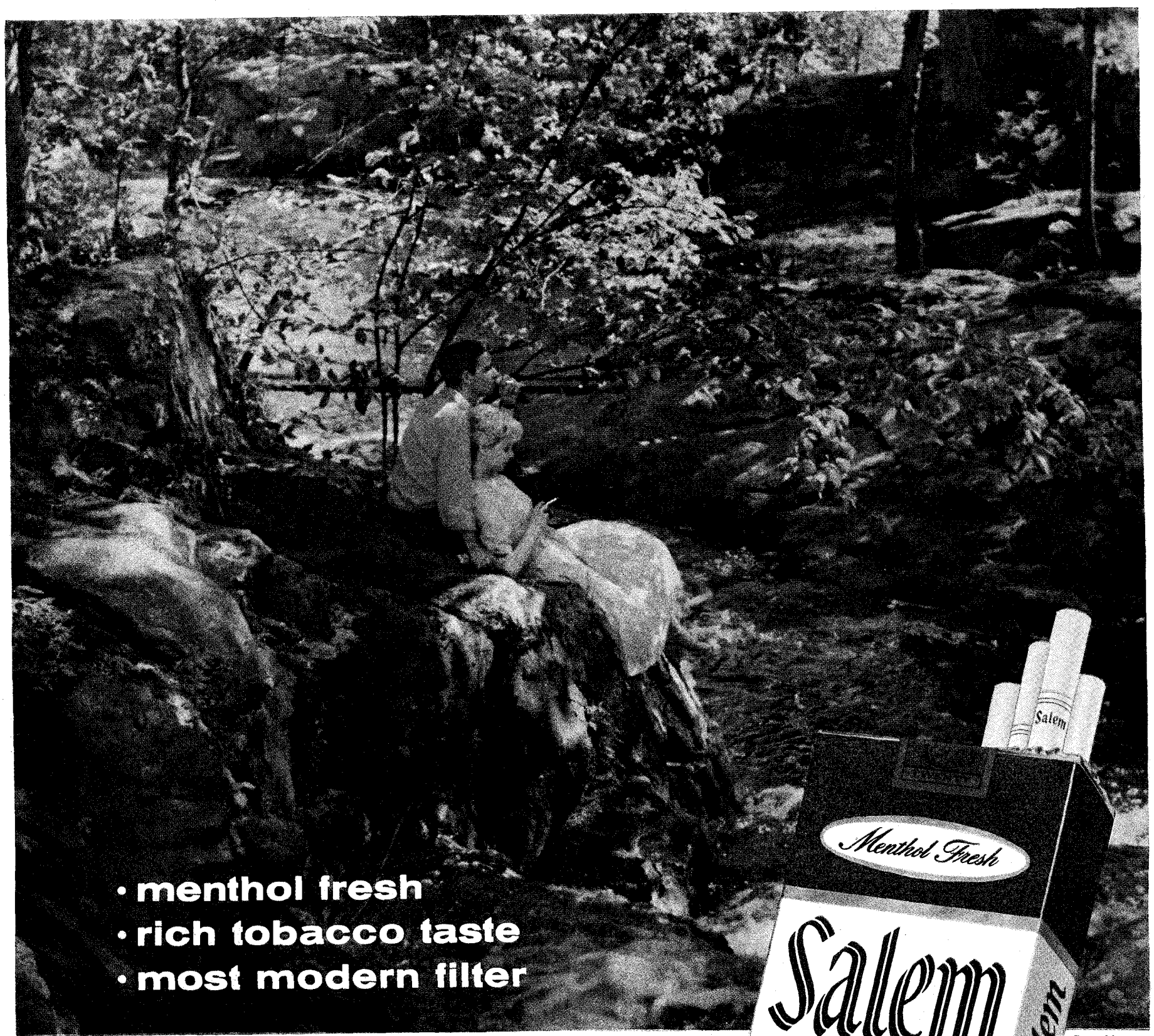
August 24, 1957

A new idea in smoking . . .

Salem brings soft refreshment to rich tobacco taste



Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Salem refreshes your taste

The babble of a brook and the look of flowers popping out of the ground — that's Spring! And the way Spring refreshes *you* — Salem refreshes your *taste!* The freshest taste in cigarettes flows through Salem's pure, white filter . . . rich tobacco taste with menthol-fresh comfort. Get Springtime freshness in every puff. Smoke Salem — smoke refreshed!

Take a puff . . . It's Springtime!

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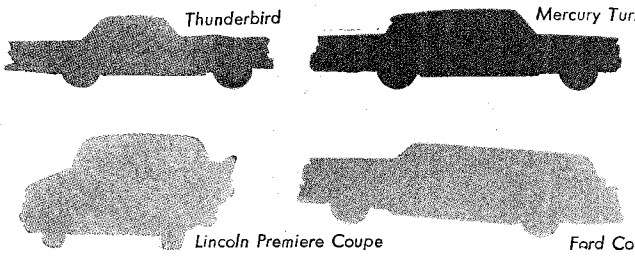
...in the Ford Family of Fine Cars



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The value lasts. You can expect more for these cars when you sell.

One of the happiest surprises in your whole Ford, Thunderbird, Mercury, Lincoln or Continental life comes last—just when you're ready to sell. And it's simply the value that *remains* in your car, how much you find you get for it.

Building cars to keep their youth is just one way we show our young-mindedness. For we've learned in our 54 years' experience that a car must look to the future *now*.

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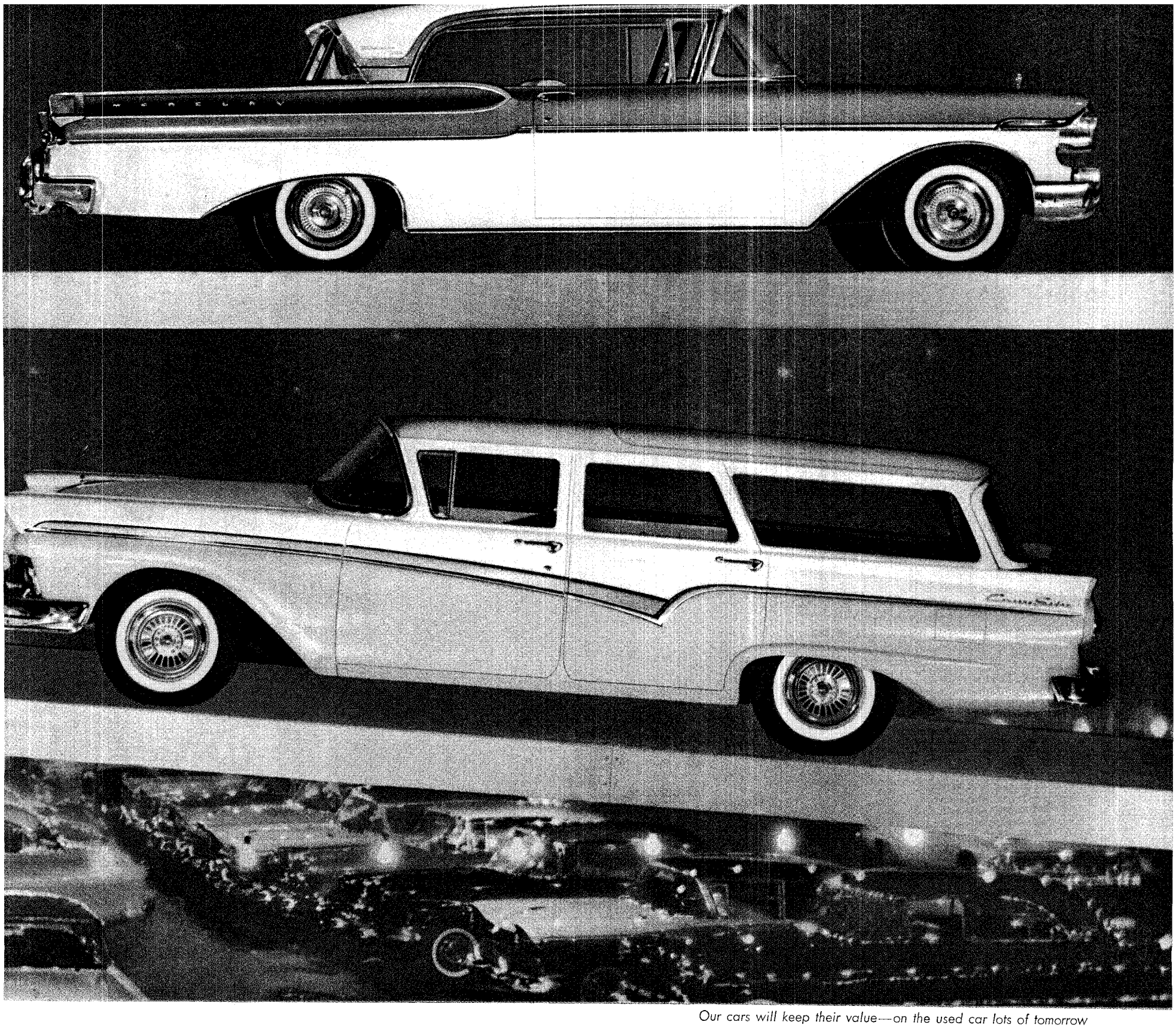
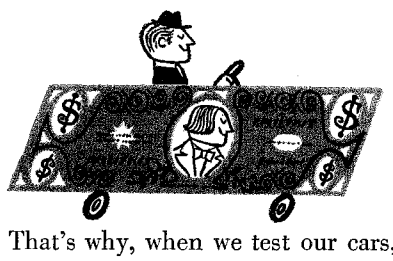


Our cars will keep their value—on the used car lots of tomorrow

KEEPING THE NEW LOOK LONGER
Take another look at the cars above. Follow the long, sweeping lines of our 1957 Family. Isn't this styling ahead of its time? Ford has a Touch-of-Tomorrow that sets the pace for a new kind of luxury in the low-price field. Mercury's Dream-Car Design is another shining example of how Ford Motor Company's young-minded stylists stay far ahead of the pack. In the 1957 Lincoln, there's a timeless beauty that immediately tells you this is the leader in the fine-car field, today *and* tomorrow.

KEEPING THEIR VALUE LONGER
Our Fords, Thunderbirds, Mercurys, Lincolns and Continentals are built to last, deliberately designed to command a high resale price when you trade.



That's why, when we test our cars, they are subjected to the roughest, toughest treatment we can dream up.

Example: Car bodies and frames go through impact tests, bending tests, torsion tests, drop tests—just to prove they can take the miles and wear and still look good on the used car lots of tomorrow.

Another example: In fabrics, a chain of 15,000 tests has finally produced synthetic-based upholstery fabrics that wear and wear, resist bleeding, fading, and staining. They stay fresh and new-looking longer and they *feel* and *look* like cloth instead of plastic.

FAMILY TEST Now doesn't it stand to reason—the cars that are ahead today will be ahead in the years to come—and will be worth *more* in the used car market. That's the big pay-off *you* get at trade-in time, as owners of our cars will tell you. Are *you* interested in this investment concept of car ownership? We recommend a visit to your nearest Ford, Mercury, Lincoln or Continental dealer.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
THE AMERICAN ROAD, DEARBORN, MICH.

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Wausau Story

AT THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY AND POWER PROJECT

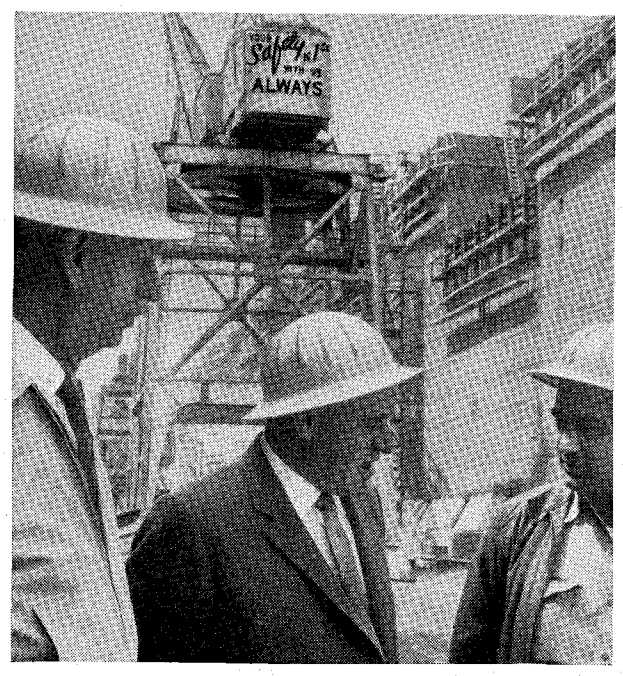
OPENING up this waterway to deep-depth navigation is one of the biggest jobs ever tackled. You've heard a lot about it. But unless you're working on the job, you probably don't know history's being made here in terms of speed *and safety*.

Near Massena, New York—at the eastern end of what will be the 10-mile Long Sault Canal—the Grasse River Lock is being built. Fast! The Perini Corporation, heading a joint venture group, had a field office set up the day after the contract was awarded. Three days later, dozers were digging out access roads. Within four months, a concrete mixing plant had been dismantled and shipped up from Florida, rebuilt for this project, and the first concrete was poured.

Rush production like this and what happens to safety? Another record!...because the safety men kept pace with the construction activity. Employers Mutuals men went right to work with Perini officials and its employee representatives. Together they *pre-planned* a program of safety and safety consciousness. Look at the result: 1,400,000 man-hours and only 10 lost-time accidents. That's 5 times better than the average for heavy construction jobs.

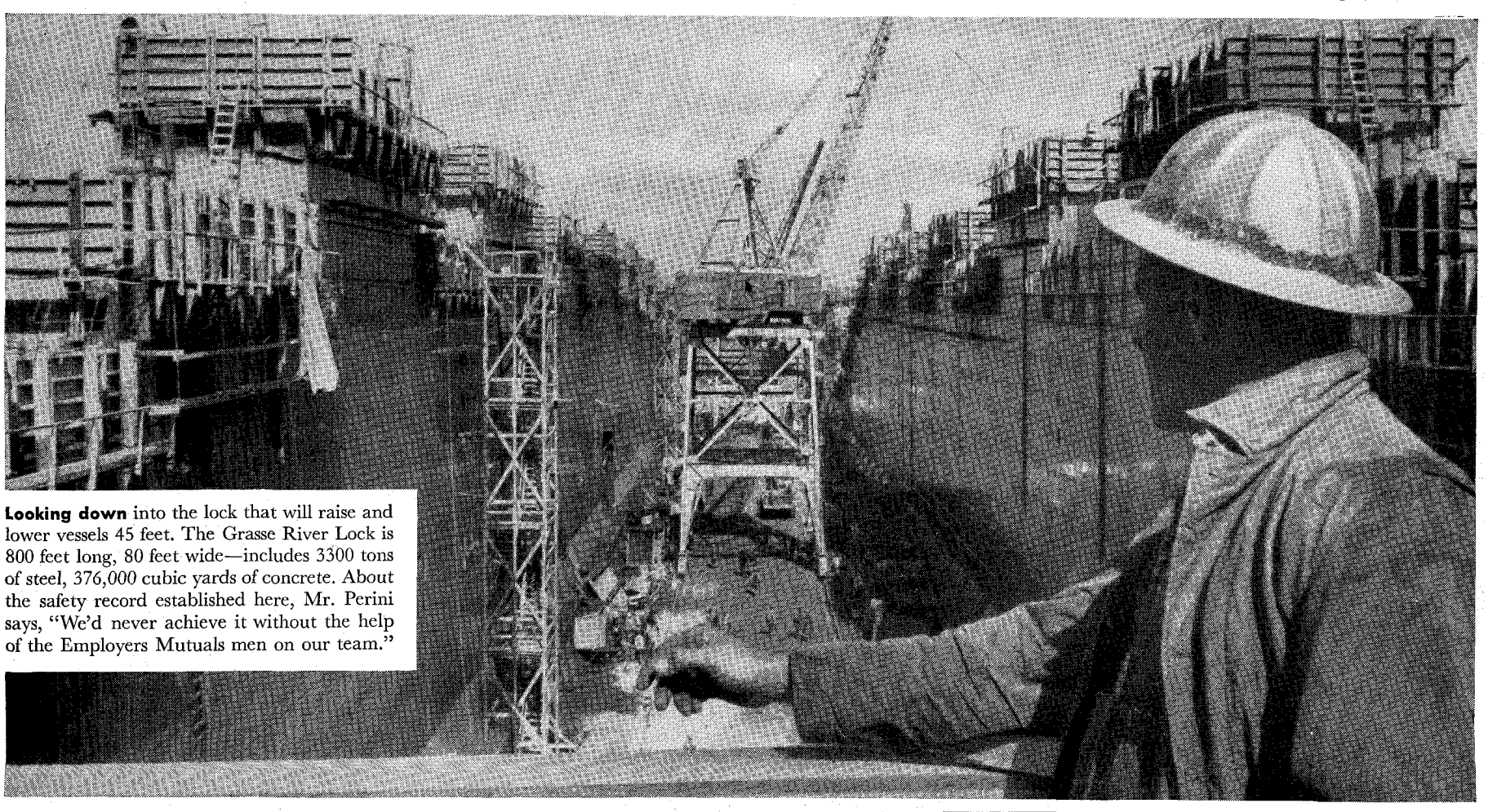
To build a safety record like that requires experience, teamwork too. Both are part of what construction people recognize as the Wausau Way of working. Here's how it's done.

Employers Mutuals, with offices across the country, are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. We also write all lines of fire and casualty insurance. For further information see your nearest representative (consult your telephone directory) or write to us in Wausau, Wisconsin.



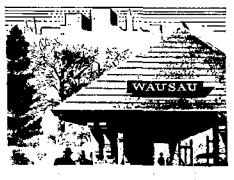
"This St. Lawrence Seaway and Power Project is the largest volume of work in the shortest time I've ever heard of," says Lou Perini (center), President of the Perini Corporation. Mr. Perini and Employers Mutuals Construction Specialist, Otto Holmskog (left), get a report from Ivan Duprey, one of 8 craft stewards on the job who see that all safety measures are always observed.

Double ladders prevent dangerous passing when men meet on the ladders. This is one of the many "built in" ways of making construction jobs record-safe. Others: Handrails attached to high catwalks stop gates to keep men out of the way of heavy moving equipment.



Looking down into the lock that will raise and lower vessels 45 feet. The Grasse River Lock is 800 feet long, 80 feet wide—includes 3300 tons of steel, 376,000 cubic yards of concrete. About the safety record established here, Mr. Perini says, "We'd never achieve it without the help of the Employers Mutuals men on our team."

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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Tugboat Annie and the Dangerous Cheapskate

(Continued from Page 27)

taking a cargo of lumber aboard. Her new owners figured she might as well earn some freight on the way here. And as bait for their future towing business, we're quoting 'em twenty per cent off our regular fee."

"That ain't good!" said Annie quickly. "Alec never cut rates—an' they'll expect it every time now! Look, why should you favor ——"

"Isn't that my business?" he suggested briskly.

Annie stared at him; then she shrugged. "When do we leave?"

"In the morning, after you turn in your good gear. And since there's no use wearing out a valuable, nearly new towing wire on just a ——"

"Hold it!" said Annie harshly. "The Weather Bureau's predictin' a heavy sou'west gale widin a week! An' up among them islands we'll need the best equipment we got. So ——"

"Let me finish, please! The substitute hawser you'll ship will do this job in any weather. I—we got it cheap along with some other equipment that's plenty good enough for work like this."

"So?" Annie replied, and for a long pause she eyed him. Then, "Where is this—this substitute hawser?" she demanded.

He gestured. "Over in the supply shed there."

"I'll inspect it right now. An' if it ain't good enough," she ended doggedly, "I don't take it."

"You'll take it, missus," replied Mr. Bolzer softly, and he clattered agilely back down the ladder, and seconds later the office door banged behind him.

"Come on ashore wid me," she muttered to Peter. "We're gonna have a look at that rope."

Twenty minutes later Annie barged, unannounced, into the office where, behind Severn's big desk, Mr. Bolzer was checking a list. He looked up, then glanced significantly at the door. "Knock-knock!" he said playfully.

"On'y thing I'm gonna knock," said Annie heavily, "is that beat-up, wore-out old hawser! It'd mebbe do fer haulin' scows across the harbor. But in the weather we might meet haulin' the Chesil Bank down here through them islands? Unh-uh!" Emphatically she shook her head. "I ain't takin' it!"

He said furiously, his face livid, "I'm in charge here, and you'll do what I tell you! Otherwise you're fired! Right now!"

"Not by you, I ain't!" Annie roared back. "Sure, Alec said you'd be runnin' things, but he also telled me you wasn't a reggaler employee! So hirin' an' firin' ain't up to you! Not yet, mister! An' the on'y way ye'll make me take that rotted-out lump o' hemp is to gimme a written order on a company letterhead, signed by you as official manager o' this company! So stick that in yer hat an' smoke it!"

"Don't be stupid! I'll appoint another skipper and tell your crew to ——"

"They'll walk off! Because you're a outsider—an' where a tow's safety is consarned ye don't draw no water!"

Tensely he glared at her. "All right, you asked for this!" he said metallically. "My orders—my official ones, mind!—will reach you in the morning!"

Boiling with rage, Annie steamed out of the office and back to the tug, where Peter was sitting on the rail, waiting for her. And as she stormed on board he gestured with his thumb across the slip.

"Look who's just come in," he commented.

Annie looked across and saw, making fast alongside the opposite wharf, the big, powerful, black-hulled deep-water tug Salamander, owned and commanded by her bitter archenemy and business rival, Mr. Horatio Bullwinkle, to whose proximity she normally reacted with bristling hostility. But now she barely flicked it an indifferent glance. "Yeah," she grunted, and turned away.

Early next morning—a morning gray with rain and leaden, low-scudding clouds—a notice was issued to all personnel that Mr. Bolzer, as per previous agreement with Mr. Severn, was, as of now, official superintendent of the Deep-Sea Towing and Salvage Company, whose orders must be obeyed on pain of instant dismissal.

To the notice a rider was attached, announcing the appointment of Capt. Peewee Jorgenson, formerly of the tug Crocus, as commander of the Narcissus to replace Capt. Annie Brennan, who was hereby and forthwith discharged from the company's employ.

Stony-faced, Annie read it, and a half hour later, while she was cramming her clothes into a battered old suitcase, there appeared at her cabin door the rebellious, angry-eyed crew of the Narcissus, including the hemp-thatched, gigantic-framed Peewee Jorgenson.

"So that fathom o' shark's gut fired ya, Annie!" Peter growled. "Well, tell him to go to hell. Ain't a man in the company won't back ya—includin' Peewee!"

"Yust yeu say de vord, An-nie," supplemented Peewee, "und Ay kick his teeth in."

Later in the morning, with the substitute hawser on board, the Narcissus surged away into the rain and mist along the slip, while Annie stood forlornly on the wharf in the heavy downpour and watched, for the first time in many years, her beloved old tug sail without her. Then, as the rain-blurred Narcissus disappeared, she blew her nose violently into a huge blue bandanna.

"Dang me!" she muttered. "Must 'a' ketched ammonia! Oh, well"—she picked up her suitcase—"now I better go find me a fleabag ashore, an' —— Oof! Why in tarnation don't ye watch where ye're goin'!" For, in turning, she had collided violently with the powerful frame of Mr. Horatio Bullwinkle, who had come up, unobserved, behind her.

"Hel-lo, dear," he said dulcetly, and grinned. "What ya doin'—skipping off wi' the boodle? Or did they kick ya ashore to get fumigated?"

Instantly Annie's big fists bunched. "Don't you start nothin', ye ugly ape!" she roared. "I've took all I'm gonna take today! So bungle off whiles ye kin still live an' breathe!"

At once Mr. Bullwinkle's manner changed, for in her strained, unhappy face was a desperation he could not mistake. "O.K., O.K., ya old fat-pot," he said soothingly. "What's the trouble? Mebbe I can help."

"If I telled ye," Annie mumbled, disarmed by this unexpected sympathy, "ye'd prob'ly git drunk to celebrate."

"Could be," he admitted. "But anyway, come on over to the Salamander out o' the rain and we'll sort it out. Now, then, what's been gripin' ya?"

Their long-standing business and personal antagonism, often bitterly fought, had at least taught them respect for each other's professional competence; so, on this common ground, Annie told him what had occurred. And, listening, Mr. Bullwinkle's anger blazed.

"Why, that dog belly!" he rasped. "And he ain't even a towboatman! If they's anything at all I can do, Annie——"

"Thanks, Horatio. But what worries me is this gale that's blowin' up. If the Chesil Bank gits caught in it an' that stinkin' hawser parts, what about the skeleton crew she'll have on board to handle the lines? The worst danger spot, o' course, is that rough open water atween Mission Island an' Ship Head. If they kin git past that ——"

"And if they don't," he interrupted somberly, "that steamer'll drive ashore sure as blazes, and ain't nothin' your Narcissus can do!"

"But my boys'll take some awful risks tryin'. Because they know that by me goadin' Bulger into bein' Alec's employee, it'll be Alec that damages'll fall on if that steamer an' her cargo's lost! An' if anythin' happened to 'em, through tryin' to pull me an' Alec out of a hole ——" In fast-rising tension Annie leaned forward. "Look, Bullwinkle, we can't jest sit here on our fat starns an' wish 'em safe home. We gotta do somethin'."

"What about the Coast Guard? Ya could alert them."

"Yeah," Annie snorted. "An' if that hawser did hold, which it might, they'd think the nutpeckers had drilled holes in me nuggin. No—I got a better idear. I got near three thousand dollars saved outta me wages. An' wid that I'll hire yer Salamander here an' go up to meet 'em! Then if the steamer gits in trouble, we'll put yer towin' wire on her an' take over!"

Mr. Bullwinkle stared. "Are you nuts?" he asked. "Out of a job, and riskin' your hard-earned savin's?"

"Peewee an' the boys was willin' to risk their jobs to stand by me!" she retorted. "An' now I—well, I can't explain it, but ——"

"You've explained it, Annie," he said quietly. "And you've got yerself a deal."

"A straight hirin' job, mind. An' no chiselin'."

"Straight hirin' job. Ya can have it in writing, if ya like. Furthermore, I'll skip me profit and only charge ya straight operating expenses."

Instantly Annie's eyes narrowed. "What's the ketch?"

"There's no ketch, ya stupid jerk!" Mr. Bullwinkle roared, and his virtuous indignation for once was real. "I want to do my part too! This time I'm on the level."

"On'y time you're on the level," Annie replied, grinning, "is when ye're drunk or asleep. But come on"—she got energetically to her feet—"le's git our John Monikers on that paper afore ye change yer greedy mind!"

In his cabin the transaction was completed and, since they did not plan to leave until the following night, Mr. Bullwinkle offered Annie the hospitality of his tug and occupancy of his cabin.

"No, thanks," she declined with a grin, "there's somethin' pretty important I gotta look up ashore."

(*Continued on Page 58*)

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

It took a quick ruling from the Baseball Commissioner's office this season to halt base runners who were deliberately blocking batted balls to prevent double plays. Here in a hypothetical setting is how the rule works:

Say Philadelphia trails Cincinnati, 5–4, as the Redlegs come to bat in the bottom of the seventh. Don Hoak leads off with a single to right. Hoak dashes to third when Roy McMillan doubles to left field. Ted Kluszewski, pinch-hitting for the pitcher, coaxes a base on balls.

With the bases loaded, the Philly infield closes in for a possible play at home. Johnny Temple grounds the ball toward third baseman Willie Jones. It looks like an easy double play, third baseman-catcher-first baseman. Hoak, however, advancing from third, stops in his tracks and snatches the ball before Jones can reach it. He flips it to Jones and runs for the Redleg dugout.

If you were umpiring, what would you do next?

See page 58 for answer.

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QUESTION:

When do clothes become important to a boy?

ANSWER:

From his very first day at school.

REASON:

When he looks his best, he does his best.

Time for school—time to teach your boy this successful habit:

Dress Right - you

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Help him dress for success—in school and out of school. When his clothes are *right* for what he's doing—neat and clean and *appropriate*—he has the self-confidence to do as well as he can. He feels better—at ease, sure of himself. That's the satisfaction, the *fun* of learning to Dress Right. Before you send your boy back to school or college this fall, visit stores near you that display the Dress Right emblem. They'll help you make sure he has enough clothes—and the *right* clothes—to get an "A" for appearance wherever he goes!

can't afford not to!

American Institute of Men's and Boys' Wear

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(*Continued from Page 55*) "Somethin' that's hooked up wi' this deal?" he asked curiously.

For a moment she did not reply. Then she said abruptly, her blue eyes hard and bright, "Ever know a leopard to change its spot? Well, somethin' Bulger said last night jest didn't fit in wid his skimflint business methods. So I'm gonna check around wid the customs house an' some ships' agents an' marine-insurance people I know. An' mebbe they kin come up wid the answer. Well, be seein' ye, Bullwinkle. Thanks a lot."

Three nights later, buffeted by a vicious southwest gale and beset by treacherous crosscurrents and powerful tide rips, the steamer Chesil Bank was threading slowly southward in rain and utter darkness, through the narrow but fairly well-protected channels between the islands. Deep-laden with her cargo of heavy timbers, she plunged and wallowed, sending explosions of spray over the fo'c'slehead.

Here the brine-soaked, shivering members of her scanty crew kept close watch upon the dripping hemp towline which stretched through the deep blackness to the straining Narcissus, fifteen hundred feet ahead.

Inside the Narcissus' wheelhouse Peewee Jorgenson's huge calloused hands expertly gentled the kicking wheel, his keen eyes striving to pierce the darkness ahead of the sea-washed window. He turned sharply, as the door swung open and Peter staggered in with a bottle of coffee.

"Whoosh!" Peter gasped. "Sure takin' a beating, ain't we?" He poured the scalding coffee into a thick mug and offered it to Peewee. "Want this while I take the wheel?" he asked.

Peewee shook his head. "No, t'anks, Peter. Ay keep it till ve cross dat open vater yust ahead. Next half hour vill be pooty rough going, so better you hang on good."

"You ain't kiddin'!" grunted Peter, and he stared through the side window to where the running lights of the Salamander, a hundred yards abeam, wildly pitched and rolled. "I sure feel better since Annie and Bullwinkle showed up!"

"Ya. So, better get 'em on radiophone und say dat if ve cross here hokay, dat hawser vill hold anyt'ing, und dey can go home."

On the Salamander a similar conclusion had been reached, and even as Peter was making the sputtering radiophone connection the tug's powerful bow smacked a green sea away as she swung around, then ran back, to be usefully nearer the Chesil Bank when she was towed clear of the shelter of Mission Island.

The full force of the gale leaped to meet them as the crucial trip across the three miles of wild, open water commenced, and all three vessels, for minutes at a time, disappeared under the impact of giant, smoking seas.

On the Salamander, with Mr. Bullwinkle at the wheel, Annie fought her way aft along the upper deck, and there, stunned and half blinded by the driving spindrift, she clung to the rail, watching the rolling, plunging bulk of the Chesil Bank only fifty yards away while, in the shelter of the house on the fantail below, two deck hands crouched, shot line coiled, ready to put the tug's heavy towing wire on the steamer's fo'c'slehead if need arose.

Yard by yard, the little convoy battered its way across the maelstrom of the gap; then, after forty critical minutes, there appeared out of the welter, close ahead, the dark, precipitous loom of Ship Head, beyond which was comparatively sheltered sailing. Annie realized that the Narcissus already had progressed beyond the Head

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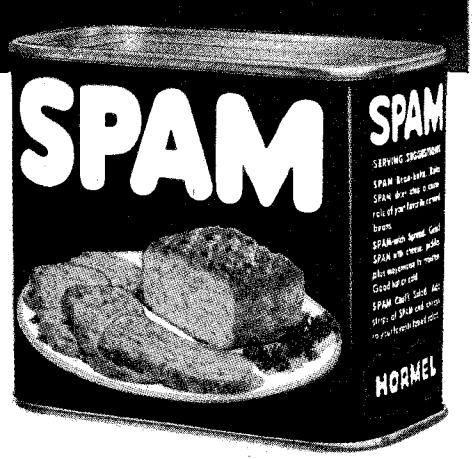

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Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 55

The ball becomes dead the instant Hoak touches it. So both Hoak and McMillan, who reached third, are out. Put Kluszewski on second and Temple on first.

This odd procedure, which will be incorporated in the 1958 rules, is based on a decision by the Commissioner's office. It says: "If, in the judgment of the umpire, a base runner willfully and deliberately interferes with a batted ball, with the obvious intent to break up a double play, the ball is dead, the umpire shall call the runner out for the interference and also call out the immediate succeeding runner because of the action of his teammate. . . ."

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and that, in a matter of minutes now, Mr. Bolzer's hawser would have passed the test, with the Chesil Bank drawn to safety.

Jubilantly Annie returned to the wheelhouse. "She done it, Horatio!" she yelled. "Soon as me Narcissus gits her past the Head, we kin turn tailcoat an' make fer home! An' when we git in, pal, I'll buy ye a fifth o' kelp squeezin's what'll set yer hair afire!"

"If I get to open the bottle before you do," he replied with a grin. "Anyway, what are you celebratin'? You're still out of a job, and this little trick has shot yer savin's all to hell! So ——"

He was stopped dead by a sharp crack that rose above the tumult of wind and sea. And instantly they knew what had happened.

"There she goes!" Annie yelled despairingly. "Git the searchlight on her, quick!"

The Salamander heeled sickeningly and shuddered throughout her length as Mr. Bullwinkle jammed the wheel hard over and she came hard about, while the searchlight's dazzling beam cut through the wild, wet night. Then it focused on the Chesil Bank, and Annie, who had rushed out to the rail, saw that, with the parted hawser trailing from her bow, the steamer was being blown inexorably back toward the murderous, surf-exploding base of towering Ship Head.

Slamming at full revolutions into the solid green seas, the Salamander drew closer; but now, caught in the deadly grip of a flood-tide current whose velocity was trebled by the force of the gale behind it, the Chesil Bank was drifting with incredible swiftness toward the foot of the cliff, where the enormous combers detonated with terrifying force against black-fanged rocks among which, within minutes, she would meet complete destruction.

Without hesitation Mr. Bullwinkle took a desperate gamble and, by superb seamanship, ran his Salamander razor-edge close across the steamer's plunging bow. And in that split second of imminent death, Tugboat Annie, who trusted no hand but her own, had snatched the shot line from a deck hand's terror-paralyzed grip and sent it whizzing with unerring aim across the Chesil Bank's rail and into the desperation-eager hands of the seamen on her fo'c'slehead.

The Salamander kicked forward and, when the heavy towing wire was hauled up and made fast to the steamer's bitts, Mr. Bullwinkle came about, his tug slugging it out with the assaulting seas, her powerful towing engine paying out wire and slowly taking up the strain. For a few heart-stopping seconds no progress could be made; then, with agonizing slowness, the Chesil Bank's head began to swing until, with her stern scant feet from the thunderous battleground of reef and surf, she was hauled clear and safely towed into the sheltered island channel beyond Ship Head.

The wind still was blowing strong, but the sky was blue, the sea sparkling when, early next morning, the Chesil Bank was secured alongside a Secoma cargo shed and the Salamander surged across the harbor toward her home slip.

"Well, Annie," remarked Mr. Bullwinkle complacently, "that hunch o' yours sure paid off!"

"Ye're wrong," Annie replied, her heavy face grim. "The payoff don't come till I meet Bulger an' Alec Severn when we git in."

"Severn?" Mr. Bullwinkle stared. "Ya said he was in New York."

"I wired him afore we sailed that he'd better sashay home fast. Know what he wired back?"

She produced a crumpled, brine-stained telegram and handed it to him. It read:

FLYING BACK IMMEDIATELY. IF YOU AT FAULT WILL MAKE FIRING FINAL.

"That's sure definite, ain't it?" Mr. Bullwinkle rasped. "Damn dirty shame after what you done!"

"Mebbe it ain't so definite," she said cryptically. "Better stick wid me an' see what I mean."

The Salamander entered the slip and, as she moved toward her berth, Annie glanced across. The Narcissus already was alongside; and on the wharf, staring at the Salamander, were Mr. Bolzer and the choleric and angry-eyed Alec Severn, who, while the Salamander was being made fast, stepped on the stringpiece.

"Annie," he bawled, "get over here at once!"

"Give yer orders to a coupla other suckers, Alec!" she shot back. "I ain't workin' fer you now—remember?"

After a quick, startled exchange of glances, he and Bolzer started around the slip, and Annie and Mr. Bullwinkle descended to the wharf to meet them. And, not by accident, Annie planted her solid bulk between Mr. Bolzer and retreat toward the shore end.

"Now, then ——" Severn began, but Annie quickly interrupted.

"I'll say it, since I know the full score," she said calmly. "Ugly-puss Bulger here fired me fer refusin' to use a rotten hawser in bad weather." She turned to him. "That right?"

"It wasn't rotten!" he snapped. "It would have done the job fine, except for that extra-strong gale. I couldn't foresee that!"

"It was rotten an' ye knowed it! Yet, like the horse's tail ye are, ye was willing to risk men's lives on it—because ye did know about that comin' gale! I telled ye that, meself!"

"All this is nonsense, Annie," Severn put in heatedly. "What would Bolzer gain by taking a risk like that?"

"I'll git to that," said Annie, grimly now. "So listen good! The rotten hawser what Bulger provided snapped, off Ship Head. An' if it hadn't been fer Bullwinkle an' the fine job he done wid his Salamander, the Chesil Bank would ha' bin a total loss! An' more important, so would seven human lives!"

"What—what do you mean, seven lives, Annie?" Severn gasped.

"Her crew! An' since it was your tug what used that defective hawser, Alec, it's you who'd have had to pay."

"You know better than that!" Severn protested shakily. "All our towing contracts contain a disclaimer-of-damage-liability clause!"

"When you handle 'em, yes. But you was in New York, so Bulger drawed up the Chesil Bank contrack. When I got through nosin' around ashore the other day, I had Olive show it to me. An' sure enough, the disclaimer clause had bin struck out. Ax Bulger who done that!"

Slowly, Severn stared at the scarlet face of Mr. Bolzer. "But—but why?" he asked incredulously.

"I had to, Severn," he cried, "or we mightn't have got the job! It was taking a chance, perhaps, but ——"

"Yeah! A chance," said Annie, "that on'y came off because the Chesil Bank was saved. Except that it could still leave Alec liable fer the thumpin' big salvage award the Salamander earned by savin' her!" She turned to Severn. "Did Peewee tell ye all what happened last night? I axed him not to 'til I saw ye."

"No," Severn replied, white-faced. "He just said Bullwinkle was handy when the line parted, and you'd explain the rest."

"Well, here it is!" And briefly but pungently she told him. "So wid ship an' cargo wuth about three hundred thousand," she ended complacently, "an' the danger we run, the award'll be at least a third o' that. Insurance won't cover it because there ain't none. A friend o' mine ashore telled me her owner's reputation fer sharp dealin' is so bad that no underwriter would cover her. So it'll come out o' ship an' cargo. I'm givin' twenty-five per cent of it to Bullwinkle, o' course ——"

"You? You're giving it, Annie?" Severn asked, astonished.

"Sure. As a well-earned bonus," she said, affecting not to notice Mr. Bullwinkle's astounded gratification. "Ye see, I pledged me savin's to hire the Salamander, figgerin' she'd be needed if that hawser parted."

"So her owner will sue me to recover!" said Severn wildly. "And I didn't even supply it!" Angrily he turned on Mr. Bolzer. "You did!"

"Don't blow off at me!" that gentleman snapped. "I'm only your employee. This fat hag made sure of that! And as my employer you're responsible, not me. That's the law!"

"That's right, Alec," affirmed Annie quietly. "If I hadn't ha' riled him into makin' hisself manager, you'd ha' bin in the clear. So if ye want to make his firin' me stick, now's yer time to do it."

For a long moment Severn's eyes, hot with anger, met her steady gaze. Then, suddenly, his face sagged and he shook his head.

"No, Annie," he said dully. "Whatever your damn-fool reason was, you must have figured it was helping me. So ——"

"Thanks, Alec," she said huskily. "That's what I hoped ye'd say. An' it sure lifts you offa the hook. Because I paid a few bucks to a admiralty lawyer ashore, an' he telled me that if a tug-company employee—meanin' you, Bulger!—knowin'ly supplies defective equipment an' don't tell his boss his real interest—which, in this case, is sole ownership o' ship an' cargo—he can't secure his loss at his employer's expense. Whew! Ain't that a jawful?"

"You mean," Severn gasped incredulously, "that Bolzer here owns the Chesil Bank?"

"An' her cargo. Through a dummy company, o' course. The customs folks dug that up fer me. An' look! Look at the guilty puss of him! The setup was, that ——"

"I see the setup!" Severn rasped, and furiously he grasped Mr. Bolzer's shirt front. "You couldn't get insurance, so casting your ship away was no good! But this way, if she was lost, the damages I'd have to pay you, you skunk, you'd lend back to me to get control of my business!"

"Instead o' which," Annie grinned, "he'll hafta sell ship an' cargo to pay the salvage claim! Ain't that swellegant? An' fer attempted barratry they'll stuff him in the hokey-pokey fer the next ten —— Hey! Grab him, Bullwinkle!"

For Mr. Bolzer, wrenching free of Severn's grip, had started to run. But Mr. Bullwinkle's long arm shot out and grabbed the seat of his pants. The fabric parted, however; and with his unexpectedly renewed momentum Mr. Bolzer shot like a projectile into the dock.

Dodging the splash, Annie turned complacently back to Severn. "That'll cool him off. Now, what was you about to say?"

"I was trying to figure how you first got onto Bolzer."

"Simple as mud," she replied. "When a miser like him telled me he voluntarily cut a towin' fee, me self-conscious warned me there must be somethin' phony. So, after he fired me, I started snoopin' fer it ashore. An' now, o' course, ye won't git any financin' from him. But ——"

"I'll manage, Annie!" he said stoutly. "As long as you and I are together ——"

"Ye interrupted me. I was gonna say, ye don't need his dirty money now. Even after payin' off Bullwinkle an' givin' the boys on the tugs the bonus I promised 'em, ye'll still have more'n enough to put the company back in shape. That salvage award ——"

"What do you mean, I'll have enough?" he protested quickly. "Why, Annie, that salvage money will be yours! You can quit working and buy yourself a nice little home ashore, and ——"

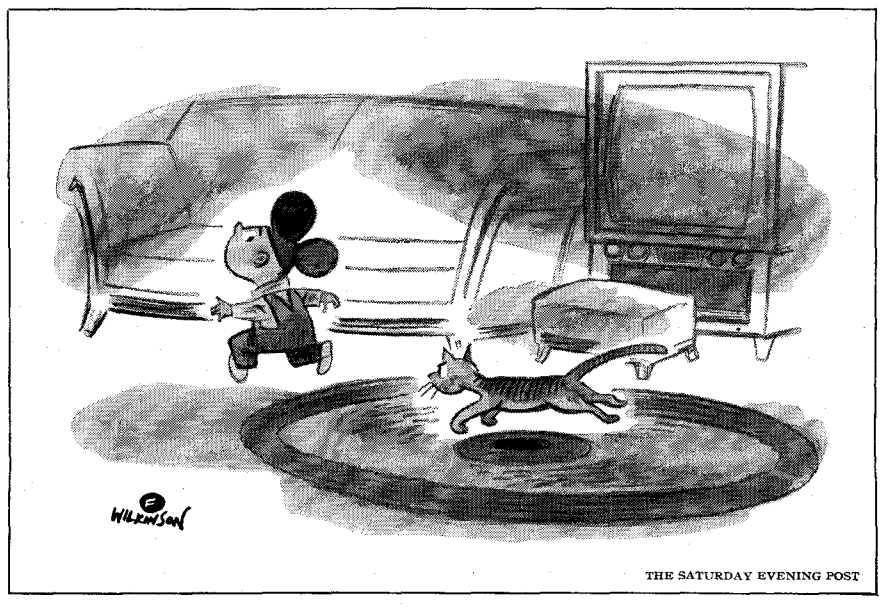
"I like workin'!" she cut in roughly. "An' the old Narcissus is me home! It's all I'll ever want!"

"But I'm not entitled to one cent! You weren't even working for me at the time! Bolzer had fired you!"

"When I git fired," Annie said irascibly, "you'll do it! Nobody else! So poof an' fiddlesticks! Asides ——" She looked off to where Mr. Bullwinkle was helping to pull the sodden, terrified Mr. Bolzer back on the wharf. "Come over here, stupid, an' tell Alec in whose name I hired yer Salamander fer that salvage job!"

"Severn's Deep-Sea Towin' and Salvage Company, o' course," said Mr. Bullwinkle, joining them. "I told ya not to be a fool—'specially when ya guaranteed payment outta your own savin's. But ——"

"That satisfy ye, ye ol' gafoozler?" said Annie to her boss, with a triumphant grin. "You'll have the dough ye need, I've still got me job, an' that lump o' crab bait"—she pointed to the subdued and shivering Mr. Bolzer—"will git his lumps in court. So now, since I didn't have no sleep last night," she concluded with a prodigious yawn, "I'm gonna scuffle back to me Narcissus an' knock off a few hours' fiesta!" THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Strange Courtship (Continued from Page 37)

He got up to make himself a cup of coffee. While he was standing at the stove there was a knock on the door. Quickly he went to the corner, picked up a rifle and swung open the door with the gun at the ready.

Framed in the doorway, with the blackness of the night behind her, stood a girl.

"What do you want?" he said.

"Meneer," she said.

"Come in, close the door," he said.

When she was in the room and the door was shut he bolted it.

"Meneer," the girl said, "do you always meet visitors with gun in hand?"

"Man," he said, "these are strange times. There is a murderer loose. It was on the radio." He looked at the radio hitched up to a car battery on the shelf. "Ja," he said, "this is the day of murderers, assassins and income-tax robbers. Look at that." He pointed to the table. Then he said, "Sit," and pointed to a chair.

The girl sat down and said, "Meneer, I want your help."

"Help, at ten o'clock at night when all good Christians except those being robbed by government and murderers are asleep?" He came over to her and stuck out a hand as big as a ham. "My name is Philip Botha. Ja," he said, "Philip Botha of Sterkwater."

"I'm Anna le May," the girl said.

"Ja," he said. "Anna le May. And you want me to help you."

"Meneer," she said, "I have killed a man."

"Killed him dead? You shot him and you come to me, a stranger?"

"Meneer, I ran him down with my car. Then I saw your light and here I am."

"So this is what I owe to the income-tax collector," he said. "Man, if it had not been for him I should have been asleep. Then there would have been no light at the window.You are sure he is dead?" he added.

"Ja, Meneer, he is dead."

"Then have some coffee and we will make a plan."

He got another cup from the sideboard, filled it and gave it to her. He pushed the milk and sugar along the table. An idea struck him. "Perhaps you can do arithmetic?" He said, "I mean add, subtract, multiply, and things like that?"

"Of course I can," the girl said.

"Then sit here"—he pushed another chair up to the table—"and do this for me. Ja," he said, "you help me and I'll help you." He hesitated. "You are quite sure he is dead? He does not breathe or groan?"

"Meneer, he is dead."

"Good," Philip said. "Then we can do this thing. You must add all those bills together and then see how much I made. Here is the paper from the bank. Do you know how many eggs I have eaten?"

Anna opened her big blue eyes wider. "Meneer," she said, "I hardly know your name, so how should I know how many eggs you have eaten? How many do you think? Shall I put six eggs a day?"

"Ja," he said, "do that and multiply six by three hundred and sixty-five. You can do that?"

"Ja," she said, "but it's three hundred and sixty-six. It was leap year and that will be six eggs more."

"You are a smart girl," he said. "Magtig, if I had a wife like you! Did you know I was looking for a wife? There are forty-eight girls within fifteen miles of here."

"You counted them?"

"Magtig, I have seen them all. I went to look. But most of them are ugly or stupid, or both. Ten are left, but of these only three are any good."

"What do you mean by good?"

"I mean girls that are not ugly. That live within five miles, and whose fathers have big farms. I have not time to court girls who live too far away—more than half an hour on a horse going slowly is too far. You see, Anna," he said, "a man must go slowly when he goes courting. He must not arrive in sweat or spoil his Sunday suit by hard riding."

"Then why did you go to look at all the others?"

"I went because I like to look at girls."

"Then you must choose one of the three that live nearby—if they will have you."

"Have me?" he said. "Look at me. I am a fine young man, twenty-five years old. Look at the farm—Sterkwater. You have the papers there before you. Five hundred and forty-two head of stock, no mortgage, and strong water running through the farm. Have me? Man, any girl that gets me is lucky. But there is a problem."

"What is it, Meneer?"

"I do not like any of these girls. They are pretty, their fathers are rich, but I do not like them."

"Then what will you do?"

"How do I know what I will do? Look at the place. Just look." He looked around the room. "Man," he said, "a year ago this was a home. My mother was wonderful. Such bread, such milk tarts. Outside everything is fine. No farm is in better order. My gates hang square, my fences are tight, my spring plowing is done, but inside —— I tell you a man cannot take care of inside of a house or do accounts. That is what I shall tell those people. I shall write to the receiver of revenue and say, 'Meneer, till I get a wife who understands these things I cannot fill in your forms. They are not suitable work for a man alone."

"I think I have it now," Anna said, as she pushed the papers toward him.

"You mean it is all done?"

"Ja," she said. "It was not difficult."

"Difficult?" he said. "It was impossible. Do you mean that you have all that in your little yellow head?" He hesitated. "Joufrau Anna le May, I know nothing about you, but will you marry me? Tomorrow you can see the farm; or we can light a lantern and look at the stables and kraals now. Here I go hunting the whole Waterberg for a wife, and God sends one to my door. Ja," he said, "even if you have killed a man I will marry you."

"Meneer," she said, "I cannot marry you."

"You are engaged?" Philip said. "Let me see this man who would steal the wife whom God has sent me."

"I'm not engaged. But I'm on my way to Pretoria to my sister. I'm going to work in an office there."

"Then you are a typewriter?" he said. "You know how to use one of those machines. Ja, that clinches it. I will be the only man in the Waterberg whose wife is a typewriter. I will come with you to Pretoria. We will find a predicant and get married. Ja," he said, "now, at once—tomorrow. I will get my truck."

"Philip," she said, "the body."

"Ach," he said, "I forgot the man. Ja, murderess though you may be, you are beautiful and I am filled with love for you, who have come like an angel in the night. But you are right. First we must deal with this matter. I have a plan. The first thing to do when a man is dead is to notify the police. I will get my truck. Then we will put the body in the truck and you will follow behind me to Boomspruit. Is that not a fine plan? I tell you, Anna, you will have a very resourceful husband. A man of sense. Then we will see your sister and get married."

They went out to a shed near the house and he got out his truck. As they drove to the main road Anna said, "With a motor car you could have courted girls a long way off. Why should you ride?"

"Anna," he said, "first, a horse eats grass. It comes for nothing. To drive a car costs money for gas. Next, a man courting wishes to appear a fine figure. So I ride my red stallion, wearing my best suit and a hat with a feather on it. It is impossible to impress a young girl with a cheap old truck."

She said, "I see that you are romantic."

"Ja," he said, "that's the word. I have a big romantic heart."

When they reached the main road he drew up in front of her car. There by the front wheels lay the body of a man.

"Come," he said, "I will take his shoulders and you take his feet."

As he drove toward the dorp Philip's heart was full. What had happened was meant. God had sent him this angel. God had seen that the other girls he had courted and looked at were not the thing for him.

When he reached the police station Constable Marais was sitting half asleep at the desk.

"Botha," he said, "Philip Botha. What brings you here in the middle of night?"

"Piet," Botha said, "I have a body in my truck."

"A body?"

"Ja, a dead man. Come and look at him."

The policeman shone a flashlight on the body. "He's dead," he said.

"That's what I told you. Do you think I have farmed all my life without knowing when something is dead?"

"Tell me about it. I must write it down. Make a report and then we will call the sergeant. When did you kill this man? Why did you kill him? Perhaps we can call it self-defense. After all, he is a stranger here and you are a friend. Perhaps when he attacked you you shot him, struck him with a blunt instrument?" The constable looked up hopefully.

"Me?" Botha said. "It was not me. It was the girl, Anna le May."

"What girl? Where is she?"

"She is coming on behind me in her car. She ought to be here any minute now."

"Perhaps she has a flat or ran out of gas."

"Come. We will take the truck and go and look for her."

Philip expected to see the car broken down at any moment, but they did not see it. Then they came to the turn-off. Still no car. Finally they reached the site of the accident.

"This is where the man lay," Philip said.

Constable Marais searched the ground with his flashlight. "No blood," he said; "no tire marks. Come," he said, "we will go to the house and think this thing out."

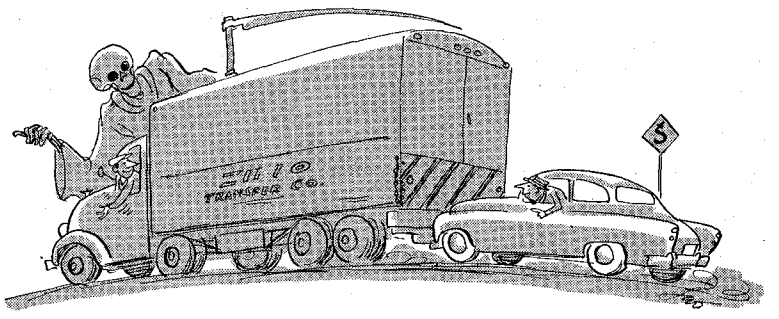
Back at the farm they sat drinking coffee. Philip thought how different this was, sitting here in his kitchen with a policeman instead of a beautiful girl—his fiancée. "This is terrible," he said. "I was going to marry her."

"Marry her? How long had you known her?"

"An hour; but she was sent by God to me in my trouble."

"Hah," Marais said, "your trouble! So you admit you killed the man? Come," he said, "we must get back. I must wake the sergeant. Do you know what I think?"

Piet Marais (*Continued on Page 62*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Horatio, tagging behind a huge truck on a narrow, winding country road, dared not pass for lack of visibility. The truck driver, noticing Horatio's plight, generously signaled with his hand that it was safe for Horatio to pull ahead. Unfortunately, the trucker misjudged the speed of an approaching car. It collided with Horatio's, seriously injuring him. He sued the truck company for damages.

"I relied upon your driver's signal that it was safe to pass your truck," Horatio argued. "As he was wrong and negligent in signaling me to go ahead, you should pay for my accident that he caused."

"You had no business relying on our driver to tell you how to drive your car," the truck-company lawyer replied. "After all, you are primarily responsible for your own safety."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Horatio?

• •

Horatio won. The court ruled that the truck driver was under no obligation to signal him on, but, having done so, became duty-bound not to guide him into an accident. Thus the driver was held negligent and his employer responsible.

Based upon a 1955 Georgia case.

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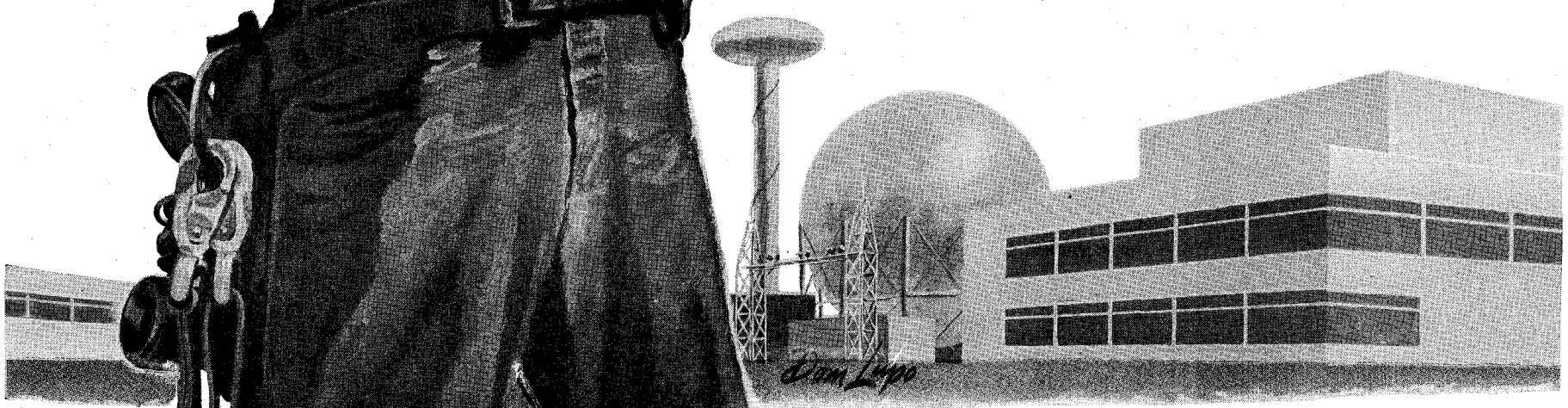

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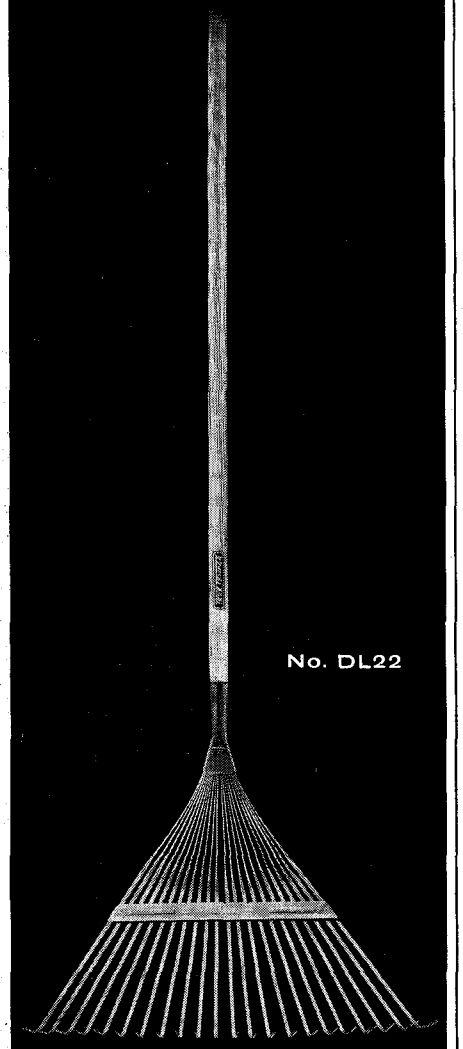

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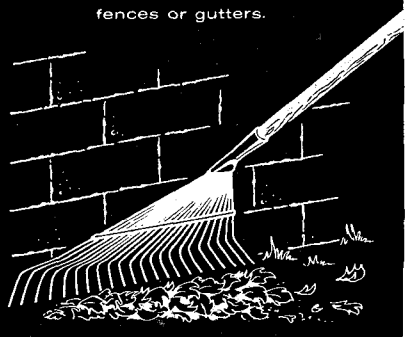

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(*Continued from Page 60*) the friend of Philip's childhood had become a policeman, menacing, filled with suspicion like all his kind. "I think there is no girl."

They drove back to the dorp in silence.

Philip felt himself betrayed, first by the internal revenue, to whom he owed all his misfortune; next by the girl, who had led him on and then deceived him; and finally by Piet, whom he had known all his life—an adder he had nourished at his bosom.

At the police station Marais said, "This will take some time. The sergeant is newly married and hates to be disturbed. Then the magistrate, the doctor, and so on. You had better come with me. I will make you up a comfortable bed in a cell. You'll be cozy there. Nothing to worry about."

Philip followed him down a passage into the cell block, which was empty. Marais showed him into a cell and locked the door.

By now the police station was in an uproar. Murders were rare in the Waterberg. Constable Marais felt himself a hero, a real detective like the FBI in America. He saw the situation as a film—as a series of sequences in which he showed to his full advantage. This was all he had needed. He had never been appreciated before.

Sergeant Coetzee strode in, smart as usual. "Now," he said, "what's all this about?"

"I've arrested Philip Botha for murder, sergeant," Marais said. "I've locked him up."

"Murder! That man? How do you know? Where's the body?"

"Outside in his truck. He brought it in."

"Get the body out. Take some men. Set up a table in the garage. Call the magistrate. Call the district surgeon. Bring in the prisoner. What goes on here when I am away?"

Philip, who had just fallen asleep and was dreaming of being happily married to his new fiancée, was brought into the sergeant's office still rubbing his eyes.

Coetzee said, "This girl, this Anna le May? Is there such a girl? Are you sure?"

"Of course there is," Philip said. "I am going to marry her."

"What is she like?"

"Beautiful," Philip said. "Man, she is like an angel in a brown sweater."

"Where does she come from?"

"How do I know?" Philip said. "Heaven, perhaps, but she was going to Pretoria to be a typewriter. She has a sister there."

"What sort of car did she drive?"

"Man," Philip said, "how should I know? I do not know cars. Now if it was horses, then I could tell you. All I know is it was an old car. How should I know?" He shrugged his shoulders. "I never looked at the brand."

"Did you see its number?"

"Man," Philip shouted, "do you go on your knees in the dark to look at a car number when a girl is staring at you out of eyes as blue as the heavens? When she has agreed to marry you; when ——"

Sergeant Coetzee broke in. "So she had blue eyes?"

Philip said, "Of course she had blue eyes. All angels have blue eyes. Did you ever see a picture of a dark-eyed angel, sergeant?"

"*And fair hair?*" the sergeant said.

"Fair? Man, it was like gold. It shone in the lamplight like shining gold."

"Do you know what I think?" Coetzee said. "There was no girl. I am going to hold you for murder, but just in case there was a girl I'm going to set up a roadblock between here and Pretoria. Tell them to look for a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl in a brown sweater, driving an old car. And they'd better find her or you'll be in trouble." He turned to the constable. "Take him back, Constable Marais."

Back in his cell Philip tried to go back to sleep. There was nothing to worry about. At least nothing much. But suppose they found no girl. Suppose they proved him guilty of murder. He was almost beginning to believe he had killed the man. How was he going to prove he had not done it?

In the morning, Sergeant Coetzee and the district surgeon looked over the body of the murdered man. Time of death uncertain. Probably sometime the previous night, or earlier. Cause of death, a bullet in the chest. So what was this story about a girl having run him down and coming to Philip Botha's house for help? Couldn't he think up a better story than that?

Constable Marais repeated his admission of guilt. "It just slipped out," he said. "It is well known that every murderer makes at least one mistake. But one was enough for me to lock him up." He blew out his chest and looked smug.

Philip ate no breakfast. But his lunch was so good that he ate it all. The quality of the meal convinced him that he was going to be hanged, for he knew that major criminals received food that was out of the ordinary. Still, by now he was bored and he asked for three thongs and a knife.

Constable Marais asked him what he wanted them for, because prisoners weren't allowed things like that. "Man," he said, "you could hang yourself with the thong and cut your throat with the knife."

"Commit suicide? You fool! What for? I have my farm, and my fiancée when you find her." This was a new idea. If it had not been for the police he might easily have lost her. But he had great confidence in them.

"Well, what do you want them for?" Marais said.

"To make a whip. I'll give it to the sergeant. Man," he said, "I can't sit here doing nothing all day while you hunt for my future wife." Then he said, "That was a good lunch. I hope supper will be as good."

"Why not?" Marais said. "The sergeant's wife is cooking your food. She is sorry for you."

"You know," Philip said, "if I am not hanged, there are good things here. Better food than I have had since my ma died, you using public money to hunt for my girl, and no worries."

"Man," Marais said, "they'd better find her or you'll be in trouble. You might swing," he said. "If you did, it would be a feather in my cap. I'd be sorry, of course, because you are a friend, but it would make me famous for capturing you."

"Capturing me? I drove up in my truck and made you a present of the body—a proper policeman has to look for a body."

Philip was awakened by Constable Marais coming into his cell. It was just getting light.

"They've got her," he said. "She'll be here any time now."

"Got who?" Philip was still half asleep.

"Your murderess. The girl who killed the man. Ja," he said, "either that or your accomplice. Perhaps you will both hang. That would make a fine story. How Constable Marais trapped the guilty couple. Anyway," he said, "I'm to take you up to confront her."

"Confront?" Philip said, jumping up. "Where's a comb—a hairbrush—a razor?"

"You can't have a razor in here to cut your throat with."

"I must shave, man," Philip said. "I must look my best."

"All right, then. I'll get you mine, but don't tell the sergeant."

"And bring a clothesbrush, some brilliantine for my hair, some perfume and a nail file."

When Marais brought him everything he needed Philip set to work. He oiled his hair, he washed and shaved. He cleaned and cut his nails. Then he sat down to dream of his love. He wondered what she would look like in the daytime. But the dream was broken by Marais, who came to fetch him.

"The sergeant wants you," he said.

Philip Botha did not have to wait long before two policemen came in with Anna le May.

"You are Anna le May?" Sergeant Coetzee said.

"Certainly I am."

"You know this man?"

"I have met him. I went to his farm."

"That's what he said, but we did not believe him. There was no evidence of your having been there."

Anna turned to Philip. "You fool," she said. "You had the tax return that I did for you. What greater evidence could you want? He could not do it," she said to the sergeant. "He's too big a fool."

"And you could?"

"Of course," she said. "I worked in a lawyer's office at home and just went home to the farm for weekends."

"Well," Coetzee said, "now about this body. You knocked this man down and killed him outside the gate to Philip Botha's farm. Then seeing his light burning you went to him for help. That's his story. Is it true?"

"Of course it's true."

"Then what did you do?"

"I helped him with his tax."

"You what? With a man lying out there new-killed, perhaps not yet dead, you sit down and drink coffee with a complete stranger in the middle of the night and help him fill out his income-tax forms?"

"Yes, that's what I did."

"Why did you?"

"Because he asked me to. He looked so stupid sitting there scratching his head."

"But the man? Didn't you think of him?"

"He was dead."

"How did you know he was dead?"

"He was not breathing."

Afternoon Moon

By Miriam Potter

Where is she going
This afternoon?
Over the hilltop
Floats the moon;
Ruffled and pale
And veiled is she
Like a fine lady
Coming to tea.
Half forgetful
About the day—
Absent-minded
About the way—
"Am I too late
Or am I too soon?"
Over the mountain
Stands the moon.

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"Did you shoot him?" Sergeant Coetzee shouted. "When did you shoot him? Why did you shoot him?"

"Shoot him? I ran him down."

"He died of a bullet in the chest. We are going to search your car for a gun. Where did you hide your gun?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Anna said. "I think you must all be mad."

"And let me tell you something else," the sergeant said. "There was no blood where you ran him down. The man's clothes were not torn or dirty. Your car is not damaged, and still you say you ran him down near Philip's farm. And how is it you are engaged to him? If you did not know him before?"

"Ja," she said, "I have told you what happened. All except being engaged is true. Do you think I would marry a man who was so stupid?" She looked scornfully at Philip.

"Very well, then, let us go back to the beginning. Tell us the story."

"Well," Anna le May said, "when my father died there was no one to take care of the farm, so my sister and I decided to sell the stock and implements and look for a tenant. You see," she said, "I had been working in Louis Trichardt and going home for weekends. Well, now, with no home I decided to stay with my sister and look for a job in a lawyer's office in town."

"You don't like towns, do you?" Philip said.

"No, I hate towns."

"That's good," Philip said. "We will throw your tenant out and go in for tropical fruits on your farm. Ja," he said, "it will be nice there in the winter. We will move from one place to the other."

"Do you mind not interrupting the proceedings?" Sergeant Coetzee said.

"Me interrupt? It's just that I'm interested in our other farm—you see, I have never seen it and I've always wanted to grow tropical fruit—avocado pears, bananas, papaw, mangoes and oranges. Sterkwater is too cold for them, you see. Man," he said, "I love the smell of orange flowers."

"Just stop talking and let us proceed with the case," Coetzee said. "I must have a clear statement for the magistrate. Here we are with a dead man on our hands and a nonsensical story to account for his death."

Philip said, "I do not like you to speak like that about my future wife."

Sergeant Coetzee turned to Anna le May. "Are you going to marry him, may I ask?"

"I might," she said, "but then again I might not. It all depends."

"Go on with your story," the sergeant said.

"Well," she said, "I loaded the car with my clothes and a few personal things and left home the day before yesterday morning."

"At what time?"

"About nine," she said.

"But you did not come to run this man down till ten at night, and the distance is less than two hundred miles. What did you do all that time on the road?"

"I picnicked," Anna le May said. "Then I think I went to sleep."

"You did that when you had to get to Pretoria? You wasted all that time? And then drove on at night? If you had not gone to Philip's place you could not have reached Pretoria before two o'clock in the morning. Is that a time to arrive anywhere?"

"Oh," Anna said, "I should have spent the night on the way. There are several hotels."

"It does not make sense."

An orderly brought in the mail and put it on the sergeant's desk. He opened the letters carelessly; then he looked at one again.

"Constable Marais," he said, "bring the prints we made of the corpse."

He compared them with those that had come by post from headquarters. Then he looked up at Anna le May. "The man you killed—the man you say you ran down—was Farson. The murderer who escaped from jail five days ago."

"Oh," Anna said, covering her face with her hands. "Oh, he might have killed me!"

"How could he have killed you when you ran him down?"

"Well," she said, "it wasn't quite like that. You see, he was a hitchhiker. At least he waved at me. He looked sick, so I stopped to pick him up. He didn't say much when I talked to him. He sat in the back of the car because the front seat had things on it. At last when I stopped and looked around I saw he was dead. I didn't know what to do, so I thought I'd wait till dark and pretend I'd run him down. So when it was dark that is what I did. I put him out of the car, then backed it up and drove up to the body. Then I ran for help. I waited till I saw a light."

"Why didn't you follow me?" Philip said. "Why did you turn off the main road?"

"Because I am a woman. Because you attracted me, Philip, and I thought I'd better get away from you and think things over. You seemed to be the stupidest man I'd ever seen, but my heart turned over for you, so I ran away and left you with the body. Then I worried about what you'd do. No man as stupid as you could be left alone for long, and you wanted to get married, so I knew that before long some other girl would see how silly you were and just marry you before you knew what had happened."

"Why do you keep saying I'm stupid?" Philip shouted. "Stupid? Me? You must be mad."

"Of course you're stupid if you cannot do your own income tax. You know nothing about girls. You cannot keep your house clean or even make good coffee."

"My coffee is fine," Philip shouted. "No one makes better coffee."

"So," Anna le May went on, "I turned the car around and started back. That's when they found me."

Sergeant Coetzee said, "Then you were coming this way to give yourself up?"

"Ja," she said. "I was on my way to Boomspruit and poor Philip."

"Well," the sergeant said, "I begin to see the picture. Farson must have been wounded before you met him. His wound was bandaged, so he did not bleed. He had enough strength to get into the road, flag your car and climb in. Then he had used himself up and died. But I still don't see why you didn't go straight to a police station, Miss le May."

Anna le May laughed. "I needed a man to help me. I didn't want to go all by myself."

Philip said, "I love you. I even loved you when I thought you were a murderess. Will you marry me?"

"Ja, Philip. I will, because I must. I should never be happy if I thought you were not being properly taken care of. A man so stupid cannot remain alone."

"And you will not go to town and be a typewriter?" Philip said.

"No, Philip; I'd sooner be a wife."

"Well," Sergeant Coetzee said, "there'll be five hundred pounds for you to spend on your honeymoon. That's the reward for capturing Farson."

"You see," Philip said, "God sent her to me. An angel in the night. A typewriter with a farm in the low veld and five hundred pounds in cash. Ja," he said, "I have much to be thankful for. It is as my ma always said, 'Sit still, Philip, and the Lord will provide.'

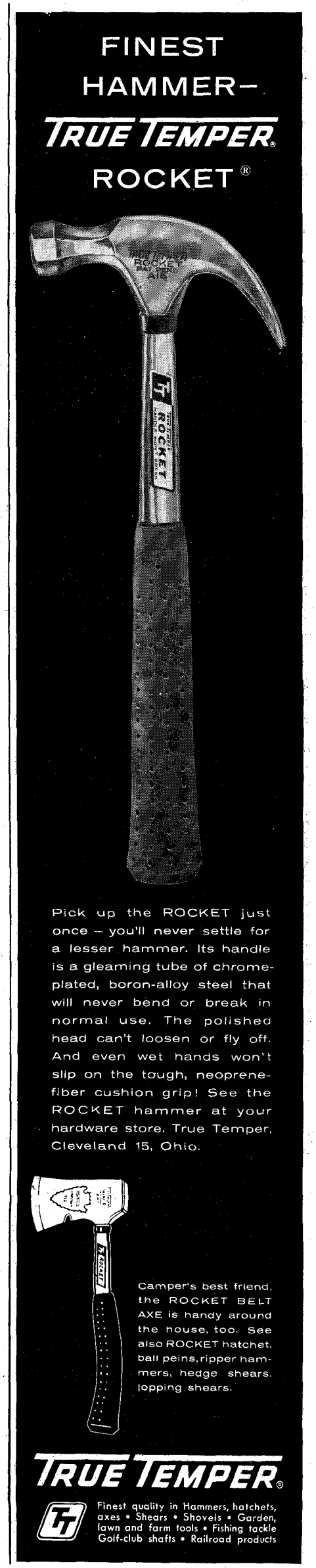
"Come," he said to Anna; "come, my heart. We will go and see your sister and you can tell her that you are marrying a man of property. It will not be necessary to tell her that you think I am stupid."

"No, Philip," Anna said. "That she will soon learn for herself." She stood on tiptoe beside him and raised her face. "Kiss me, Philip," she said, "and we will be on our way."

THE END

"I keep getting myself."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST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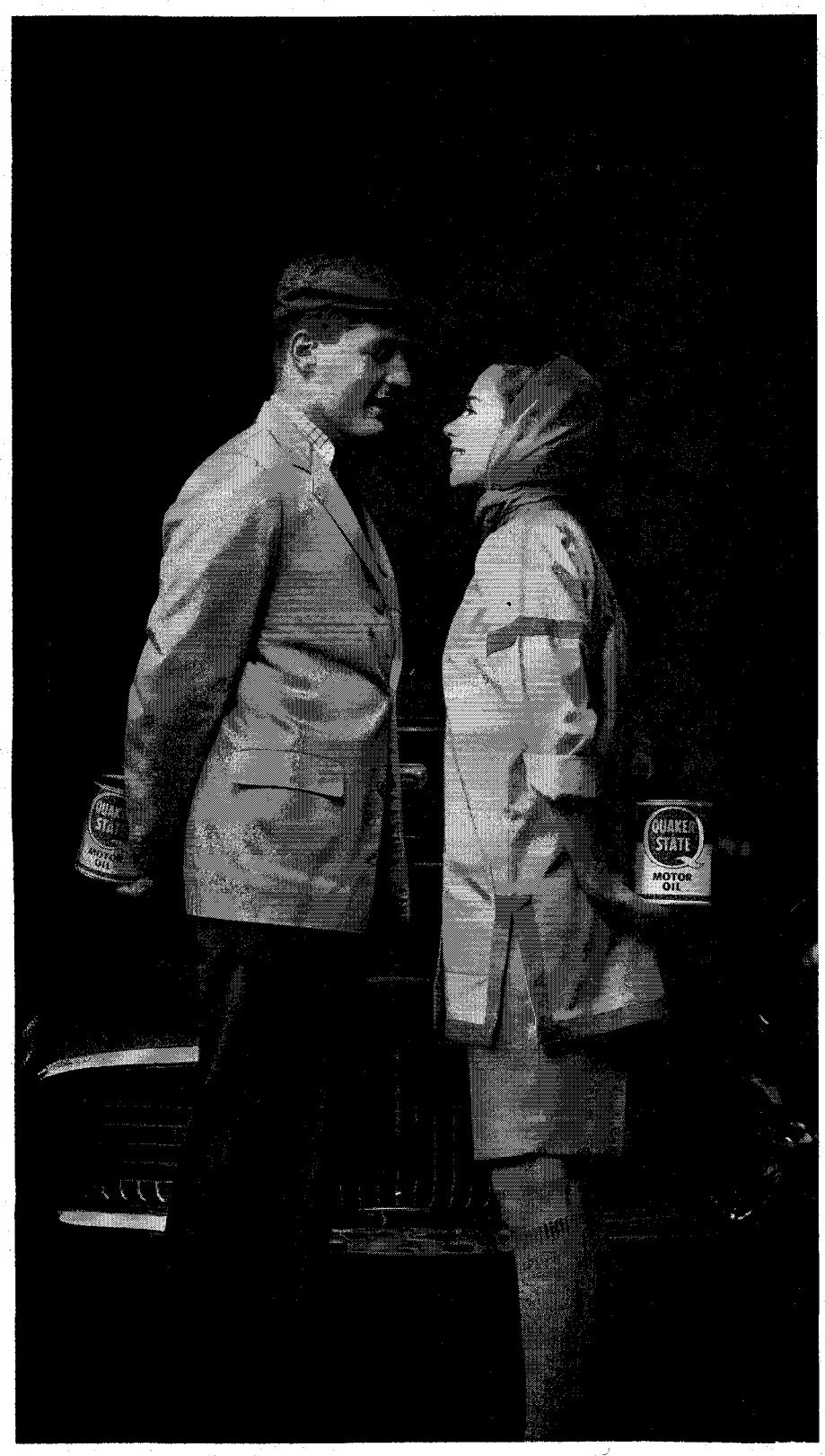

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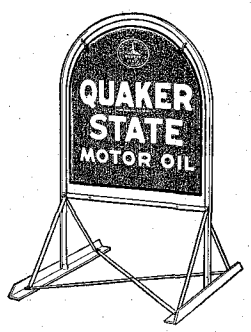

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Mr. Possum Goes to Town

(Continued from Page 43)

population has been the fastest such development in the history of the world. And yet, as swiftly as man has moved in with his houses, factories and freeways, the possum has kept up with him.

In fact, he may be a little ahead of man. He has invaded every section of the city, adapting himself comfortably to the atomic age. Tired, bewildered possums have been picked up waddling along downtown streets in broad daylight, within sight of the City Hall. They have been captured in the gas works, in apartment-house basements, in the Union Station train sheds, and under an exclusive Wilshire Boulevard shop.

Hundreds of dead ones, traffic victims, are picked up off the streets daily, especially on the freeways, whose miles of landscaping seem to have accelerated the possums' migration in from the suburbs. The central police complaint board, which serves the densely populated heart of the city, gets about a dozen possum calls a week. Five years ago, it got twice as many. The decrease has not resulted from a decline in the possum population. The contrary is true.

"People have become so used to seeing possums that they no longer pay any attention to them," said one officer. "Let's face it—the possum has gone Hollywood."

The police refer such calls to the Animal Regulation Department, which sends a truck to make the capture. "We pick up around a thousand possums a year," says Richard L. Bonner, general manager of the department, "and the bigger the city gets, the more possums we find. Fantastic, isn't it?"

It is; and what makes it more singular is the fact that the possum is not even native to California. He is strictly a Johnny-come-lately, transplanted, no one knows exactly how, from his original home in the South.

The possum is a marsupial, which makes him an animal oddball anyway. Like her cousin, the kangaroo, the female has a pouch on her tummy where she nourishes her babies. Unlike the kangaroo, which specializes in single births, the possum usually has thirteen nipples in her pouch. She may bear as many as twenty babies, but since no more than thirteen can chow through their critical early weeks, the others die shortly after birth. Litters of six to ten are more common, but, even so, the possum is a prodigious begetter.

The babies spend sixty to seventy days in the pouch, emerging somewhat larger than large mice. Thereafter they ride on their mother's back, until her next brood is almost ready to leave the pouch. By then, her children usually outweigh her. Like a ballplayer, it's her legs that give out first.

She gets rid of her offspring by any convenient means, often by scraping them off on low-hanging branches. I have watched her do this for hours on end, and have seen her stand straighter and straighter as her load diminishes. The little ones wind their strong paws tightly in her fur, and sometimes it's two or three days before the last one can be persuaded that he's now a big boy and is able to earn his own keep.

Bones of the modern raccoon were found in the La Brea tar pits in Los Angeles, along with those of the prehistoric sabertoothed tiger and giant sloth, but no possum bones. There is no mention of possums in the legends of local Indians, or in the archives of the Spanish priests who explored California. It is hard to pinpoint the beast's debut there, but old-timers say he was almost unknown before World War I.

Arthur L. Spring, of San Marino, was born seventy years ago on a ranch in the Palos Verdes hills. "We had coyotes, badgers, bobcats, foxes and weasels, and I remember stockmen talking about a raiding mountain lion when I was a small boy," he said. "But I never saw a possum outside of a zoo, until I killed one for my neighbor four or five years ago."

This one entered the house through a small door cut for the cats. It had been living behind the piano, coming out at night to eat what the cats had left. It might still be there if the woman of the house had not flushed it out with the vacuum cleaner, to the consternation of both.

Apparently the possum first appeared in California in the foothills that border the San Gabriel and San Fernando valleys. How he got there is anyone's guess. There is a legend in the San Gabriel Valley that the first ones were brought in by some Arkansas ranch hands, who missed that old Dixie staple, possum and sweet potatoes. This happened in 1900, 1910, or as late as 1920, depending on where you hear the story, and there were anywhere from 6 to 100 possums.

According to one version, the possums broke out of their pen and escaped into the oaks in the lower foothills, which were then mostly cattle ranges. In another version, small boys freed them. The story I like has some tipsy cowboys turning them loose after a hard day's work dipping cattle, so they could enjoy a possum hunt that night.

The Arkansas ranch hands are mentioned so often that they must have existed. Certainly there were possums in the foothills long before they turned up in the city. They made minor pests of themselves by stealing chickens, fruit and avocados, before the sleepy little towns of the San Gabriel Valley became busy cities. The possum will eat anything, and is a nervy and skillful little nocturnal thief.

I once knew some hillbilly musicians who, before World War II, used to take a pack of dogs up into the hills above Pasadena once or twice a month. They got a few possums, but more often all they brought home were some folksy stories for their radio program the next morning.

Now those slopes are covered by the new homes of Altadena. There are street lights, paving, schools and high-speed through traffic, yet a hunter could "start" a possum on almost any corner, any night of the year.

James H. Richardson, Canadian-born city editor of the Los Angeles Examiner, was one of the first to build in the Santa Anita Oaks section of Arcadia, some twenty miles from the Los Angeles City Hall. He never heard of possums in Arcadia for some ten years, during which the tract filled with big homes on big lots, many of them with swimming pools.

Then, one evening six or seven years ago, Richardson was lying in his hammock, reading by his overhead lights. He happened to glance up from his book, and there, on the wall that surrounds his place, stood a furry gray animal with a hairless tail, like a rat's. He surmised what it was, from pictures he had seen, but it seemed oddly unafraid of the lights for a "wild" animal.

"Hello, possum," he said.

The possum strolled nonchalantly on down the wall and vanished. A few nights later, it appeared again. Again Richardson spoke to it. Again, as though it had been waiting to hear from him, it ambled on.

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It became a sort of game. Two or three nights a week, Richardson would look up and see the possum watching him. It got used to the frequent calls of Richardson's friend, Harlan Ware, the writer, but it never appeared when strangers were present.

"It was just a sociable possum that wanted a friendly hello, and when it got one, it smiled and went on about its night's work," said Richardson. "I don't know what became of it. I suppose it got run over somewhere."

A possum reacts to unexpected sounds with a snarl that does resemble the false smile of a defeated politician, but he can't be called sociable. He's just stupid, with a tiny brain as crudely developed as his reproductive system. It is this simpleness that makes him fall into set patterns of behavior, so that he does the same foolish thing, in exactly the same way, over and over again.

When I was a boy in Nebraska, we used to capitalize on this robotlike dimwittedness, to trap possums for their fur, until it went out of fashion and the price fell—from around $3.50 one winter to fifty cents the next. Sometimes we could trap five or six possums along a single popular possum path. They never did catch on. They just kept walking into our traps until we ran out of possums there.

Richardson has avocado and peach trees, and his neighbor has a swimming pool. The possum, like the raccoon, likes to wash his food. Richardson's sociable possum, after his nightly greeting, went on to steal his avocados and peaches and leave the pits on the rim of the pool next door.

It ceased to be funny when his wife, who writes children's books under the name of Margaret Stimson Richardson, began missing grapes from the centerpiece of her dining table. She sprinkled the table with flour, and identified the thief by its tracks, which resemble tiny human handprints. "I didn't mind losing the grapes," she said, "but I was darned if I wanted it spitting the seeds on the floor."

Each night she locked a different room in her house, and eventually eliminated all but the service porch. There she found a half-grown possum living under the freezer. Since then she has seen a number of them, all the same size, around the house. Probably a mother possum disowned a litter there, and they knew a good thing when they saw it.

A Sierra Madre woman recently called her dealer to complain that her new air-conditioner had stopped working. A service man found it to be in good order, mechanically. "Something seems to have shut off the air intake," he said.

He put his hand in and pulled it out with a shriek, his thumb slashed to the bone. A mother possum was bringing up eight babies inside, in a cozy nest made from shredded glass wool insulating material. The continuous running of the overworked compressor in the unit bothered her not a bit.

Possums appear to have gotten a somewhat later start in the San Fernando Valley. There the tale is that the first ones were imported by a man who advertised OLD-FASHIONED SOUTHERN POSSUM BARBECUE, at a café near Tujunga wash. His possum supply is supposed to have been liberated when the San Francisquito dam broke, releasing a mighty head of water that killed 450 persons and washed away 700 homes.

Possums are strong swimmers, and it could have happened. But the San Francisquito disaster did not occur until 1928, and there were possums in the foothills long before that. Mike Wendt, superintendent of the zoo in Griffith Park, used to exercise his lion-dog pack on possums in the upper San Fernando Valley thirty years ago. There weren't many of them then, he says, but now and then they started one.

Wendt now gets a dozen calls a week from people willing to donate possums to the zoo—provided he'll come and get them out of their houses or garages. He finds possum tracks all over the zoo, where they have been scrounging for the leavings of lions, tigers and panthers.

Griffith Park and Elysian Park lie in the heart of Los Angeles. Both have inaccessible mountain and canyon areas where possums can breed and hole up during the day. But there is hardly enough natural food in either park to support them in great numbers, so down into the city they go, raiding fruit trees and garbage cans. Many of them stay there.

Something had been stealing goldfish from the pools at Peter Minor's hill-top residence, which overlooks ABC-TV's Hollywood studio. One night Fritz, their German shepherd dog, began barking. When he refused to stop, Minor investigated and found a small gray animal with a sharp nose hiding under Fritz's doghouse. It opened its mouth in a snarling snarl and hissed at him, when he turned his flashlight on it.

Mr. Minor was born in Germany, his wife in Wisconsin. Neither had ever seen a possum. They thought they had a fox, until they called the police. "It's only a possum," said the officer. "Put a box down and poke it with a stick, and it will go in."

Mrs. Minor was amazed at the docility with which the possum lumbered into the box. Poor stupid creature—all it wanted was a place to hide from Fritz.

It was another dog, George, that gave the alarm to Mrs. Anne Panush one evening last spring. From her window she can see the lights of Sunset Boulevard, only a few blocks away. A "wild" animal was the last thing she expected when she went out in response to George's excited barking. She saw something cowering against the foundation of the house. It hissed at her like a snake, whereupon she yelled for Sid, her husband.

"When we got a good look at it we thought we had some new species of giant mole," she said. "The man across the street was the hero of the day. He said it was a raccoon, but at least he got it to go into a box and stay there until the dogcatcher came to pick it up."

Recently Mrs. Edith W. Davis, who lives only a block from Hollywood Boulevard, trapped a possum in her yard. The Hollywood hills are full of 'em, according to Bertram E. Morse, chief city animal inspector. Possums have been seen within the last few months around the buildings at Hillcrest Country Club, and across the street; one was discovered fishing in the lagoon on the back of the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. Less than a hundred yards away, Pat Boone was making a scene for the movie, Bernardine. The possum was not impressed by stars, nor afraid of lights, noise and a crowd of people.

Frank Simon had never seen a possum, but he knew what one was and how to handle it, when he found one in his yard in Beverly Hills. Since his boyhood in Hungary, animals have been Simon's hobby. He put a leash around the possum's neck and fed it until the S.P.C.A. men came for it.

"I hated to see it go, but it would have been run over in the city, and I couldn't keep it as a pet," he said.

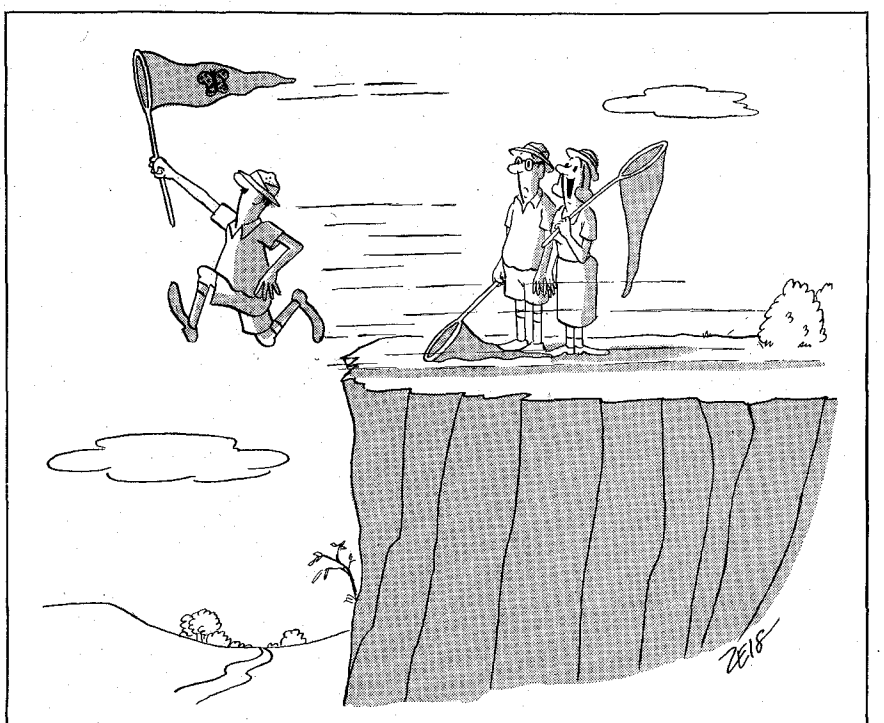
Possums do not make particularly attractive pets. They have unreliable tempers, although an occasional slap cures them of biting or growling. They have none of the engaging traits that make raccoons, squirrels and deodorized skunks so appealing. They are just obese slobs with a minimum of personality; but some people do like them.

I did, as a boy. We had one as a pet—a female that kept running off when times were good, but turned up at the back door every time food got scarce and she found herself with a family to feed. Either we had no possums at all, or lots of possums.

Why has the possum thrived so well in Los Angeles? How can a creature so stupid multiply so incredibly in an urban environment hard enough on the human beings that created it? Are Los Angeles possums a new strain that resulted from inbreeding of those first importations, a mutation peculiarly adapted to life in the big city?

Not at all, says Dr. Jay Savage, biology instructor at the University of Southern California. The Los Angeles possum is biologically identical with the one that Capt. John Smith discovered when he explored around Jamestown.

"California isn't his native habitat, but it should have been, because the climate is ideally suited to him," explains Doctor Savage. "He (*Continued on Page 68*)



"Oh, good—he caught it!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Why Sumner, Washington, is glad Mike Pasquier's dad helped him go to college

KIDS can ask the darnedest questions — and come up with the craziest ideas. But sometimes their questions make sense, their ideas trigger a company's growth. At least it happened in the case of Mike Pasquier of Sumner, Washington.

But when he first talked to his dad about his ideas, they never thought Mike would wind up running a company that sells bus floor boards by the carload to General Motors.

From GM Ducks to GM Buses

YOUNG Mike's question was, "Why isn't plywood waterproof?" And—working years later with two other men—he helped develop one of the first processes for waterproofing plywood. But Mike never would have had a hand in this development if his dad hadn't helped him through college—which meant a lot of sacrifice for Emmanuel Pasquier.

So Mike became a chemical engineer and got his first job in the plywood industry. He holed up with a couple of other wood experts in the company laboratory for two years. They came up with a method for making waterproof plywood.

A lot of people say that, and similar developments, made the industry. In fact, plywood sales have gone from three hundred *million* square feet to six *billion* square feet a year since Mike's boyhood dream came true.

One of the first big uses for waterproof plywood was in "ducks"—the amphibious boats used by our Armed Forces during the war. The company Mike was working for at that time made the plywood for the "ducks"—the company he owns today cut it to shape—and General Motors built them by the fleet.

Ten years later Mike—with his brother Charles—bought the struggling Willard V. Young Company in Sumner, Washington.

At that time the Young Company had a contract with GMC Truck & Coach Division of General Motors, fabricating plywood floors for buses. Mike's first job was to head for Pontiac, Michigan, and make a sales call on GMC. Result: continuing orders for floor boards.

From GM Floor Boards to 500 Uses

MIKE soon added to the General Motors business with sales to other firms. And his dad, one of the expert designers of tools and dies for plywood cutting, was in there to help as was brother Charles, a top hand in plywood production. They were on their way.

Today Mike's company builds plywood parts for freight cars, do-it-yourself kits, awning stands, juke boxes—over 500 different items for 75 different customers.

FATHER AND SONS—Emmanuel Pasquier is master machinist in company owned by his sons, Mike (left) and Charles (right). He sacrificed to send Mike to college—where Mike became a chemical engineer, later helped develop a process to make waterproof plywood.

FLOOR BOARDS BY THE BUNCH for GMC buses are turned out year round by workmen using special jigs and cutting tools developed by Emmanuel Pasquier. Plant has doubled in size in past five years, present plans call for plant to soon double in size again.

SUPPLIER'S SUPPLIER — General Motors supplier, Willard V. Young Company, buys plywood from about 40 mills, including Puget Sound Plywood Company. Here, Puget's John Martinson and Young's Mike Pasquier talk over bonding used in producing waterproof plywood.

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MAJESTIC MOUNT RAINIER looks down on Sumner, Washington, home of Willard V. Young Company—which supplies bus floor boards to GM. Company owners, Mike and Charles Pasquier, plan new plant for prosperous Sumner with Mayor Ronald Gosselin (center).

BUT MORE important to Mike—the Pasquier brothers can now expand beyond plywood cutting to fabrication of other forest products and are opening up a new fabricating plant.

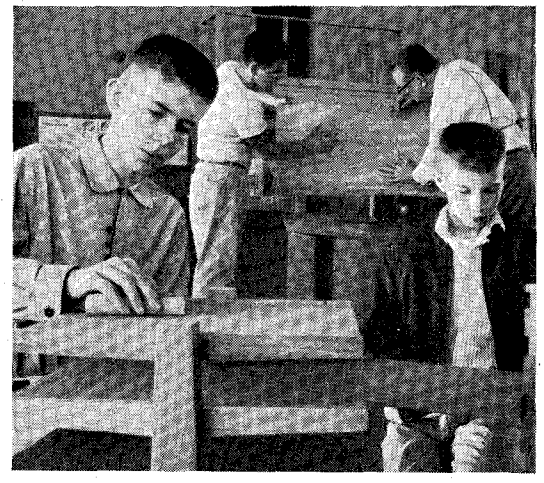
What happened in Sumner has happened in hundreds of towns and cities all over the United States. Local manufacturers have found that, if they meet delivery dates with quality products General Motors needs, at competitive prices, General Motors is interested in doing business with them. New business has flowed into their communities—and as a result, these communities in every state in the Union share in General Motors' success.

How much they share is shown by the fact that outside suppliers of materials and services receive, in total, close to 50¢ of every dollar General Motors takes in from the sale of its products.

Small Business and General Motors

A Growing Relationship

Most of the business firms supplying General Motors with goods and services are small businesses with less than 500 employes. The number of firms supplying GM has been growing steadily—from 12,000 just before World War II to 19,000 during the war, to 26,000 today.



WOODWORKING WONDERS of Sumner's eighth grade make furniture, often using plywood donated to school by GM supplier, Willard V. Young Company. Boys get technical advice and assistance from firm's master craftsmen.

GENERAL MOTORS—Good People to Work For—Good People to Deal With

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(*Continued from Page 65*) has no particular characteristics that make him adapt to city life, other than his omnivorous appetite. A scavenger that can eat anything has a considerable natural advantage, and the garbage cans of civilization are far more to the possum's liking than wild food that has to be hunted.

"Also, urbanization has driven out the natural predators that prey on him—the coyote, bobcat and fox. Traffic can't destroy him as rapidly as these vanishing meat eaters. His prolificacy makes up for the ones that become traffic statistics."

The possum's own assembly line turns possums out faster than cars can ever kill them off. His secret of survival in the city is simply to outnumber his enemies. He has crossed the city to the harbor, and in the sloughs of Lomita, San Pedro and Wilmington is already so numerous as to be commonplace.

So far, he has not created any trouble for authorities. The possum never attacks. He can barely defend himself, in fact, and he may be extremely valuable as a catcher of rats, mice and insects. How anything as sluggish and stupid as a possum can catch a rat, no one knows, but rat bones are often found in the contents of their insatiable stomachs.

Like any warm-blooded animal, possums can carry rabies. That no rabid ones have been reported in Los Angeles, despite their numbers, is probably due to the fact that "there is no such thing as a wounded possum." This old saying is pretty true, because the possum is an eater, not a fighter. His sole defensive tactic is the limp trance that we call "playing possum." No one knows whether he does it deliberately or is just scared numb. But if it doesn't work, he really is dead. He just lies there and lets even a small dog worry him to death.

It's the wounded animal that lives on, with the rabies organism multiplying in his blood stream, that spreads this terrible disease by attacking human beings or other animals. The inoffensive possum, even if a wounded one did escape, would be highly unlikely to attack anything.

The biggest problem created by possums in Los Angeles is what to do with them once they're brought into the thirteen public and private animal shelters scattered over the county. Los Angeles city inspectors give a few away to be eaten. The rest are "put to sleep" with unclaimed cats and dogs.

The S.P.C.A. and Humane Society haul them up into the uninhabited foothills and release them. A week later they're probably back.

Catching a possum is much easier than catching a stray dog or cat. They can't run, and when threatened will fall over and play dead. The inspector then simply picks the possum up by the tail and pops him into a box.

Beverly Hills officers refer all calls to the S.P.C.A., but when an influential taxpayer demands quick action—and Beverly Hills is full of influential taxpayers—a policeman kills the possum and drops it on the curb, where the S.P.C.A. wagon can pick it up later.

A Beverly Hills officer recently answered a call from an irate woman who had found a possum in her patio, just as her guests were arriving for a big party. The officer cornered it, grabbed it by its tail, and carried it out to the street.

"You're not going to kill it, are you?" the woman's husband asked, as the officer took aim with his night stick.

"Sure," said the officer. "Why, do you want it?"

The husband looked around at the big cars parked in the street, and at the beautifully gowned and bejeweled women who were coming in to attend his wife's expensive party. Perhaps he was wishing the stylists would make possum fur fashionable again, and convert these obese, defenseless little interlopers into a new bonanza.

"No, thanks," he sighed, "I guess not. But if you ever catch a mink, give me a ring, will you?" THE END

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

A man whose wife doesn't always have the last word is married to a smart woman.

If a thirty-hour work week ever is established, a lot of people will have to work longer hours.

A safety zone is where pedestrians wait before being hit.

When a finance company advertises easy payments, it must mean they're not hard to take.

A youth who follows in his father's footsteps is probably walking to the garage.

What a married couple should save for their old age is each other.

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We Toured the Midwest in an Outboard

(Continued from Page 33)

a canopy top. Don't go on a long trip without one. We trusted a published guide to shore facilities which was inaccurate and inflated by local pride.

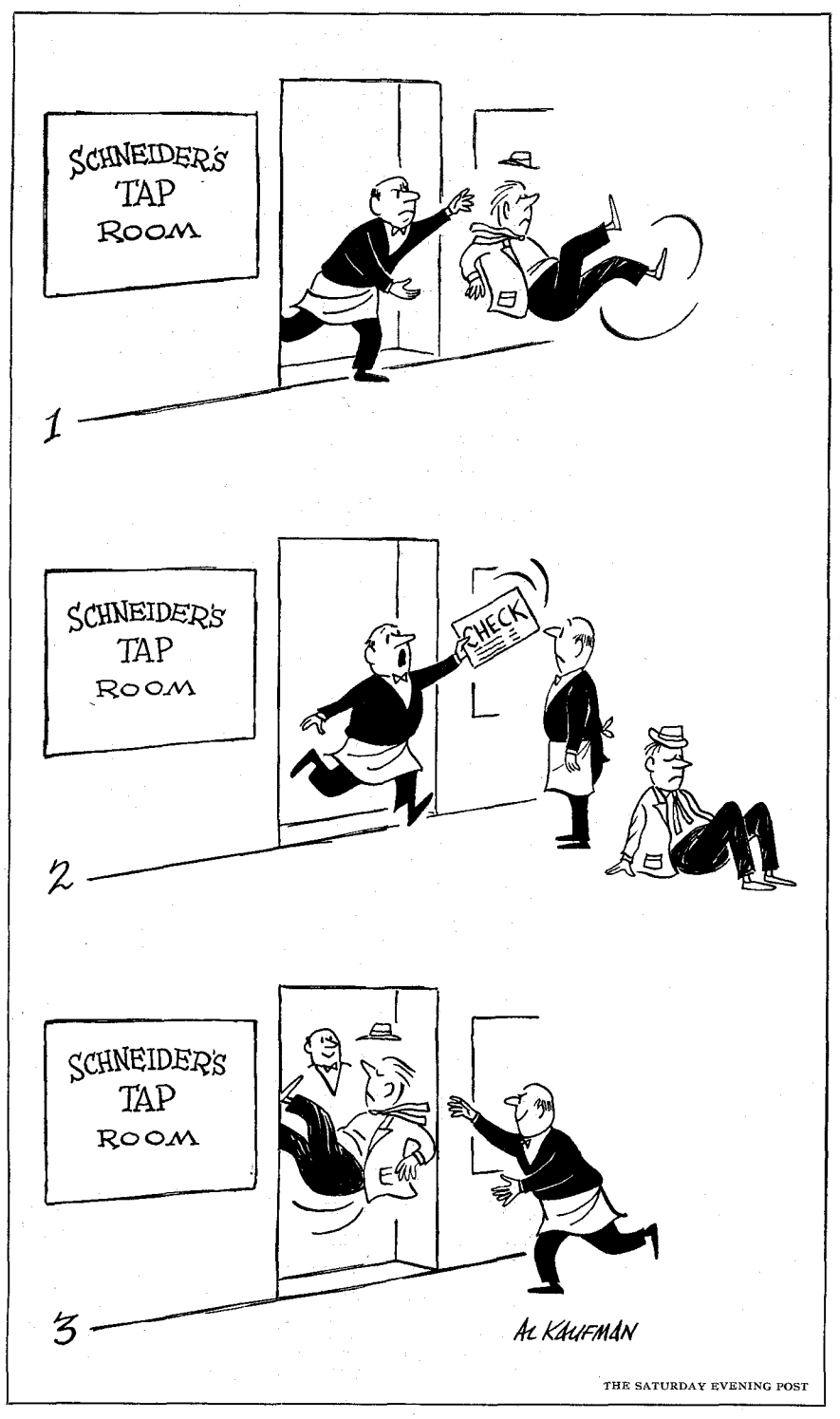
How do you begin to be a sailor? We started by whimsey. We picked an area where the map showed a fat-looking river lying between the old homeland of my Illinois-blacksmith grandfather and Sally's Indiana-farmer grandfather. The river was the Wabash, which appealed to old song writers. It should be ideal boating. It is when the water is high.

The boating industry has often claimed that a life on water can be obtained via an outboard cruiser for less than the cost of a low-priced automobile. For $2544 we got a used boat and a new motor, plus some accessories we didn't need and minus some we did.

The boat was a 1956 Lone Star Cruisemaster, aluminum, with a ten-foot cabin that sleeps two if neither snores, and a seven-foot cockpit. We attached a thirty-five-horsepower Evinrude motor. For margin the dealer lent us a small used emergency motor, which we never put into service. The dealer was Paul Johnson, of Johnson Marine Supply, Terre Haute, Indiana, who, with his wife, Adelia, owns the Fort Harrison Boat Club at Terre Haute.

The Johnsons were genuinely interested in our having a safe and comfortable journey. They supplied the craft with all and more than the Coast Guard requires for small boat operation—life preserver for everyone aboard, fire extinguisher, proper lights, anchor (we never touched it,) a sea horn (we never blew it), spare parts, and a paddle for fending off (mostly we used our hands).

I had assumed that controlling a small outboard would be something like driving an automobile. It is easier, except in tight places. There is a steering wheel and only two other controls, accelerator and shift. A boat has no brakes, but it stops fast without power. It does drift, so all approaches should be made upstream into the current, to creep up to a dock. There is one complication, the craft won't steer without power, so it is advisable to be aimed in the right direction at the last moment. In quiet water the skill of a housewife parking her car in a supermarket lot will do it. If disturbed by the wake of a passer-by you can always circle until it quiets down.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Paul Johnson beat a few of the basics into me and then we pushed off downstream, full throttle and with about six hours of daylight left. We made about fourteen miles per hour. The sun was hot, the breeze and the cabin cool. The banks of the Wabash scudded by in an illusion of great speed. We made discoveries every new mile. A piece of tree limb hitting the bottom of the hull sounds like the hollow voice of doom. It isn't. A sudden high-pitched noise—motor cavitation—means something is caught near the propeller. You go into neutral, tilt the motor out of water and release the cornstalk or piece of wood and then go on. This happened four times in 600 miles of dodging debris. We discovered that switching from empty to full gas tank is a simple matter of seconds, and just about foolproof.

We also discovered that cruising the boundary between two heavily populated states, Illinois and Indiana, we were astonishingly far from civilization. The banks were lined with trees, and that is all. We saw two fishermen in sixty or a hundred miles—no one seemed to know how far it was to Vincennes. The bridges we passed under—careful of the eddies around the piers—were far above us. Occasionally a peephole in the bank revealed a farm patch and a tractor at work.

As civilization recedes from the tight tunnel of a small river, other things loom. We played tag with thunderheads around sweeping green bends. We were caught too. Sally refused to believe that lightning does not hit boats and cowered in the cabin. The helmsman, me, got soaked. But getting wet in a boat is an expected, soon-remedied trifle.

A speedy convertible prancing up the river told us that our first stop, our first bump against that universal buffer material, old auto tires, was at hand. We docked at the Vincennes Boat Club, which had plenty of space rather badly out of repair from high water, and no readily available fuel service. But small boaters, we learned, are always helpful to other small boaters. Two club members rushed down to help us tie up. One of them, up to his ankles in water, fixed the plank that led to shore.

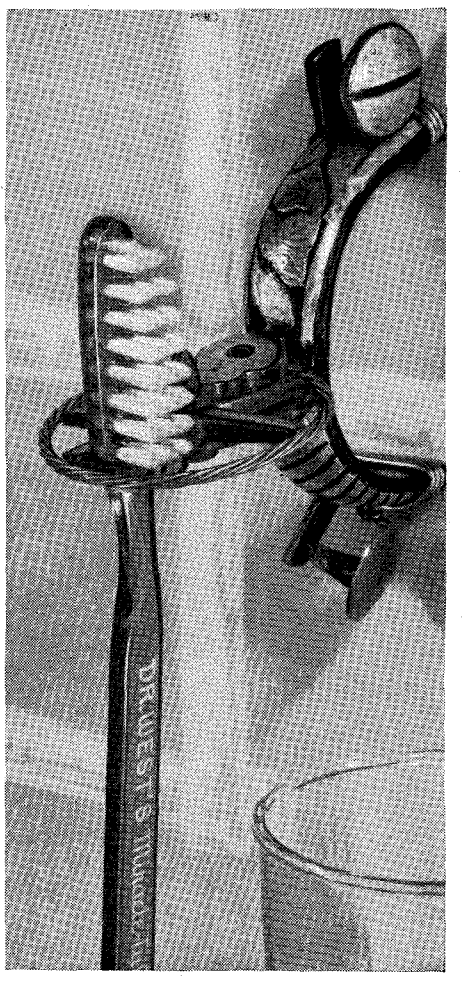
Vincennes, like Terre Haute, has its own pleasure-boating pool, a couple of dozen miles of river available even at low water. But the Wabash goes up and down like a Yo-yo and sand bars, rock outcrops and even the remains of an old dam interfere with distance travel. Thus, when we tried to find out how far we were from the Ohio River we inadvertently started a strong argument. Some Vincennesians had been that far, and the Kenneth Gillises from Terre Haute had been all the way to New Orleans in a smaller and faster boat than ours. But these were rare ones.

The people at Vincennes took us and our empty gas cans into town, advised us about the old dam downstream, disagreed about where we could get gas next day and volunteered but failed to fix our electric starter. When we returned from town in a taxi, lugging more than 100 pounds of gas in three tanks, club members helped us tote them aboard.

We had consumed eighteen gallons of gas in 100 miles, paid a modest taxi bill and enjoyed an inexpensive dinner in town. It was, we calculated, somewhat less than the cost of that many hours' travel by automobile. Experienced boaters would have done better. We cruised wide open and we probably let our bow ride too high, digging in the stern and making the propeller work harder than necessary. But for a first day out we were satisfied with the boat, the motor, the navigation and the scenery.

A small cabin cruiser is cozy, but no Waldorf. You sleep pretty much in your

George Montgomery's
TOOTHBRUSH



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daytime clothes. You brush your teeth over the side with the aid of a plastic pan and a paper cup, and wash in water out of a five-gallon G.I. can. But we had a full-course breakfast—peeled orange, bacon and eggs, toast made in the frying pan, and coffee. The morning was exhilarating. We pulled out for the Ohio, 115 miles away, and for Shawneetown, another ten miles down the Ohio.

Cruising today is about where automobiling was in the days of the Glidden tours. The vehicle is fine. It is numerous and well-known in big centers. But some of the in-between areas have not yet caught its significance. Today's boatacades of as many as 300 small outboards traveling together are the equivalent of the automobile's Glidden tours, tourists massing together for convenience, safety and mutual help as well as fun. On the back waterways the single small craft takes its lumps.

I have news for the Outboard Boating Club of America, which publishes state booklets listing small-boating facilities. The Illinois booklet listed two service stops on the Illinois bank and missed one on the Indiana side. Mt. Carmel was the first. Its out-of-town landing was deserted. In town we pushed into back yards, behind willow growths and up to a gravel barge to ask where we could tie up. The man on the barge shrugged away the whole problem, so I tied up to the town pumping station, walked to a grain elevator, borrowed a phone, and my request for gasoline delivery was turned down by the only service place I had heard of, a battery company. Mt. Carmel apparently is not interested in its water front.

Grayville, next on the list, has a vestige of facilities—planks on floating oil drums and nothing else. But it also has a young man with brilliant red hair who trucked fifteen gallons of gas to the landing, drove me back uptown to a store and returned me to the dock. He tried to evade charging me for this favor, but finally agreed to keep the change from a bill. It was thirty-five cents. I hope he prospers mightily—and moves away from Grayville.

New Harmony, Indiana, came too soon for us to take advantage of what looked like a rather nice stopping point. Instead we sailed confidently downstream. We had passed our last possible fueling point and we hoped for the best. No boat had passed us and we had passed none other than a couple of gravel barges, one of whose masters was astonished at our inquiry about how far the Ohio was.

"Oh," he yelled helpfully, "maybe about fifty miles, you think?"

Sally compiled a full list of potential worries. We would run out of gas and drift. We would run out of daylight. We would run into Ohio River barge tows which kick up five-foot waves at their stern, and be swamped.

None of these were quite valid. After hours of beautiful green-bordered Wabash we came out onto an Ohio that looked like a vast ocean and had an ebony storm overhead. The storm broke, pelting the helmsman with cold, drenching rain. There was no traffic of any kind in sight, the river was so high it seemed ridiculous to look for channel buoys. We bounced and slapped like a scooter on cobblestones, but ahead at the edge of the storm was Shawneetown. We had two gallons of gas left—for an outboard this includes 5 per cent oil mixed in.

Docking at Shawneetown was a real success. The dock was a shambles of drums and planks, but for the first time we berthed the boat in an inside space without hitting anything too hard. Our photographer, Frank Ross, was supposed to meet us at this point. He did. We caught sight of him as he slipped on the wet clay bank and came sliding down to the water's edge. He was doubly surprised. He had been told no one could make it from Vincennes to Shawneetown in one day.

I have further news for the O.B.C. There is fuel available at Shawneetown if you climb a hundred-foot levee and then drop down into the old town. There is lodging too. We found a good motel about twenty miles away. There was ice only five miles away, at New Shawneetown, and Bowen Walker is here. He will come down to the dock with anything you want. He came down and fixed our electric starter so it worked the next morning—once.

The Ohio is not only beautiful, but also impressive and interesting. There are habitations, ferries and, as our maps showed us, dams and locks. But the river was so high that locking down was unnecessary. When we entered the first lock a man on the wall waved us out. "Go on around outside," he said. "Plenty of water." I hope the Corps of Engineers never hears about this, but I believe we sped right over the top of one dam without knowing it. When we counted the dams we had seen we were one short of the map.

Cushioned on this velvety and smooth boulevard we looked forward to the entrance of large tributary streams. We expected the Cumberland to make a big fuss as it joined us, but we never recognized it. Before we got to the confluence with the Tennessee, which we did recognize, we came upon the Engineers' handsome big dredge Ste. Genevieve at work in the river. We circled and admired her, and then, because we wanted to make Paducah, Kentucky, well before dark, we moved on.

About half a mile away the Ste. Genevieve blew two whistle blasts. Ordinarily this means "We are going to port," but since the dredge was anchored, it may have meant "A friend of yours in the corps told you to stop and have a meal with us, and here you are sneaking away. We recognize you." All we could do was feel guilty and keep on for Paducah, and our first efficient marine-supply landing for transient boaters.

The Paducah landing is operated by three Molloy brothers. Lyle Molloy, along with our photographer, who had arrived there by car, came up the river to meet us. Their greeting was friendly. From a hundred yards away Molloy yelled, "Hey! Get out of there!" and stuck a paddle down to indicate that he was in shallow water and we were in shallower. We were serenely speeding across one of the Ohio's bigger submerged sandbanks, cutting a corner out of the well-marked channel.

At Paducah one can glimpse the future of the small boat. The Molloys' docks were crowded with local pleasure craft, but there were also frequent transients like ourselves. Paducah is handy to the Tennessee, which, in turn, is the entrance to Kentucky Lake and the TVA reservoir chain. Small boats from St. Louis, Chicago and even Minneapolis pass this way. We met one man with two boys returning from Kentucky Lake to Arkansas in a convertible, and the next day at Cairo we met a family from Ste. Genevieve, Missouri, headed the other way.

For these travelers the Molloys have a dockside gas hose, a marine store, and, until high water broke their line, fresh water. And brother Lee Molloy fixed our starter by tightening a wing nut and giving the battery a kick. I don't know which did it, but we never had the least trouble again. We paid our first docking fee at Molloys'—two dollars.

Next day we equipped ourselves with a stool for the helmsman. Feet are a very

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poor thing to stand on after the third day. And by the time we docked at Cairo early the next afternoon we considered that we were a huge success. We had not hit anything, run out of gas, taken a wrong turn or otherwise suffered from our lack of experience. We had safely peeked into one lock and we had met and conquered the big river tows. On top of everything, the Tri-State Yacht Club at Cairo was fully equipped and the caretaker brought us ice.

The Mississippi, we concluded, was just another river, even if we were about to turn upstream after 348 miles downhill. So we whipped around Cairo Point, bobbing a little in the turbulence where the two rivers joined. We noticed that going upstream the trees on shore slowed down a little, but we were not disturbed. In fact we were not disturbed until we noticed that our progress had dropped to ten miles an hour and at times down to seven. After five hours we did not have enough fuel to reach Cape Girardeau, and it would be dark within the hour.

We had with us the excellent book of charts of the Upper Mississippi published by the Army Corps of Engineers and available to anyone at small cost. Unfortunately these charts are quite accurate; by watching the mileage figures on navigation lights and marker posts we knew that two choices faced us: We must either find a tie-up for the night or anchor in the lee of an island. In either case we would have to find fuel quickly the next morning. Going downhill we had made better than five miles to the gallon of fuel. Now we were making three and less. Sally was having visions of our gasless boat drifting down a seven-mile current to crash into a tow, beach itself on an island full of water moccasins or float into the Gulf of Mexico.

At this interesting juncture we passed under a railroad bridge and caught up with a couple of fishermen. We asked hopefully about a spot on the chart called Dorrity Landing.

They shook their heads. "Used to be a ferry there," they said, "but it closed down when the bridge was built." The bridge was built in 1905. They suggested that we tie up to a couple of drums and planks on the Illinois side near where we were, as the town of Thebes was at the top of the bank. It was a delightful idea. Several Thebesians came down to visit in the gathering dark. A handsome young boy let us look at two baby catfish in a coffee can and then ran up to get the filling-station owner to reopen so we could get six gallons of gas to take us to Cape Girardeau in the morning. We lugged the can down to the riverbank in the dark, then sat in the cool night listening to the portable radio. We were not bothered by insects. Aside from willow flies at Shawneetown, mosquitoes at Grayville and a few ants that somehow got aboard, we never did have insect trouble.

During the night three tows passed, slapping us roughly against the landing. One of them played a powerful searchlight on us. This was the one we had labored almost two hours to pass at Dogtooth Bend, riding continually in the swells of his wake while we gained on him yard by yard. We were to pass him again the next day, he us the following night, and we again the day after.

When we pulled out into the cool, fine morning at Thebes we were only 136 miles from St. Louis. We failed to make it in two days. We wasted time at Cape Girardeau finding Charlie Huckster, the only man in town who services small boats. We bucked current and then lost another half day at Chester, Illinois. Again, Frank Ross met us there with his car, which saved us a climb up the steep levee and a half-mile walk to a telephone. Again friendly people substituted for nonexistent dockside service.

An outboard motor dealer and a friend helped us transfer fuel and ice from levee top down ladderlike stairs to the landing. We were warned there was very little in the way of tie-ups between Chester and St. Louis. There had been a boat club at Herculaneum, but it had been washed away by the floods. So, in the finest tradition, we were rescued by the Coast Guard. We found the Cutter Foxglove nosed into a bank. We tied to them and tossed our problems at them. They had a car going into the nearest town. It brought back gas, a yeoman served us coffee and gave us the latest river information, with one very curious omission.

There was, he said, only one place to tie up this side of St. Louis—behind an old concrete dike. The fact is there were both a commercial landing and a boat club within eight miles of the cutter's position. The commercial dock was run by a Coast Guard lamplighter and his son. Alongside it was the Marina Club, a group of escapees from what they described as the overcrowded and cowboy-ridden St. Louis water front. We tied up here and our old friend from Dogtooth Bend passed during the night and again slammed us against the dock.

We were a little nervous about the St. Louis water front. Heretofore we had found plenty of room on the rivers. Now we were approaching a big population center on a Sunday. But again the hearsay was exaggerated. There were small boats and large, to be sure, but water traffic is totally unlike road traffic. Fifty yards between craft is a close passage. We wheeled up the river in beautiful weather, admired the soaring bridges overhead and threaded our way into an inside berth at the St. Louis Yacht Club.

St. Louis, with its long, hard-working water front, had the smell of changing times. This was prophetic. At Granite City the next morning we entered our first working lock, Chain of Rocks, one of the two newest engineering projects on the river. A green light flashed and we entered a huge bathtub and were lifted a few feet into a canal. We were alone in the lock. The lockmaster did not seem to mind. He chatted with us from the top of the wall. Sally scrambled up to the bow and looped a rope over a bitt in the lock wall. Much to our surprise, and controverting a lot of horror stories we had heard about ropes fouling and boats upsetting in locks, the bitt to which we were looped rose with us, eliminating any possible rope trouble.

It was not quite that simple at Alton, the next lock upriver, but a friendly lockmaster threw us a rope from the wall and took up the slack himself as we rose ten feet into a new world of boating. The exit gates opened and let us out with no turbulence into a thirty-mile stretch of the

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By Tom Congdon

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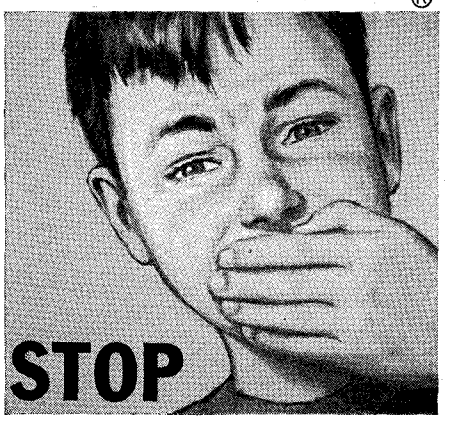

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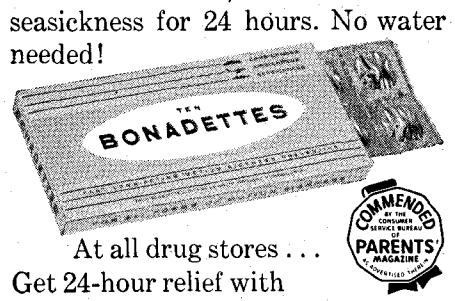

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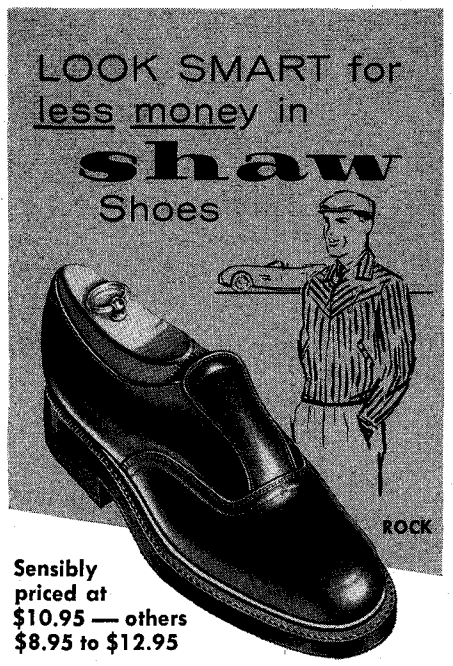

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Mississippi known locally as Alton Lake. It has relatively little current, thanks to the dam, and it is bordered with yacht clubs, boat landings and a great number and variety of small boats.

At Clifton Terrace, which was not mentioned in our guide, we came upon the cleanest and neatest commercial landing we had yet seen. The young owner, Bob Gregory, not only has dockside service for everything, including ice, but handles boats, motors and trailers. He has berths for dozens of small boats, a waiting list of eighty, and he dispenses diesel fuel to the big yachts plying from Chicago to Florida.

Now we saw the new prefabricated houseboats, and curious little rafts on pontoons powered by small outboards which serve as supply vessels and front porches for summer cottages on islands. Here, too, were the forty-foot inboards with flying decks and fancy cabins. Across the river at Harbor Point is a club which will not berth small outboards unless they are the second boat in a family.

After we had looked over these spick-and-span clubs, noted the increase in water skiing and the numbers of swift runabouts, we began to feel slightly out of place with our own trusty old long-distance bus. So the transcontinental traveler of the early '20's must have felt on returning to New York from the dusty roads at Winnemucca, Nevada. We pushed ahead anyway, poked into the Illinois River above Grafton just to see if it looked anything like the Missouri, whose mouth we had passed downriver. It was narrower and greener.

In a half hour it suddenly came to us that these well-populated waters were entirely too good for us scarred veterans of the emptier spaces. So we wheeled the craft and headed back for St. Louis. I wanted to cruise forty or fifty miles with and not against the muscular Mississippi.

Of course, there is good reason for the prevalence of boating above the Alton lock, and the comparative absence below St. Louis. Where the river is under control boat clubs and marine-dock facilities can be built without risk of being washed away. But once the Chesters, Shawneetowns and Grayvilles, as communities, recognize that more and more transient boaters will be passing their doors, it is to be hoped that they will risk enough to provide for them. Someday a watery Howard Johnson will appear on the river highways and a Quality Court system will appear to serve fast runabouts, which, assured of overnight stops, will not have to carry their own motels just aft of the bow. It is pretty clear that Americans will not forever ignore the refreshing beauties of the Ohio and the Wabash and, it is a wrench to say it, but yes, Dogtooth Bend too.

It was a fine day for such speculation, sunny with a breeze of our own making. At Alton Sally payed out rope like a veteran. We raced around the Chain of Locks canal, enjoying our new friend, the current. Normal trippers would have put into St. Louis, hauled their boats onto trailers and taken their craft home with them. But since we cruised only for reportorial purposes, we put our boat into the hands of a well-known St. Louis dealer. It was still berthed as we drove over the Eads Bridge and with a little twinge, looked down on our nine-day, 600-mile home.

From start to final dock we had spent, to the nearest dollar, $176 for nine days, less than $20 a day for two people. Of this amount, the chief expenditure was for gas and oil, $67. Going ashore for overnight stops and meals at $52 was much more expensive than our total grocery bill of $27. Transportation for restocking and refueling added up to $12, docking charges were only $3.50, and an unnecessary repair was $3. The modest remainder included a few dollars for insurance and estimated depreciation for the boat itself, which runs less than that for an automobile of the same cost. More experienced cruisers, willing to jump overboard for slightly muddy baths, to sleep and eat aboard most all the time, and able to get better mileage on fuel, would have spent perhaps a quarter less than we did. Ours was nevertheless an inexpensive vacation. As we looked down on the tiny craft from the bridge, she seemed to have more significance than that.

Can Labor Live Down Dave Beck?

(Continued from Page 31)

McClellan Committee has revealed are enough to sicken even the best of labor's friends. How do unions get that way and what should we do about it?

The first thing that comes to mind, of course, is the familiar phrase: "There ought to be a law." Witness the bills already introduced in Congress, some of which will doubtless be laws before the session is over—and should be. The chicanery in handling the welfare and pension funds of some smaller unions has clearly shown the need for full and public accounting in that field. Tightening up the reporting of what happens to union dues should have a healthy effect too. If a union wants to give a president who has worked his hair to the bone a home to live in, even a $163,000 estate on Seattle's Lake Washington, no law can stop it. But full reporting of union funds would at least give rank-and-file members a chance to curb their own generosity. As it was, the rank and file read about Beck's mansion in the newspapers, and heard on the radio and TV about the $300,000 he said he borrowed from them—after it was too late to do anything about it.

On the other hand, there seem to be enough laws on the books already to deal with extortion, kickbacks—should we say, kickbecks?—and dynamiting. Maybe what we need is tougher enforcement of the laws we have. Before we go riding off, like the fabled general, in all directions, I think we ought to look around and see where we stand.

Sensational as the McClellan Committee revelations have been, our labor-management problems are broader than the hearings have so far indicated. Let's do all we can to safeguard union treasuries and pension funds. But let's not forget the public. The money involved in the Teamsters Union scandals is small change compared with what certain union monopolies and featherbedding practices are costing the public every year. Let me give you an example.

Many years ago, Local 3 of the A.F.L. International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers in New York City signed "closed-shop" agreements—since outlawed by the Taft-Hartley Act—with several electrical manufacturers there. The manufacturers agreed to hire only members of Local 3, and in return the local prohibited its members from installing equipment made by any other manufacturers, whose products would be considered "hot." Under this arrangement, Local 3 grew in numbers and power to cover virtually the entire metropolitan area. Electrical manufacturers outside the area gradually found themselves shut out by what was in effect a regional monopoly, even though their products were made by union members, too, some belonging to rival C.I.O. unions, but some to I.B.E.W. locals in other cities.

Several of these outside manufacturers finally filed suit to break up the practice. The United States Supreme Court did rule it was an illegal restraint of trade, but only because Local 3 acted in collusion with employers to enforce its own definition of "hot" equipment. By merely cutting out the collusive agreement with employers, Local 3 can now legally maintain a regional monopoly of its own that would otherwise be a restraint of trade. There is no way of telling exactly how much this means to the public in dollars and cents, but building costs in New York are higher than in any other large city in the country by an average of roughly 10 per cent. And electrical equipment is a substantial part of any building-construction job. Court testimony showed that New York manufacturers were able to charge higher prices in New York than outside the metropolitan area where they had to compete with other firms.

When I tell my union friends—and I have a lot of them—that I think this is wrong and ought to be stopped, they ask, "Well, if you were a union man, would you want to install 'hot' equipment?" They are surprised when I say I have never been able to find out just what "hot" means. Then I tell this story about a dispute over "hot" paper that came up when I was handling labor relations for the Boston Elevated Railway.

One morning soon after I got to my office, the superintendent called me and said the motormen were suddenly refusing to sign the general-order sheet because it didn't bear the printing-trades-union label. The general order was a printed form, filled out daily, listing track repairs and new construction. Motormen had been signing them for years before starting their runs, to show they knew what the day's hazards were.

"Suspend the men who refuse to sign," I told the superintendent. "By the time they get around to protest, I'll have thought of something."

I was too optimistic. The whole union grievance committee, twenty-three strong, was in my office in fifteen minutes and I hadn't thought of anything. They threatened to strike the next day unless the suspended men were restored to duty immediately. I started pacing up and down the room, stalling for time. The room was crowded and I accidentally jostled the hatrack, knocking a dozen of their hats to the floor. As I picked them up, I looked at the bands inside and got an idea.

"Well, Charley," I said to the union spokesman, "if you fellows are going to strike tomorrow, I'll have to tell the newspapers today, so our patrons can make other plans for getting to work."

There was a whispered conference and Charley replied, "All right, but be sure you say we're striking in sympathy with the printers' union."

"I'll be glad to do that," I said, "and then I'll add that you don't care two hoots about the hat-makers' union because none of your hats bears the union label."

There was a little longer conference this time and finally Charley announced

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that, well, maybe they wouldn't strike after all. I agreed to restore the suspended men to duty if they'd sign the general order, and we all forgot the whole thing.

I cite the incident to show how ridiculous you can get. I can understand a union man refusing to walk through a picket line in a bona-fide strike. But "hot" is a term often conveniently used as a cover-up for some arbitrary union action. The Boston Elevated local wasn't strong enough to make its arbitrary action stick. I was able to kid the men out of it. But the I.B.E.W. local in New York is strong enough to enforce an arbitrary authority that the public pays for.

What can we do about it? To begin with, I don't believe the unhealthy operations revealed by the McClellan Committee were due to any union's size. Some of the most lurid practices were exposed in unions so small hardly anyone knew they existed. The important thing is not how big or powerful a union is, but how it uses its power. We have a yardstick we apply in judging when a corporation is too big or powerful—restraint of trade. We don't limit the size of corporations arbitrarily. But when one dictates prices and competition in its field, we act under the antitrust laws to prevent it from exercising a monopoly. Why couldn't we apply this restraint-of-trade yardstick to unions as we do to corporations?

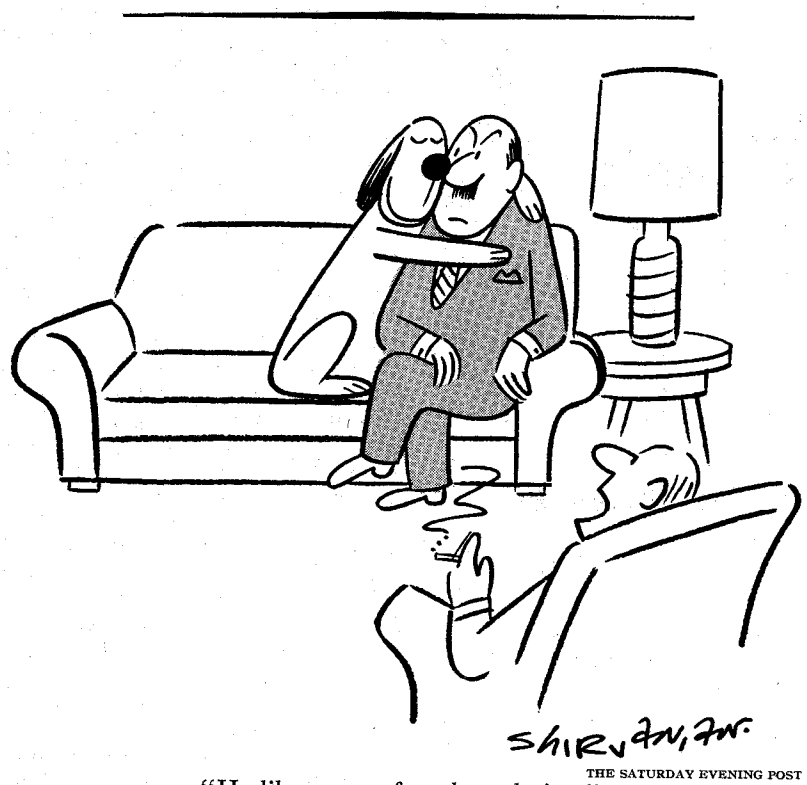
I want to make it very plain that I am not advocating going back to the days before the Norris-LaGuardia Act, when unions were subject to all sorts of harassing court actions under antitrust laws to prevent them from striking or carrying out many other legitimate union activities. But I believe unions could be made subject to antitrust laws when restraint of trade is involved, without interfering in legitimate trade-union objectives. Restraint of trade is as harmful to the public whether imposed by a union or a corporation.

Another union practice that costs the public a lot of money is featherbedding. The International Typographical Union, one of the oldest and most respected unions in the country, for example, forces newspaper publishers to pay printers for making up duplicate advertisements of nationally advertised products. The finished ad you see in the paper comes in matrix form from an agency. But the local union printers get paid for setting up another just like it—the printers themselves call it "bogus"—that is melted down again without ever being used. The cost to one large New York newspaper alone has been estimated at $150,000 a year. Thousands of newspapers through the country are paying proportionately according to their size for this useless "service." The cost is passed on to the public in the form of price increases.

The American Federation of Musicians furnishes another example of featherbedding in its requirement that local musicians, when traveling orchestras are playing in their jurisdiction, be paid whether the management needs them or not. Featherbedding practices are common on the railroads and in many other industries. The cost to the public in any individual case usually isn't very much; you hardly notice a one-cent increase in the price of your daily paper. But when you add it all up, it is a burden on our national economy. In some cases, unions by arbitrary action have stopped or delayed the use of improved technology or new materials. The use of ready-mixed concrete was prohibited in Chicago for many years. Similar instances might be cited that not only restrain trade but slow down the technological progress that is making a better life for all of us.

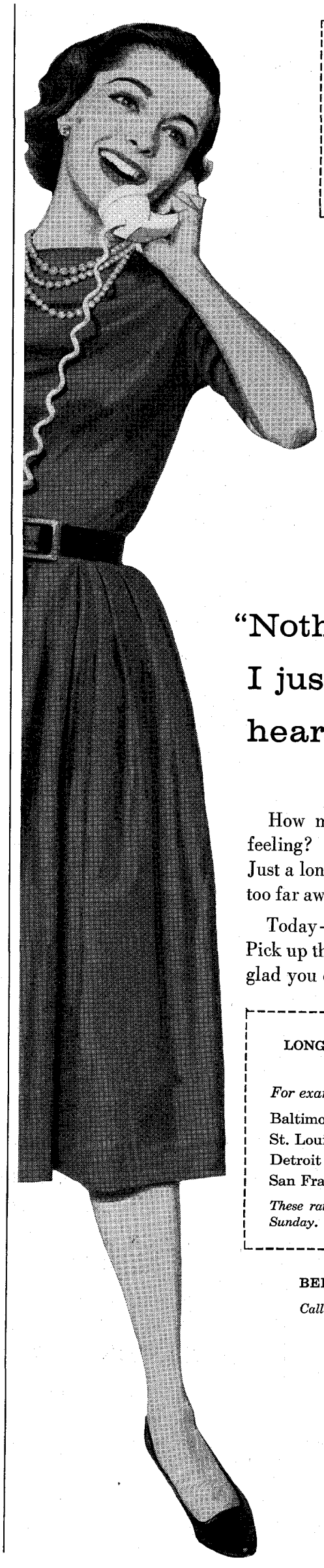
Fortunately most unions, especially in the mass-production industries—steel, coal, automobile, aircraft, rubber—have taken an enlightened view toward new methods and machinery. They prefer to share in the increased production rather than try to keep the old order of things, although they are bigger than the craft unions I have mentioned.

Another union practice that doesn't always make national headlines but which I think is harmful and ought to be prohibited is organizational picketing. Some unions offer a firm about to open a new store or factory a contract requiring all employees to belong to the union. If the firm refuses, the union throws up a picket line, declaring the company unfair even before any employees have been hired. If remodeling or new construction is involved, the whole project is held up until the company signs the contract. I think that is unfair not only to the company but to the prospective employees. If a union can't sell them on the advantages of membership and collective bargaining, something is fundamentally wrong in its approach. A union should be required to



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He likes your after shave lotion."



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"Nothing special...
I just wanted to
hear your voice"

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show it represents the employees of their own free choice.

Once a union does show it represents a majority of the employees in an election, however, I believe it is justified in asking that all employees during the term of the wage contract be required to join the union. This so-called union shop leaves the employer free to hire anyone he chooses and obligates the union to admit him to membership. In effect, it makes all employees who share the benefits union organization usually brings share the expense also. The closed shop now outlawed forced the employer to hire through the union, which might bar an employee from a job by not admitting him to membership.

I don't think the Federal Government should force an employer to grant or prohibit the union shop. In all my Government service, I never volunteered any recommendation on that question one way or another. I simply believe that when an employer agrees to the union shop in collective bargaining, he should not be discriminated against by other unions or employers.

Some employers prefer a union shop. The late Harry M. Moses, head of the United States Steel Company's coal operations for many years, once told me the union shop in the coal industry was actually an invention of the operators. Not that they loved John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers Union, more. But there was only one of him, and they loved dealing with a dozen craft unions less. Other employers have told me the union shop stabilizes relations among their employees. Business agents aren't so inclined to magnify routine grievances to justify the union's existence. They can spend their time developing the amicable relations that are the basis of co-operation between management and labor.

I am not, however, one of those who believe our laws are all weighted in favor of unions. Some laws seem to me unduly favorable to management. For example, one provision of the Taft-Hartley Act prohibits striking employees from voting in an NLRB election on the ground that strikers are no longer employees. This is putting too big a club in management's hand. During a strike, an employer could hire nonunion men who in a new election could be expected to vote the strikers out of the plant to save their own jobs. In a period of considerable unemployment, when a reservoir of nonunion workers would be available, it might be possible to break the strongest union—indeed destroy the effectiveness of the whole labor movement. That would be against our avowed public policy. I am sure no reasonable person would want to see that happen.

Two other Taft-Hartley Act provisions I think should be corrected. The non-Communist oath has outlived whatever usefulness it ever had. The penalty for not signing—denial of NLRB services—has not put Communist-dominated unions out of business. There's nothing to prevent a Communist from resigning from the party and signing the oath the same day, which would not reduce Communist influence one iota. In actual practice, I think unions have done a better job of ridding their membership of Communist influence than NLRB procedures can do.

The provision authorizing the President to secure an eighty-day injunction against a strike in a national emergency has not achieved its purpose either, it seems to me. In practice, the union or the company, or both, simply make an eighty-day allowance in their strike plans and proceed accordingly. That doesn't get at the root of the trouble.

I believe the Taft-Hartley Act should be amended to permit the President, when a real national emergency arises, to ask both parties to keep the *status quo* while an impartial panel gets the facts and makes recommendations for a settlement. The act now provides for a board of inquiry. But the board can't make recommendations. It can only report facts, facts the company, the union and usually the public already know. Recommendations, on the other hand, are something the public can get its teeth into. And public opinion is the strongest force a democratic government like ours has at its disposal.

If the union refused to keep the *status quo*, it should be enjoined from striking, but not for any definite period. If the company refused, it should be taken over by the Government to prevent suffering on the part of the public. After the board made its recommendations, the union and the company would have, say, thirty or sixty days to bargain collectively on those recommendations. That would give the public time to become familiar with the issues and make its views known and felt. When public opinion is aroused, neither management nor labor can get very far by taking an unreasonable position.

Congress would be the last resort. If a strike still threatened at the end of the negotiating period, the injunction and seizure should continue in force until Congress could act. Depending upon circumstances, Congress could maintain the injunction and seizure indefinitely, as it did with the coal mines under the Smith-Connally Act following World War II. In peacetime, I can conceive of a national emergency—one affecting the nation's health and safety—only in the field of rail or water transportation and atomic energy. A strike in the coal or oil industry might become a national emergency if it lasted long enough. In time of war, of course, there would be many others. But my experience leads me to believe that rarely would a dispute reach Congress under the procedure I have outlined.

The legal side of management-labor relations I've discussed is important, and the sooner we deal with it, the better. But there's another side that is just as important, yet harder to approach from the legal point of view. Unions have been growing so fast that some of them haven't laid enough stress on democratic control of their own affairs. The Teamsters Union is an example of how dictatorial and even criminal elements take over. One of their handiest weapons is the "trustee" gimmick.

Most large unions in order to maintain discipline have rules governing their locals in regard to strikes, finances, elections and such vital functions. If these rules are broken, the national officers are authorized to send in a trustee to administer the local until matters are straightened out. Most unions invoke this procedure only rarely, and then only temporarily to correct a bad situation such as a wildcat strike. But now listen to Beck's aide, Frank W. Brewster, head of the Teamsters' Western Conference, comprising eleven states.

Of the 246 locals in that area, Brewster testified before the McClellan Committee, forty-four, or nearly one out of five, were under trusteeship. Four or five of them were under Brewster's personal supervision, including one in Seattle taken over thirteen years ago, back in the days when Beck himself was the labor czar there.

Brewster didn't reveal why he and Beck had not been able to correct a bad local situation in thirteen years. But he did reveal unwittingly how they and their henchmen can maintain themselves in power. It isn't hard for an old union hand like Beck or Brewster to find some minor excuse for putting a local that "gets out of line" into trusteeship. Then they name the business agent who collects the dues and directs the "trustee" local's affairs. The agent can suspend a member objecting to their methods for "unbrotherly conduct" or some equally hazy excuse. And with forty-four locals under your thumb, you needn't worry about the 202 others. The threat of trusteeship is always over their heads to keep them "in line."

A legal bar for this abuse of trustee authority is not easy to find. It sounds simple to say outlaw trusteeships. But then you outlaw a legitimate weapon national officers need to keep discipline and correct genuinely bad situations—a weapon most unions have used sparingly and discriminately. A new law providing recourse to the courts would hardly prevent the abuse either. A member of a "trustee" local who went to court to settle a union dispute would be looked down on by his union brothers, even though he had a just grievance. I believe this is not a problem that can be solved by a new law. The rank and file will have to solve it themselves by cleaning their own house. The AFL-CIO Executive Council has set up an agency to deal with just such abuses, an Ethical Practices Committee.

The code of ethics drawn up by the AFL-CIO Council a few months ago furnishes a standard by which the members can judge their officers' conduct. It provides for an appeal to the Ethical Practices Committee by any member who feels he has not had a square deal. This relieves a union member of the onus of taking his complaint to court, offering him a union forum instead. I think setting up the Ethical Practices Committee was the most constructive step labor has taken in the past ten years. As this is written, the Senate committee inquiry into Beck's financial manipulations has already made banner headlines. But behind these headlines is the still-untold story of abuse of the trustee authority that made them possible. Until that abuse is corrected there can be other Becks and Brewsters. The names will be changed, but the innocent won't be protected.

The Ethical Practices Committee alone, of course, cannot prevent all abuses in the labor-management field. The legislation I have mentioned would help, and other laws may be needed. But the greatest force for good government in union affairs is the active participation of the union membership. That is the key to democratic control, as vital to clean administration in unions as in civic affairs.

Labor has won acceptance as a major force in our free private-enterprise system in the past two decades. It is up to the individual union members now to see that this power is used wisely in the interest of our whole economy. The working men and women of America hold the answer to the question: "Where is labor going from here?" THE END

NEXT WEEK

THE PENALTY WORSE THAN DEATH
A Prison Warden Attacks Life Imprisonment

I RODE DETROIT'S MYSTERY CAR
A Post Editor Previews Ford's New Edsel

In Color:

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REPORT FROM SWEDEN
By ERNEST O. HAUSER

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"This Italian favorite practically serves itself"

IN THE SHADE of a vineyard, three little Romans enjoy their spaghetti. Have you noticed young Americans eat Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti and Meat Balls with similar gusto?

Though you live an ocean away from Rome . . . and have daisies at the door instead of a grapevine . . . you can still enjoy true Italian food.

It's easy as opening a can of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti and Meat Balls.

Chef has done all the work for you, following his fine old Italian recipe. He sees to it that the strands of spaghetti are cooked to perfect tenderness . . . that the rich tomato-cheese sauce is slowly simmered and seasoned with special Italian spices . . . that each and every meat ball is made with pure red beef, skillfully browned outside to keep in all the delicious juices.

You can have this tempting Italian dish piping hot in minutes—and for just 13¢ a serving. Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti and Meat Balls comes in cans of 2 or 5 servings each.

Be sure to dish up plenty because that real Italian taste is irresistible!

real Italian-style
CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®
Spaghetti and Meat Balls

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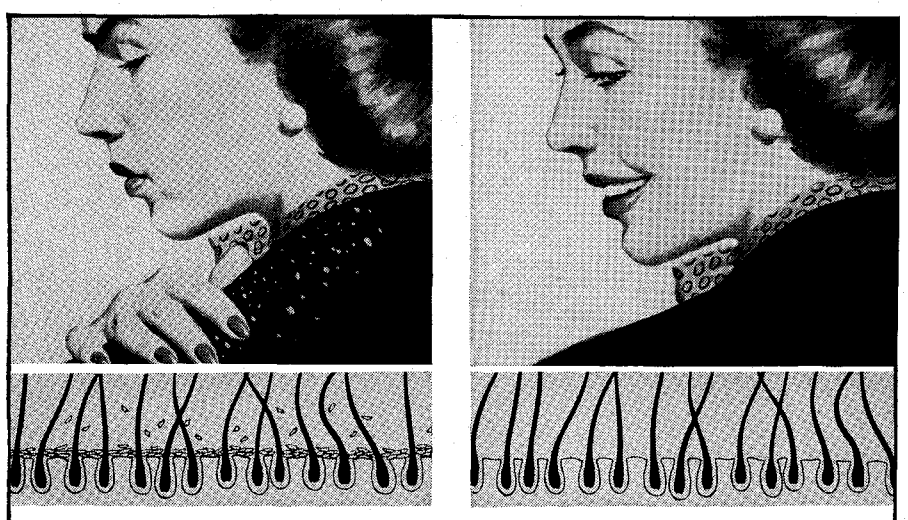
Because it is a medicine, not a shampoo...Theradan

Clears up the severest dandruff and itchy scalp

...with just 3 applications!



Shampoos, tonics, ordinary preparations remove *loose* dandruff but leave a scaly crust of dead cells on your scalp to form new flakes in less than a week.

Theradan with Sarthionate penetrates the scaly crust and lifts it off—leaves your scalp free from dandruff and related itching for *1 month to 4 months!*

Bristol-Myers' new Theradan works *beneath* the surface, not just *on* it . . . penetrates and removes layers of dead, dandruff-forming cells to leave the scalp free from scales and related itching . . . to stop new dandruff before it starts!

LIKE ANY MAN OR WOMAN who suffers from dandruff, you may doubt that it can be *controlled*—much less *eliminated for long periods.*

But Theradan is *not* just a tonic—*not* a preparation you use every day or every week—*not* a shampoo you wash right out. It's a new kind of medical treatment, containing penetrating *Sarthionate.*

Unlike so-called "dandruff-treatment" shampoos, Theradan stays on the scalp long enough for the medicine to do its work—usually from ½ hour to 1 hour before shampooing. In a very severe case, it can stay on as long as needed.

Theradan goes far beyond ordinary preparations that only remove *loose* dandruff. Such preparations can't penetrate the scaly layer of dead cells that sticks to the scalp and keeps forming new dandruff flakes. Theradan gently loosens this layer and removes it from your scalp. Thus Theradan frees your scalp from scales and itching—kills scalp germs, stops dandruff before it starts!

In 20 months of testing by skin specialists, Theradan was completely effective in dandruff cases so severe that even strong prescription remedies failed to give adequate relief. With Theradan, none of these men and women had dandruff again for 1 month to 4 months.

When you have cleared up itchy dandruff with Theradan, use it occasionally—as many people do—just to prevent recurrence. Get Theradan today.

NOTE TO PHYSICIANS: The statements in this advertisement are supported by clinical tests. For a report of these tests, write Medical Director, Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. S-872, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

5½ OZ. $2.00

Theradan

TRADE MARK

with exclusive penetrating ingredient, Sarthionate®

From the laboratories of Bristol-Myers, makers of Bufferin®

Last Day in Paris (Continued from Page 34)

had steadily refused to believe that I won, just because I always lose at poker and never get a quarter back from a slot machine.

"Look," I answered, running my hands through the pile of francs on the bed. "We're not behind. We're ahead!"

"We can't possibly be. I've been trying desperately to economize from the day we got on the boat."

"Well, you've succeeded! We have a hundred thousand francs left. Roughly, two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Hooray!" she cried. "Where's the problem? We'll take the money home with us and ——"

"Can't. They won't give you dollars for francs, and they won't let you take that much French money out of the country."

"How much can we take?"

"The hell with it," I said. "This is found money. Let's spend it. Let's spend it on you."

Now here is where, ordinarily, Emmie would give me an argument, sensible and wifely, and unanswerable. But she sat there in bed, munching a *croissant*, her hair tousled, her nightgown drooping off one shoulder, looking like a very corny pinup girl—I mean even the expression on her face was devious and shrewd, and her voice suddenly got soft in a rather phony way.

"On me?" she said.

"Yes, on you. There must be something you need." I figured "need" might sell her more effectively than a luxury verb.

"Oh, there is," she said.

"Good! What?"

"And I really need it, Harry."

"Fine. Something that runs about two hundred and fifty bucks?"

"Easily. And I've been needing it a long time too."

"Great. Let's go out and get it today. For once, let's lay off the Louvre."

"My goodness," said Emmie, climbing out from under the bedcovers, "how I do need it."

I was puzzled and I asked her, "Did you tell me what it is?"

"No, I didn't," she said.

"That's what I thought," I said. I started kidding her, amused by the odd look in her eye, not realizing this was a woman quietly going insane. "It's a secret, eh?"

"Of course it's not a secret!" Emmie said absently, standing in front of a full-length mirror and attitudinizing in her nightgown, like a model.

"I'm very glad to hear it's not a secret," I said.

"And it will be wonderful to have," she murmured in that new voice.

"It certainly will," I said. "We can keep it on ice and serve it only on rare occasions. Or do you think we should drape it over the grand piano?"

Emmie turned on me. "Why do you have to make fun of me, Harry?" she cried. "Can't you buy me something to wear and be simple and nice about it?"

"Something to wear?"

"What else could it be? All my life I've wanted something from a Paris *couturier.*"

"How would I know that, dear?"

"All my life," she repeated as she turned on the bath. "And not to drape over any piano either. Or to keep on ice."

"Look, darling," I said. "I'm all for it. I suggested it. I'm delighted."

"Well, it's about time you said so!"

"In fact, I say let's go higher than two-fifty. You can't get much for two-fifty, from what I hear. This is our second honeymoon, you've been a wonderful wife, and I say let's do this right."

"No," she answered. "That's just the point. Anybody can do it with more money. That's easy. It's vulgar."

"I see."

"Now shut the door, darling, so I can have my bath and think it over."

"Certainly, dear."

"Although," she added, "I don't have to think it over. I know exactly how I'm going to get it. But I want to think it over."

I shut the door gently.

It was a golden September morning as we stepped out of our two-star hotel. Emmie wore a trim brown lineny suit because "It's so simple that it might be the very, very best." Also she did not wear the few jewels she possessed because "If they don't see anything, how do they know? You might own the Hope diamond but it bores you to put it on."

"Now," she said in front of the hotel. "what are you going to do with yourself while I'm shopping?"

"I was just wondering. There's Mimi, Fifi, Zaza, Kiki, Lulu. Can't make up my mind."

"Harry, please, please don't be facetious."

"Well, why don't I come along?"

"Come along? Do you want to?"

"Would they let me into one of those joints?"

"Of course they would. Frenchmen go all the time, with their mistresses and all. But you ——"

"Why not? I'd love to see you operate."

"Well. . . . If you promise not to say a word, no matter what."

"I swear it."

"Also I don't want to be rushed. We have a whole day, and I'm going to take my time."

"We'll stop for meals, won't we?"

"Yes, we'll stop for meals. . . . Probably."

"That's good enough for me. Lead on!"

We started walking along the Rue St. Honoré; then we paused at a shop window displaying filmy hats, filmy blouses and embroidered high-heeled slippers. Emmie, with that new concentrated, embattled, calculating look, studied each and every one of these articles.

"Is this place a *couturier?*" I asked.

"It's just a store, Harry. Just a store."

"That's all I want to know, dear. Thanks."

She stopped at another window and carefully inspected an assortment of scarves and handbags. At still another window she mused over some rather hoydenish negligees.

"By the way," I remarked, "did you have any particular thing in mind?"

She looked at me blankly. Then, pulling herself together, she said, "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing. But you seem to be looking at so many different things. I've never really done this with you and ——"

"All right, Harry. I have a dress in mind." She added, very sweetly, "If there's anything else you want to know, dear, tell me now."

"Well, any special kind of dress? Any special color?"

"A cocktail dress. Green, dear."

"I see. By the way, I've always wanted to ask: Just what does cocktail dress mean? Do you wear it only at cocktail parties?"

"Harry, you've been around me a long time. We go out. We entertain. You see other women."

"I know. But still I'd like to get one thing clear. Just what comes within the boundaries of a cocktail dress?"

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"Dinner parties. Theaters. Nice restaurants."

"In the evening, right?"

"Or late afternoon."

"And, I take it for granted, they're worn at cocktail parties."

"Quite often."

"Quite often?"

"Yes, Harry. Quite often."

"That's very interesting. I get it. Pretty useful dress."

"Indispensable."

"How would you describe that nice black dress you wore last night?"

"That's a cocktail dress."

"And the black dress you left behind at home?"

"That's a cocktail dress too. It's not black."

"It isn't?"

"It's navy blue."

"I see. What's the matter with those two dresses—out of style?"

"I should say not! They're stunning."

"That's what I thought too."

"But they're worn out."

"They are?"

"Definitely."

"Now, this is pure curiosity, see? I'm not even remotely criticizing, dear. But that black dress looked nice and fresh to me—and so did the other, last time I saw it. Just where is it they get worn out?"

"They're worn out, darling. Take my word for it."

"I do, dear. I do."

We walked and looked some more, then Emmie said, "Let's get a cab and go to Christian Dior."

In the cab, she said, "I don't think I want green. One gets tired of green."

"Why did you want it in the first place?"

"Well, I needed something to alternate with the black dress."

"Why don't you get pink? You look great in pink."

"Pink? Oh, no, Harry. Not pink! I think I'll get something in black."

"To alternate with the other black?"

"Certainly!"

"And with the navy blue?"

"Why not?"

"No reason at all! I'm just asking."

We got out in front of Dior's.

"Let's not go in yet," said Emmie, stopping at the window display. "Isn't that a gorgeous sweater?"

We were gazing at a fabulous thing of lavender wool.

"Who wears a sweater like that?" I asked.

"Why, most anybody."

"Where do they wear it? Playing tennis, maybe?"

"Are you serious?"

"Look, I'm getting educated."

"You couldn't possibly play tennis in that, Harry."

"Well, where? Is it a party thing?"

"Sort of. You wear it—with the right skirt."

"I haven't seen a woman in anything like that, anywhere. Have you?"

"Darling, they wear them. Dior wouldn't be showing them if women didn't wear them. It's beautiful, simply beautiful."

"Would you wear it?"

"Stunning. So original."

"Would you ——"

"Me? Um-m—I don't think so. No. Definitely not. Not in a million years."

"I see."

We went in and were handed over to a woman with blue-silver hair.

"I'd like to look at some skirts for formal wear, madame," Emmie said.

"If you will kindly follow me, madame," said Madame, who spoke languorous English, like a duchess. She gave me a gracious smile to show that I could come along.

We sat down, and Madame brought forth skirts. She brought them one at a time, going out and staying about five minutes for each. Emmie and she had a big conversation about every one of them, by actual count five.

After the fifth, Emmie asked if they had one just like it, but lavender. Madame smiled and said she thought so, and went out again.

"This is fun, isn't it?" said Emmie, her eyes hot with passion.

"Great," I answered.

"Getting tired?"

"Me? Hell, no. But I imagine that woman ——"

"What about her?"

"Nothing."

"That's her job, dear."

"I see."

"She does it all the time. Every day."

"I see."

"It's what she gets paid for."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now remember—don't drink, dance with all the women, or tell any of your stories. Just relax and have a good time."

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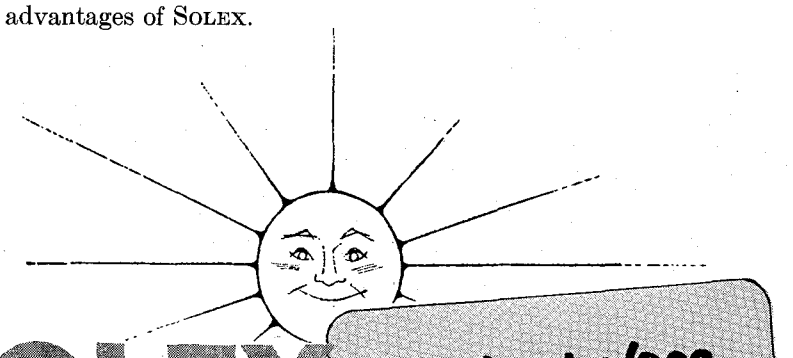

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"I get it. Sure."

This was the same Emmie who, in Chicago, when the cleaning woman looks tired, makes her lie down and rest and helps her with the housework. Incidentally, the same Emmie is a hell of a cook and also, in our first wedded years, could sit down at a sewing machine and knock off all sorts of clothes, and did.

Madame came back with a lavender skirt, and Emmie said, "That's nice. Quite nice."

"Would you like to try it on?" Madame asked.

"Well," said Emmie, thinking it over. "Yes. Yes, I think I would." She got up. "What do you suppose I should wear it with? It's so simple. Maybe something colorful but with a touch of lavender, don't you think?"

"Perhaps you have noticed the sweater in the window?" said Madame.

"Perfect!" Emmie cried.

They went out and came back in fifteen minutes, Emmie looking spectacular. There should have been a spotlight on her and a yacht behind her with a hundred uniformed sailors singing tenor.

"Now don't commit yourself, dear," she said. "I want you to live with it a while." She walked around in a circle, swaying her hips and arching her head, looking at herself from all angles in the various mirrors. Then she said to Madame with the commiserating smile of one woman to another, "I suspect my husband is wondering where I would wear an ensemble like this. . . . Aren't you, dear? Tell the truth!"

"I am, in a way."

"I thought so!" She exchanged another smile with Madame. "Well, visualize the Riviera. Afternoon cocktails on the terrace over the Mediterranean. Do you see, dear?"

"It was designed for the Riviera," Madame explained.

I said, "I see."

"Also," Emmie went on, "it's perfect for tea-dancing in Palm Beach or Honolulu. You can visualize it, can't you, dear?"

"Yes, I can," I said, but not too positively, for I had completely lost the key and didn't know what the devil I was supposed to say.

"You sound doubtful," she said. . . . "I know my husband so well, Madame, and I can tell something bothers him. . . . Do you think, dear, perhaps the neckline is a bit too daring? Is that it?"

"I'm not sure," I said, playing along.

"Frankly, I adore it," Emmie told Madame. "Suppose my husband and I go to lunch and live with it a little longer?"

"An excellent idea, madame," said Madame, hanging on to her smile.

So Emmie gloried in the outfit for another few minutes; then she went back and got into her suit.

As we stepped outside, I said, "Are you going to buy it?"

"Good heavens, no! I told you I want a black cocktail dress, didn't I?"

"Yes, that's right! You did!"

We got into a cab and headed for Jean Desses', lunch forgotten.

Emmie leaned back in the cab dreamily and said, "I thought I looked like an utter floozy in that lavender monstrosity, didn't you?"

"All I noticed was how terrific you looked," I said.

"A terrific floozy," said Emmie serenely.

"Excuse the question, dear. I seek illumination. Why did you go to all that trouble in the first place?"

"How could I miss such a chance, Harry? I mean, just to feel that gorgeous stuff on me!"

"I see."

"And besides, I did want to know where a person would wear such a sweater. I'm curious about things like that, aren't you?"

"Yes. Yes, I am. . . . One more question. Why did you tell Madame we'd think it over at lunch?"

"What else could I do? After the way the poor woman slaved and smiled and practically killed herself to please us!"

"I see."

She turned slowly and looked at me. "Harry," she said, "if you say 'I see' once more, I'll scream."

"I'm sorry, dear. I'm terribly sorry."

She looked at me unforgivingly, but I smiled back with charming good will. This seemed to annoy her.

"Sorry, indeed!" she muttered. "If you were really sorry, you would ——"

"I would what, dear?"

"You're not sorry at all!" she cried. "And you don't see. You're watching me like a hawk, all right, but only to mock me. You're trying to confuse me and make me feel like a prisoner! From the minute we started out this morning, you've been cross-examining me as if I were a prisoner in a court. Why? What have I done? What crime have I committed?"

"Now, darling, listen ——"

"Why did you come along, that's what I'd like to know! I didn't ask you, did I? I'm trying honestly to understand your reason, your logic. You're a lawyer. Everything you do has logic, reason. I've never seen you like this before! What is your reason for trying to ruin our whole trip?"

"Look, dear," I said mildly, "would you like to go on by yourself?"

"That's the understatement of the century!"

I didn't say another word. In fact, when I dropped her off at Jean Desses', I didn't even risk saying, "Good-by."

At the Café de la Paix I had lunch at a sidewalk table and kept thinking of poor Madame, whom I was quite sure Emmie had forgotten. So after lunch I phoned Madame and told her that my wife was mentally unbalanced and had suddenly gone out of control, and I begged her not to judge other Americans by this unfortunate incident. Madame laughed and was most gracious. She had the impression that I was joking.

I had a long list of churches, museums and other places we hadn't got around to, but I wasn't in a mood for edification, so I drifted along the streets. It was pleasant, but Emmie stayed in my mind in an increasingly disturbing way. I have a smattering of modern psychology, and I dimly recalled something to the effect that everything is a symbol. Was that cocktail dress a symbol of something she wanted passionately? And why this intense boredom and irritation with me? Was it a sign that our marriage was palling on her? Did the cocktail dress express a hunger for a new, nameless lover? The way she had postured almost wantonly in her nightgown, and her voluptuous, brazen enjoyment of the sweater costume—these unprecedented aspects of her were food for thought.

I didn't take all this seriously at first. I mean, in Paris it is possible to walk along humming a tune and at the same time entertain the most outlandish fears regarding the virtue of your wife. I paused at several sidewalk cafés for cognac and coffee, watching lovers stroll by, wondering how many of them were married to someone else. I tried to recollect the times, in Naples, Rome, Florence and Paris, when I had let Emmie go sightseeing by herself. Was there an actual Italian or Frenchman lurking somewhere?

Finally I found myself visualizing our broken home and my broken heart, which was too much, so I took a cab to the hotel, determined to keep watch from a table in the lobby and, if a man stepped out of her taxi, to strangle him with my bare hands. Besides, it was five o'clock, and Bill and Grace Upton were due in the lobby for drinks with us.

Bill was there, sitting behind a Pernod, full of the wonders of Versailles. He is a big, solid fellow who played football at college and, though I intended killing that Frenchman myself, it felt good to sit alongside a man who could be counted on to brush off any hostile bystanders.

"Let me tell you about the Hall of Mirrors," he said.

"Where's Grace?" I asked.

"Walking around the block, looking into windows."

"What for?"

"I don't know. To compare prices, she says."

"Compare what prices? And what is she comparing them with?"

"What's the matter with you, Harry? Been drinking absinthe? What do I care what she's comparing with what? Now

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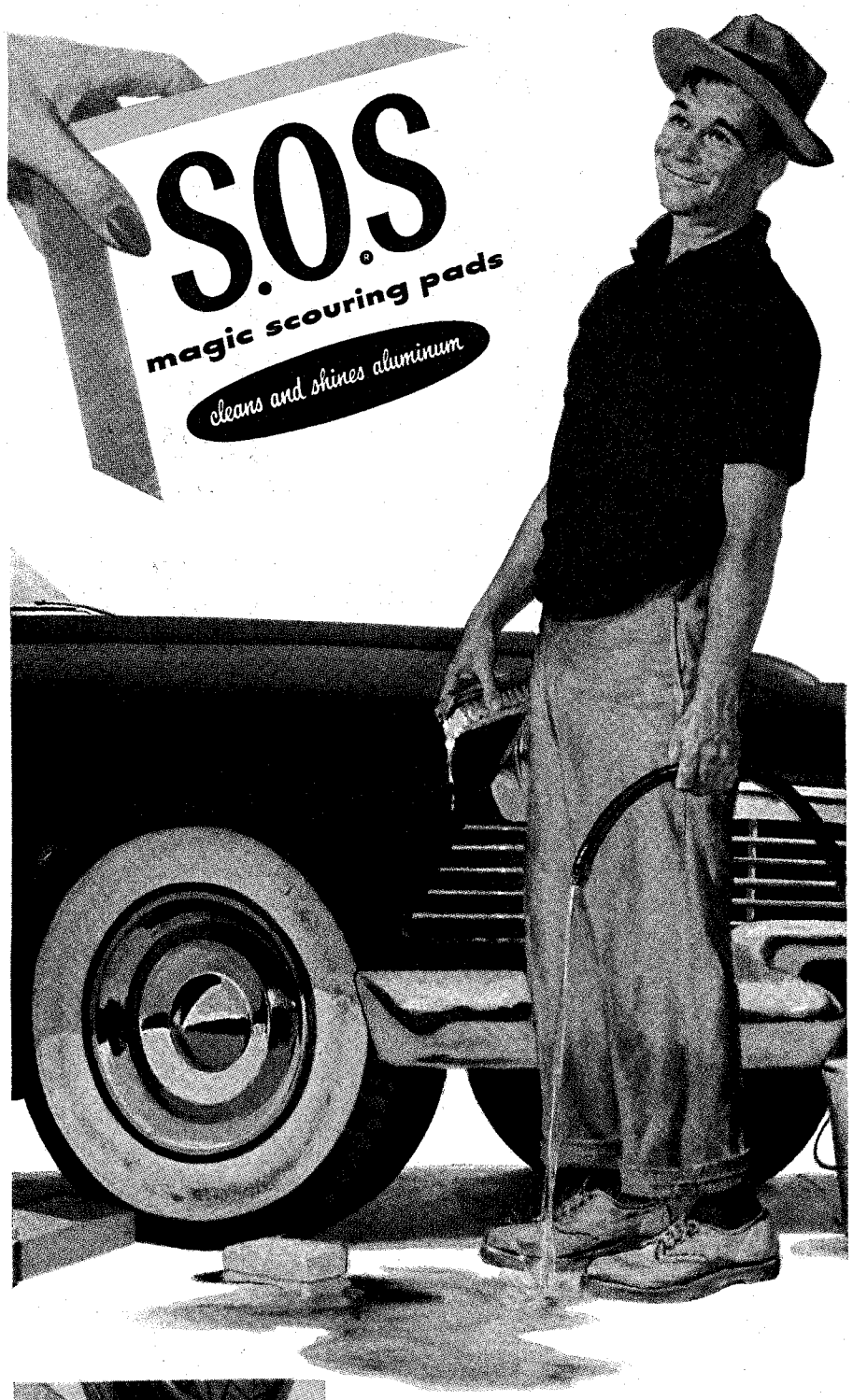

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listen, will you, to the simple facts about this Hall of Mirrors?"

He went on talking, while I ordered cognac and coffee, drank it and kept my eye on the entrance, and I must have missed the taxi and the Frenchman, for suddenly there was Emmie coming in through the little vestibule, swinging a dress box in her hand, her face sparkling with happiness.

"Hi!" she cried gaily, seeing us at once and starting quickly toward our table. Anger forgotten, she was looking at me with great warmth and what seemed like excited anticipation. I got up, smiling in vague response to her smile, and that or something made her stop. She watched me amusedly, waiting for me to react to I don't know what—perhaps the smart-looking box in her hand. My inquiring glance amused her even more, and she resumed her way toward us, but now her pace slowed down and she minced, with little steps, like a clothes model. Obviously she was acting out something, but I couldn't get it. This increased her merriment.

I was sure the secret was in the box, so when she finally arrived at the table, I reached out for it.

"Well!" I said, polite but careful. "Is that it?"

"That's it!" she answered, her smile getting even bigger, handing me the box in such a way that I felt silly taking it.

"Sit down," I said, pulling out a chair. "Grace'll be here any second now and ——"

"Good!" she said. "Grace is the one person I'm dying to see—and standing up, if you don't mind."

I was bewildered, and I must have shown it, and that really broke her up. She burst into hilarious laughter. "Oh, Harry!" she howled, while Bill and I and half a dozen other people stared at her. "You're wonderful! Just wonderful!" Then, at the height of her laughter, she stopped cold and straightened up, looking toward the lobby entrance. There was Grace coming in.

Grace saw us, waved and started forward. Then, taking a second glance at Emmie, she gasped and stood still, looked Emmie up and down and sideways, gasped again and came rushing over. By this time I realized that Emmie was wearing a gray suit, not the brown suit of this morning.

"Emmie! It's gorgeous! It's a dream!"

"Do you really like it?"

"Like it? I'm mad for it! It's the most chic suit I've ever seen!"

"That's how I felt about it too!"

"And yet it's simple!"

"That's just the point!"

"But different!"

"Exactly!"

As we all sat down, Emmie remembered me. "Can you imagine?" she cried. "Harry didn't even notice it!"

"He didn't?"

"No, he didn't!"

"I don't believe it!"

"It's the gospel truth! And I haven't even got another suit in gray!"

This caused them both to yell with glee. I couldn't see what made the suit so sensational. It was a plain gray suit and Emmie looked fine in it, but she looked fine in everything.

When they got through yelling, Grace asked, "What did you pay?"

"Almost exactly two hundred and fifty dollars, roughly."

"It's the bargain of a lifetime!" Grace cried. "How did you ever do it?"

"Just plain hard work," Emmie told her. "Plain, systematic hard work."

"Look ——" said Bill, who is a construction engineer and literal-minded.

I put my hand on his arm and told him in a low voice, "Take it easy, pal. This is bigger than the Hall of Mirrors."

"To begin with," Emmie was saying, "a suit was the last thing I'd have thought of buying."

"It's always the way!" said Grace, who majored in math, was Phi Beta Kappa and wears glasses. I don't mean to imply she's unattractive. She's quite a girl, very pretty in her glasses, a terrific mamba dancer. But she did major in math.

"I started out open-minded," Emmie continued. "But Harry pressed me. 'What are you going to buy?' he says. So I had to think of something, and I said, 'A cocktail dress.' Well, that's no way to go shopping."

"Of course not!"

"It isn't?" said Bill, and I put my hand on his arm again.

"And he kept on like that," Emmie said, "till I really believed I wanted a cocktail dress. So at Dior's I tried on an absolutely sinful sweater, appliquéd with flowers and dripping with jewels."

"A sweater?" asked Bill, before I could stop him.

"Why not?" said Grace. "Go on, Emmie."

"Well, Harry got more and more irritable, until finally I asked him outright, 'You're a lawyer,' I said. 'Will you kindly justify your attitude?' He became speechless—his brain must have collapsed or something—and he ran off without even a word. Then my mind cleared up and I went ahead, as I say, systematically. At Jean Desses' I saw the most flattering evening wrap. They don't show you the best right away, of course."

"I know. You have to keep after them."

"It's exhausting, but you have to. *Salon* to *boutique*, and *boutique* to *salon*. It took an hour before they came out with this incredible wrap of gold-and-black lamé. It was made for me; I couldn't bear taking it off. But, of course, it was too expensive, and besides, I was after a cocktail dress. So I dashed over to Jacques Heim, where, believe me, I worked. I left nothing unturned, but, frankly, Heim is not for me. I mean, they admitted it themselves. But at Givenchy's I went berserk over the full-length evening gowns. I'd be there yet, but, let's face it, I needed a full-length gown like a hole in the head."

"That's right," said Bill. "You needed a cocktail dress."

"Nonsense," Emmie said. "I already have two. I wouldn't know what to do with a third."

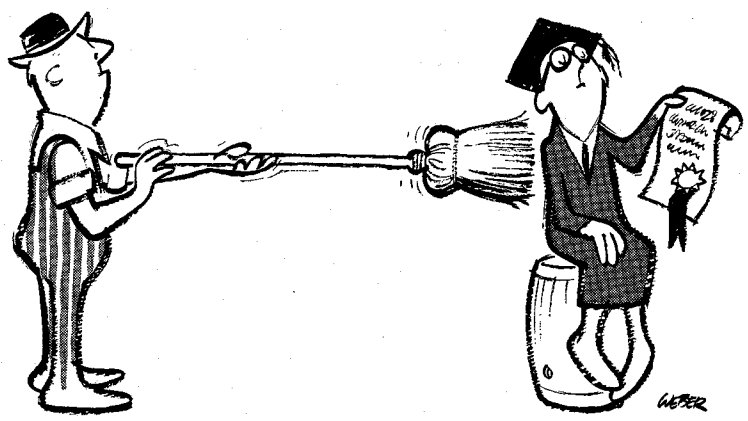
Bill stuck his big elbows on the table. "Now look," he said. "Didn't I hear you say ——"

"Hush, Bill," Grace said. "The cocktail dress was an objective, don't you see? A woman has to have an objective. She can't go into a shop and say she doesn't know what she wants! . . . Go on, Emmie."

"Well, that's all," Emmie said. "At Lanvin's I unearthed an Oriental hostess thing that changed my whole personality. It made me mysterious, but the saleswoman was getting cranky—I mean, she didn't create the atmosphere for a favorable decision. Then on the way home I dropped in at Balenciaga's—and there, hanging on a rack, was this. Can you imagine—it was on sale! And the one thing I need desperately is a lightweight year-round suit. It was my size, I put it on and walked out in it, and here I am!"

She and Grace smiled and sighed at each other in unison, and Grace said enviously, "What a day you must have had!"

Emmie sat quietly, a deep glow of contentment in her eyes, thinking it over. "Yes," she said. "In a way, it was the most wonderful day of my life." Then she put her hand over mine and leaned her head close to my head and whispered, "Thank you, Harry. Thank you, darling. Thank you, my love." THE END



The Perfect Squelch

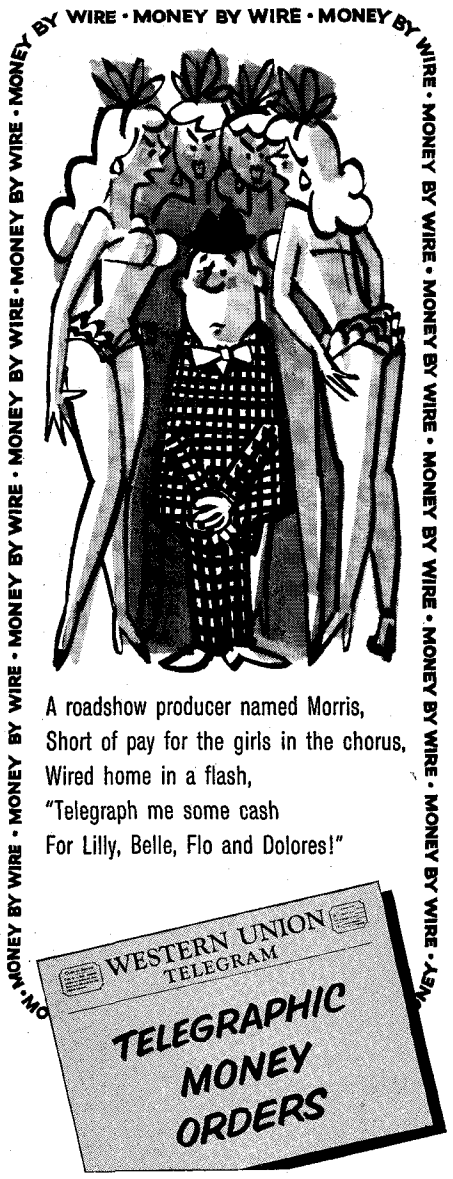
Robert was the kind of rarefied intellectual who could grasp anything between book covers and not much else. As a result, he held two college degrees, but never a good position. He covered up his inability to come to grips with the world by talking above the heads of most people around him. At an industrial plant where he worked as "unskilled labor," he lectured loftily on anything and everything to the less-educated men around him.

There came a day when the foreman called to Robert and two others, "You guys grab brooms and sweep up over there."

Sulkily Robert replied, "Look, boss, I'm a college graduate."

"Oh, I'm sorry," the foreman said apologetically. "Here, let me show you how."

Robert J. Pugel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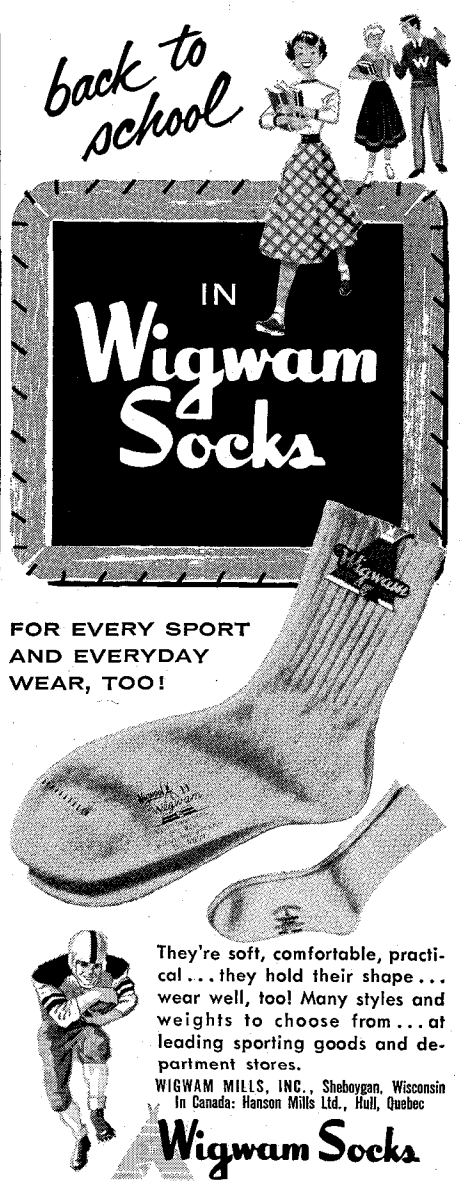
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Baruch: My Own Story (Continued from Page 25)

President Roosevelt was also surprised to learn that he was actually the second President to visit Hobcaw. Grover Cleveland was the first, and one of our choicest duck-hunting sites is called the "President's Stand" in his honor. How the "President's Stand" got its name is a favorite Hobcaw tale.

It was told to me by Sawney Cains, who acted as Cleveland's duck-hunting guide. To reach the shooting stand, Sawney led the President over a strip of oozing mud which bordered the creek bank. Walking on mud like this is quite an art. You must put your foot down lightly and raise it quickly, so as not to sink down too deeply. Since President Cleveland weighed over 250 pounds, one can appreciate the complications which followed.

Sawney was helping support Mr. Cleveland's bulk when the President slipped and sank into the muddy marsh. The thought of the President of the United States being mired in mud generated superhuman energies within Sawney. It was not easy to get a good "holt" on Cleveland's form, but Sawney got one and gave a mighty heave.

The President's hip boots stayed where they were, but Cleveland himself was lifted high in his stockinged feet. By this time Sawney was nearly waist-deep in the ooze. He and the President finally got back to their boat, although both were pretty well plastered with mud.

After washing and changing to dry clothing, they were "medicined," to use Sawney's tactful word. A few swallows of good, stiff "medicine" and President Cleveland began to shake with laughter, at which Sawney said he never was more relieved in his life.

Since it was wartime, President Roosevelt's own visit to Hobcaw was cloaked in secrecy—at least at the start. He arrived at noon on Easter Sunday, his private train stopping north of Georgetown, where he could get off unseen. As we drove through the gates of my plantation, a Negro boy whose family lived on the place caught a glimpse of the President with a cape draped over his shoulders.

"Gee!" exclaimed the lad. "It's George Washington!"

But the President's identity did not remain secret long in Georgetown, what with squadrons of camouflaged marines patrolling the highways and three White House correspondents registered at the local hotel.

My guest's identity became known, of course, in the office of the News and Courier in Charleston, about sixty miles away. The editor was William Ball, who has since died. A bitter foe of the New Deal, Ball never spared the vocabulary to make clear exactly where he stood. The News and Courier was one of the newspapers the President got every morning with his breakfast tray. Shortly after Roosevelt's arrival, editorials lambasting him began to appear daily.

When I saw how much this irritated Roosevelt, I went to Ball and told him I thought he ought to stop the editorials while the President was there. My feeling, I explained to Ball, had nothing to do with his right to express his opinions, but it was not a gracious way of treating a guest in South Carolina.

Despite this one annoyance, the President enjoyed his stay so much that he hardly wanted to leave. He had come to Hobcaw tired and with a cough. He left tanned and in better health, as Admiral Ross McIntire, his physician, told me, than in many a year.

April—the month of the President's visit—is probably the prettiest time at Hobcaw. Along all the walks circling the house, the azaleas are in full bloom, an almost solid mass of red, lavender, pink and white flowers, so thick one can hardly see the green foliage of the bushes. But April, unfortunately, is not a good fishing time.

To find out where the President might enjoy the best fishing luck, I had the creeks and inlets scouted in advance. Finally I learned that Ralph Ford, who ran one of Georgetown's leading stores, knew of a wonderful fishing spot a few miles out in the Atlantic Ocean. He took President Roosevelt out. A ship had been wrecked there and each time the President's boat circled the wreck the fish would hit the lines.

Roosevelt tried to persuade me to go out to sea with him. But I knew he had always been something of a practical joker. As I explained to his military aide, General "Pa" Watson, "He knows I get seasick easily. It would be just like him to get me out there and order the captain to go where the water is roughest."

The President did a good deal of work while at Hobcaw. One day he showed me an Air Force report claiming the destruction of a sizable number of Japanese planes.

"Can you count?" he asked skeptically. "If these reports are true the Japs can't have many planes left."

After V-J day, of course, we learned that the Japanese Air Force had indeed been all but destroyed.

While the President was at Hobcaw, Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox died. One day at lunch, the conversation turned to who might be his successor. When someone mentioned James Forrestal, who later received the appointment, the President remarked, "We already have three Cabinet members from New York. Don't you think that's too many, Bernie?"

"What difference does it make where a man's from?" I replied. "We're at war. The people will want you to name the best man. You have to take someone who knows what's been going on. You can't start someone from scratch."

A number of important visitors came to Hobcaw to confer with the President. Whenever I heard that some VIP was arriving, I would leave for Washington, coming back a few days later. I wanted the President to feel as if Hobcaw were his own home and that he didn't have to put up with my company. On my return one day my valet, William Lacey, told me excitedly, "You know who was here today? General Mark Clark, all the way from Italy!"

Clark's visit, which was concerned with the campaign in Italy, never was announced.

But the President also got more rest at Hobcaw than he had had in any similar period for years before. I had given him a two-room suite on the ground floor which could be shut off from the rest of the house. He slept ten and twelve hours a day. In the afternoon he would drive over to my daughter Belle's place for a drink. In the evening he often played solitaire. Once, while Adm. William E. Leahy was waiting to go over some cabled reports with him, the President insisted on showing me the many varied forms of solitaire that he knew. He had two ways of playing the game which I had never seen before.

The house in which the President slept, I might add, is not the original manor house of Hobcaw Barony. This first structure, a spacious frame building, caught fire in 1929 during our annual Christmas gathering. My wife and three children were with me, along with Dick Lydon, who had been my closest schoolmate at college, and Sen. Key Pittman, of Nevada.

We managed to save some of the valuables, but could do nothing to stop the flames from spreading through the building. We were standing on the front lawn watching the fire when suddenly Senator Pittman exclaimed, "My gosh, Bernie! You've got a barrel of good corn licker in the basement that will go up like a bomb when the fire hits it!"

Whether it was the threat of an explosion or the prospective loss of good liquor that worried Key, I don't know, but he and Dick Lydon tied wet handkerchiefs over their faces, dashed into the basement and came out, rolling the barrel before them.

The following year I rebuilt the house. To eliminate the threat of another fire, the new structure was made of red brick and concrete and steel, but its architecture is of the Georgian colonial period. We provided for ten bedrooms, each with its own bath and fireplace, although there is also a central-heating system.

The house stands on a rise in a parklike setting of magnolia trees, moss-draped live oaks, rare camphor trees and bushes of camellias and azaleas. One day as he emerged from the house and saw the Spanish moss hanging like shawls over the trees, Otto Kahn, the banker, exclaimed, "I really know for the first time why Southerners feel about the South as they do!"

From the front porch with its six white two-story columns, the green lawn slopes downhill to the yellow waters of Winyah Bay, into which flow four rivers—the Sampit, Black, Waccamaw and Pee Dee. It was along the banks of these waters that rice used to be cultivated, while on the higher ground behind these rice marshes cotton was grown. At one time almost a fourth of Hobcaw's 17,000 acres were devoted to these crops; now less than 100 acres are under cultivation.

To go from the house to the highway leading into Georgetown is a four-and-a-half-mile drive, all of it over plantation grounds. Along the way one passes through an eerie cypress swamp, with weirdly shaped "knees" protruding from the boggy waters. There also are long stretches of virgin pine and wild forest, much of which had never been cut until World War II, when the War Production Board appealed for timber to ease the lumber shortage. One also drives through what is left of the Negro villages. At one time there were four separate Negro villages on the plantation, but as rice and cotton growing was abandoned, the villages began to break up. When President Roosevelt visited us only one village was left, and this one has gone since.

We usually opened Hobcaw around Thanksgiving and kept it open into April, only rarely as late as May. Christmas week was always largely a family affair. In our first years, of course, most of the guests were businessmen I knew in Wall Street or friends of the family. Later the visitors came to include political figures and newspapermen, some of the commanders of our armed forces, writers, actors, theatrical producers, educators and others.

Over one weekend my guests were made up largely of political leaders in Maryland, including the late Albert C. Ritchie, then governor. The discussion, as I recall it, centered around who was likely to control the Maryland delegation to the Democratic national convention. Frank Kent, at that time the chief political writer for the Baltimore Sun, was standing with his back to the blazing fireplace, voicing his own views rather definitely. Everyone in the room began to smile, which only encouraged Frank to argue even more warmly. Suddenly Frank jumped away from the fireplace, looking behind him. While he had been arguing his pants had caught fire!

Winston Churchill and his daughter, Diana, came for a brief visit in 1932. The weather was bad. I invited in a number of Georgetown's leading citizens and other noted South Carolinians. Several times in later years Mr. Churchill would ask me about some of the people he had met. He had forgotten their names but would ask, "What has happened to that little storekeeper with the bald head?"

Some friends came to Hobcaw almost every year, like the late Ralph Pulitzer, who was the publisher of The New York World; Roy Howard, Arthur Krock, David Sarnoff, Herbert Bayard Swope, Clare Luce and Henry Luce. Others who came only once or twice included Jack London, Edna Ferber, Deems Taylor, Franklin P. Adams, Robert Sherwood, Harry Hopkins, Gen. Omar Bradley, Westbrook Pegler and Heywood Broun. When I asked Broun if he was going to join us in duck hunting, he retorted, "I do my hunting in bed." The Prince of Monaco, grandfather of the present Prince Rainier, spent several days at Hobcaw hunting rare butterflies and unusual birds.

When theatrical people like Walter Huston, John Golden, Max Gordon or Billy Rose were guests, we often visited one of the Negro villages. If it was Saturday night, dances would be going on in the main barn. On Sundays we might attend the services in the little whitewashed church.

These services were things of true beauty, the prayers being accompanied by the music of clapping hands and shuffling feet, or by the chanting of songs, some of which had originated at Hobcaw. Usually the services would be climaxed by a sermon from Moses Jenkins, the preacher.

Little Girl at the Piano

By Jessie Merle Franklin

At first when she began to play,
I thought it was her fingers' quest
To unlock music hidden away
Within this old piano's breast;
But since her fingers have gained skill
Till fairy notes, like bright cascades
Of silvery waters down a hill
Or the swelling sounds in everglades,
Escape their tips, I now am seeing
This old piano is but the key
That unlocks the door of a little girl's being
And sets its music winging free!

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The deliverance of the children of Israel from Egypt was his favorite theme. Moses Jenkins would put on gold spectacles—a sign of learning to the other Negroes—and read the wonderful verses from Exodus. When he got to Pharaoh's pursuit of the children of Israel, Moses would add some modern touches such as "And de rifles and machine guns were apoppin'."

Every New Year's Day we used to stage a big deer drive, over which the governor of South Carolina would officiate, and which drew various sporting notables. However, I did not enjoy hunting deer nor did my children, who refused to pull a trigger on one. Today Hobcaw constitutes a sort of unofficial deer sanctuary. One cannot ride far on the grounds without deer jumping across the trail almost under the nose of one's horse.

But first and foremost, Hobcaw was known for its ducks. A rice field is one of the choicest feeding grounds for ducks, and while rice was still being cultivated along the South Carolina coast, I do not believe there was a better place for duck shooting in the whole United States.

In those days we would be moving by four or four-thirty in the morning, rowing out sometimes in the dark, sometimes in the moonlight, with no sound except the creaking oarlocks, or the water lapping against the boats, or, now and then, a frightened quack of ducks getting up or the swish of their wings overhead. Sometimes the moon would be just going down, and the sun coming up.

To the eastward, as the sun rose, one could see tens of thousands of ducks. At times they appeared like bees pouring out of a huge bottle. Their numbers were so great, you had to blink your eyes to be sure that you were not suffering from some illusion. As the sun mounted above the horizon, flock after flock would break away from the swamps and rice fields and come down to the marshes. Nearing the marsh or hearing the call of the hunter, they would circle and descend to the decoys. I have seen outlined in the sky the patterns of the very creeks from which the ducks rose.

Some of the bags that have been shot at Hobcaw were truly incredible. Probably the best duck hunter I ever saw at Hobcaw was Roy Rainey, a New York businessman. Once Rainey, encumbered by a heavy coat, missed two ducks in succession. Throwing off his coat, he flapped his arms to stimulate circulation, and exclaimed, "Now let 'em all come!" He took up his gun and killed ninety-six ducks without missing.

Back around 1912 or 1913, the Whitneys—Harry Payne and his brother, Payne—sailed their yacht into Winyah Bay for a weekend of hunting. At lunch, after the first day's shooting, Harry Whitney spoke up, "Bernie, I'll give you a million dollars if you want to sell this place." He sounded serious, but since I didn't want to sell, I changed the subject.

The most ardent hunter I ever knew was Sen. Joe T. Robinson, of Arkansas. Whatever Robinson did, he did with intensity—and it was this that killed him. As Democratic leader in the Senate, he was carrying the burden of pushing through President Roosevelt's unpopular program for reorganizing the Supreme Court. For several years Joe had been taking digitalis to ward off anginal twinges. His doctors warned him to slow up, but Joe paid no heed. Early one morning in 1937, in the middle of the fight over Roosevelt's court-packing plan, Joe was found dead beside his bed, an open copy of the Congressional Record by his side.

Joe brought the same single-mindedness to hunting that characterized his legislative work. Before sunup he was out after ducks. In the afternoon, he was hunting quail. In the evening, he would go out to the edge of the swamp and wait by the hour for a turkey to rise to its roost in a high tree.

Once Robinson saw a huge bird light on the limb of a tree about one hundred yards away. From the bird's long whiskers, Joe knew it was a gobbler. I do not permit anyone to shoot hens. Creeping up slowly, Joe raised his gun and, thinking himself alone, muttered aloud, "Here is where I bring down Mr. Secretary Hughes." He came in with the bird, which weighed twenty-four and three quarters pounds. Pretty soon outside the house we heard one Negro remark to another that it was funny Mr. Joe called turkeys "Secretary Hughes."

We decided to send the turkey to President Warren G. Harding. Robinson returned to Washington. Days passed and he received no acknowledgment from the President. Then Joe ran into Sen. Jim Watson, of Indiana, who remarked, "That certainly was a fine bird you sent the President."

To this, Robinson, who always spoke his mind, replied, "Yes, and I think it's a hell of a note for the President not to ask any of us Democrats to help him eat it."

Gracious and apologetic letters from the White House quickly followed to all of us. Just the same, I heard Joe say that the next time he shot a twenty-four-pound turkey, he would not send it to a Republican.

Another enthusiastic hunter, but somewhat less of a Nimrod than Joe Robinson, was Rear Admiral Cary Grayson, who had been President Wilson's physician. Cary was a fine and gentle man whom I loved dearly. He could spend an entire day in the woods and he might, as one of my guides put it, "bring home a feather." But his good humor never failed him.

One day I arranged to have Cary bring back something more than a feather. He was walking through the woods when his hunting guide tapped his shoulder and pointed out a big turkey at the foot of a tree. Cary raised his gun, fired and rushed forward to examine his prize. As he bent over, he noticed that the bird was tied to a tree. Around its neck was a string with a card which read, "With the compliments of Bernard M. Baruch."

Cary enjoyed the joke as much as any of us. In fact, it was he who told it to President Calvin Coolidge, who spread the story through Washington. If Cary had not told the story it might never have got out, since it is a Hobcaw rule that a guest's hunting score is never revealed.

Cary's reaction to our joke supports a conviction of mine that there is no sport like hunting which will reveal a man's character so well. I know of no sport which will bring out the latent barbarian in a man so quickly; nor any that imposes such a strain on a man's truthfulness.

One Hobcaw rule was that the guest was always right about the number of ducks he said he had shot. All the hunting guides were instructed to confirm the claims of any guest, whatever the number was.

Once Pa Watson and Steve Early, President Roosevelt's press secretary, had been ribbing each other about who would get the most birds. Steve came back first, and he had shot his limit. When "Pa" Watson came in, Steve demanded triumphantly, "How many did you get?"

For a moment I wondered whether Pa would take advantage of the Hobcaw rule. However, he grinned and replied, "Oh, a certain number."

Idyllic as are my memories of Hobcaw, there were two unpleasant events. One was the poaching on my property—which almost cost me my life.

The Cains family—there were five brothers, with Sawney, who served as Grover Cleveland's guide, being one—had lived on or near Hobcaw for generations and claimed some vague property rights. When I took over the plantation, Bob and Pluty Cains came to work for me as hunting guides. But Ball and Hucks Cains continued to poach.

One morning I spotted Hucks shooting on my land, not half a mile from where I was, and I caught him with 166 ducks. I confronted him sternly, but wound up asking him if he would work for me instead of poaching on me. Hucks agreed and became my No. I guide. He had a wonderfully laconic sense of humor. If I offered some explanation for missing a duck, he would observe, "Well, a poor excuse is better than none."

Again, early in the prohibition era I had as guests four senators—Joe Robinson; Key Pittman; Pat Harrison, of Mississippi; and A. O. Stanley, of Kentucky. We had had a wonderful morning and were getting into the buckboard to drive home when I remarked to Hucks, "You know these gentlemen are the senators who make the laws up in Washington."

Hucks leaned against the front wheel of the buckboard and asked, "Is they really the gentlemen who make the laws up in Washington?"

"Yes, Hucks," I replied.

"Well," said Hucks, "if they don't know no more about other things than they does about whisky and ducks, this country is in a devil of a fix."

But I never could induce Ball Cains to quit poaching. He resisted threats and persuasion. After doing everything possible to convince Ball that I meant business, I had him and another poacher arrested and sent to jail for nine months. While Ball was in jail my lawyer looked after his wife and children, but when Ball was released, he came out looking for trouble.

One day Hucks was coming in with me from duck shooting at the President's Stand. Suddenly he said in alarm, "Mr. Bernie, Ball is on the landing. You better be careful."

Hucks started to turn the boat. I told him to swing around and row straight to the landing, which he did. As I climbed out, Ball cursed me and swore he would send my soul to hell. He aimed his shotgun at me.

I can still see those barrels. They looked so big that I felt I could have jumped into them without touching the sides. I was so frightened that mechanically I simply walked up to Ball and asked if he realized what he was doing.

Just at this moment, one of my employees, Capt. Jim Powell, came running toward the landing, with a big six-shooter in his hand. As calmly as I could, I said, "Here comes Captain Jim." Ball turned for a moment. I grabbed the barrels of his gun and pushed them up toward the sky.

After that, my poaching troubles subsided. Powell, who was six feet four, rawboned and fearless, became my superintendent.

It always troubled me that I had put a man in jail just for shooting ducks. The ducks themselves did not matter, but I knew that if Ball shot, everyone else would shoot, and soon my place would be a rendezvous for poachers. I would be respected neither by the poachers nor by anyone else.

The second unhappy incident at Hobcaw was a near lynching. It was the only trouble we ever had with Negroes, and then it developed that the Negro involved was not from the plantation.

When I bought Hobcaw, hardly any of the Negroes could read. We established a school which later became the particular pride of my daughter, Belle. Since there were not enough white children at Hobcaw to justify a school, a young woman was hired to teach Hucks Cains' two daughters.

One evening—my family and I were north at the time—this teacher and her little charges were driving through the pine woods when a Negro sprang out of a thicket and dragged the teacher from the buggy. She put up a terrific battle. Finally, when almost exhausted, she had the presence of mind to scream, "Oh, thank God, here comes Mr. Hucks!"

The ruse succeeded. The Negro dropped her and dived back into the pine woods. News of the attempted assault spread through the countryside as swiftly as if it had been telegraphed by the drums of Africa. Men came from Georgetown in boats. Others, from farther up the Neck, rode down with shotguns and rifles slung across their saddles. The woods, swamps, marshes and watercourses were soon alive with posses. (*Continued on Page 85*)

"It's much too tight—I'll take it!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 82*) After a search of a few hours, the criminal was caught and brought into the yard of our house. He was a stranger who did not belong to any of Hobcaw's villages. The crowd was for stringing him up then and there. Someone tossed a rope over a limb of one of the moss-hung oaks.

Seeking some way of preventing a lynching, Jim Powell strode into the excited throng. "Don't lynch him here in the yard," he pleaded. Referring by name to my wife and daughters, he said, "Miss Annie and Miss Belle and Miss Renee would never come back to Hobcaw again. It would spoil the place for them forever."

In the confusion that followed, the sheriff hustled the Negro onto a boat and had him on the way to Georgetown before the crowd knew what was happening. There he was locked safely in jail. Rape and attempted rape are punishable by death in South Carolina. At the next term of court, the prisoner was tried before a jury, convicted and hanged.

The sheriff and Jim Powell had acted for the overwhelming mass of Southerners who resented lynching. I once offered to provide the funds to see to it that anyone engaged in lynching would be apprehended and prosecuted. Others felt as I did and worked in their own way to eradicate lynching.

In all of my own dealings with Negroes and whites I have tried to treat them somewhat more generously than was the prevailing custom. I was not always able to do as much as I might want to do. Once I bought a plot of ground in Georgetown to build a modern playground for Negroes. Some nearby residents protested my action. I still intended to go ahead with the playground, when Dr. J. B. Beck, the head of the Georgetown School for Negroes, called on me. He always came in by the kitchen, but I always saw that he left by the front door.

"Mr. Bernie," Doctor Beck pleaded, "I wish you wouldn't put up that playground. We've had pretty good relations here and don't want trouble." And so I bought another piece of land and had the playground erected there.

In this instance Doctor Beck was wiser than I was. In my dealings with Negroes I hoped to serve as an example that others would follow. But I have learned that to serve as an effective example—and this applies to all human affairs—one cannot be too far ahead of the people one wants to influence.

This view may not satisfy those who would remake the world overnight. It may not satisfy those who want things kept as they are. I believe that change is part of living. But I like a pace of change that does not create more trouble than good.

When I think back to what the Negro was like and the conditions under which he lived when I first bought Hobcaw, I am struck by the remarkable progress he has made. The Negroes I first knew were steeped in superstitions. They believed the woods, streams, the air and sky were filled with "hants."

Hobcaw was run down when I acquired it, and as part of the plan of rehabilitation I employed the Negroes to fix up their own cabins. Many Negroes refused to have glass windows in their cabins for fear the "hants" would be able to look in. When I built a free medical clinic in one of Hobcaw's villages, many Negroes preferred to take their ailments to the "root doctor," who was also believed to have supernatural powers.

Today, however, the root doctor has almost disappeared. Many Negroes are in business and the professions. Some, who had no schooling of their own, have put their sons and daughters through college. Years ago, when I tried to teach the Negroes on my plantation to use scientific farming methods, I got nowhere. Today, the Negro farmers I know are as adept as the white man in picking up improved methods of farming. Take Ely Wilson, who is respected by everyone. He selects his own seeds for his 200-acre farm, uses varied kinds of fertilizer and rotates his crops—vegetables, cotton, tobacco and corn.

Or take Troy Jones, who works for me in addition to cultivating his own 100-acre farm. When Troy bought his farm much of it was uncleared land. He and his wife rooted out the stumps. Today their farm is clear of debt. Troy is only thirty-five years old. Yet when he first started farming he used an ox. Then he got a mule and, a few years ago, a tractor. Where Troy used to clear the grass off his land with fires, now he uses a plow.

The breakup of the Negro villages on Hobcaw is further evidence of the Negro's progress. The Negroes leaving Hobcaw went out to newer and wider opportunities. Military service during the war gave many Negroes a new outlook on life. Among those who came back out of the Army or Navy I noticed an improved physical carriage and a more observant attitude generally.

Looking back over the years, it seems to me that education and economic improvement have been the keys to the progress that the Negro has made not only in the South but in the North as well. A sizable part of our Negro population has climbed both the educational and economic ladder. Men like Ralph Bunche and Jackie Robinson—to mention only two—have won their place in American life not as Negroes but as individuals competing successfully with all other Americans.

It would be wonderful if laws could be passed which would wipe out bigotry and prejudice. But human nature is not changed so easily. The best way of meeting the problem of prejudice is to turn it into a spur to more strenuous achievement. The discriminations we may have to suffer should not be permitted to embitter and frustrate us. Nor should we allow ourselves to be blinded to the greatness of America by the pettiness of some of the people in it.

The priceless heritage which America has given us—the heritage which is America—is this opportunity to better oneself through one's own striving. No form of government can give a person more than that. And as long as that heritage remains ours we shall continue our progress toward better religious and racial understanding—toward the molding of better Americans who, working together, will build an ever better United States of America.

The Case of the Dead Man's Daughter (Continued from Page 45)

appointments last night. Do you know with whom?"

"I'm afraid I can't help you there."

"That could mean either that you don't know or that you can't tell."

"There's still a third possibility," Mason said. "Hearsay evidence is no good in a court of law. When I say that I can't help you, it might mean that I had only some hearsay evidence."

"You see," Tragg said, turning to Della Street, "that's exactly what I mean. He answers questions without answering questions."

Tragg turned back to the lawyer.

"Now I wanted to see you this morning before you'd had a chance to talk with any of your clients," Tragg said. "I'm sorry that didn't work out. I think perhaps Miss Street's efficiency may have had something to do with that. However, Mason, we police aren't entirely dumb. After I found out that you didn't arrive at the office at your usual time and that Miss Street had stepped out on a matter of some urgency, I put two and two together, and so I waited. When you drove up in the taxicab you were getting just a little careless. I knew, from the expression on your face, that as soon as you saw me you were mentally kicking yourself for not walking that last block. I suppose you'd have done it anyway if it hadn't been for this cute blonde in the car with you. That brings up the next pertinent question: Who was this blonde and why didn't she get out when you got out?"

"The blonde," Mason said, "was named Eva Elliott. She lives in Apartment Three-seventeen at the Monadnock Apartments. Her telephone number is Pacific Seven—two-four-eight-one. She was formerly employed as a secretary for Homer Horatio Garvin, a client of mine, and was on her way to Hollywood to try out for a bit part somewhere."

"Well," Tragg said, "thanks for that information. Now where else did you go with the cab?"

"That," Mason said, "is a matter I don't think I'm in a position to discuss at the moment."

"I see, I see," Tragg said. "Now when did Garvin last consult you?"

"As it happened," Mason said, "I was the one who was trying to get in touch with Garvin. I was trying to get in touch with him Monday afternoon and I am still trying to get in touch with him."

Tragg thought that over, then said, "Would you go further and say that you had not seen Garvin between the time you first tried to get in touch with him Monday and the present time when you are still trying to get in touch with him?"

Mason grinned.

Tragg shook his head. "A man has to watch you all the time, Mason. You wouldn't lie, but your answers don't answer. Now, for your information, I know that Homer Garvin saw George Casselman last night."

"That he saw George Casselman last night?" Mason exclaimed.

Tragg nodded. "Now then, let me ask you a personal question."

"What?"

"Did you go to Casselman's apartment last night, then wait out by the back stairs, pick up a young woman and take her away in your car? A witness thinks you did."

"Indeed?"

"Now then, could it be possible that some young woman pushed a gun up against Casselman's breadbasket, pulled the trigger, then rang you on the telephone and said, 'Oh, Mr. Mason, come at once! Something terrible has happened!' Could it further be possible that you asked her what had happened, and she told you that she and Casselman had had a difference of opinion, that in order to frighten him she had pulled out a gun, that Casselman grabbed her and struggled for the gun, and in the struggle, much to her surprise, she heard the roar of an explosion and then Casselman fell back on the floor? And under those circumstances, could it have been possible that you suggested to her that it would be highly inadvisable to go out the front door, but that you would come to the service entrance and escort her out the back door and down to your automobile, and that in the meantime she was to say nothing about what had happened?"

There are days when it is difficult to reason with children—Monday to Sunday, inclusive.

SHANNON FIFE

Mason gave that matter thoughtful consideration. "Wouldn't that be rather unprofessional on my part?"

"It depends on how you look at it," Tragg said. "A legal code of ethics can be interpreted in many different ways. It's a well-known fact that your interpretation of a code of ethics is all in favor of your client. You wouldn't want your client to do anything that would incriminate herself, no matter what the law on the subject might be."

"You mean that my obligation not to betray a client would control all the other rules of ethics?"

"Something like that."

"It's an interesting possibility," Mason admitted.

"You haven't answered the question."

"Then I'll answer it now. The answer is no."

"When did you first learn Casselman was dead?"

"Miss Street heard it on the radio this morning."

"And told you?"

"Yes."

"And you went right out to start a cover-up?"

"I went right out to try to get in touch with a client."

"Garvin?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I wanted to tell him Casselman was dead. I thought it might change some of his plans."

"See Garvin?"

"No."

"Well, thanks, Mason. I wanted to ask. I was instructed to interview you."

"I'm always glad to co-operate with the police," Mason said.

Tragg drew his extended forefinger across his throat. "If everyone co-operated like you do, Mason, the D.A. wouldn't have a thing to worry about."

"No?"

"No, we'd never catch anyone, so he wouldn't have to try any cases. Well, I thought I'd give you an opportunity to come clean."

"Thanks."

"You have had an opportunity to come clean, you know. By the same sign, if you've tried to gum up the works, you've done it after knowing what we're looking for. That's bad. Now, we're looking for Garvin. If you get in touch with him tell him to call Homicide and ask for me. Tell him it's rather important."

Tragg got up from his chair, stretched, yawned and said, "Thanks a lot for all the help you've given me, Mason. Not

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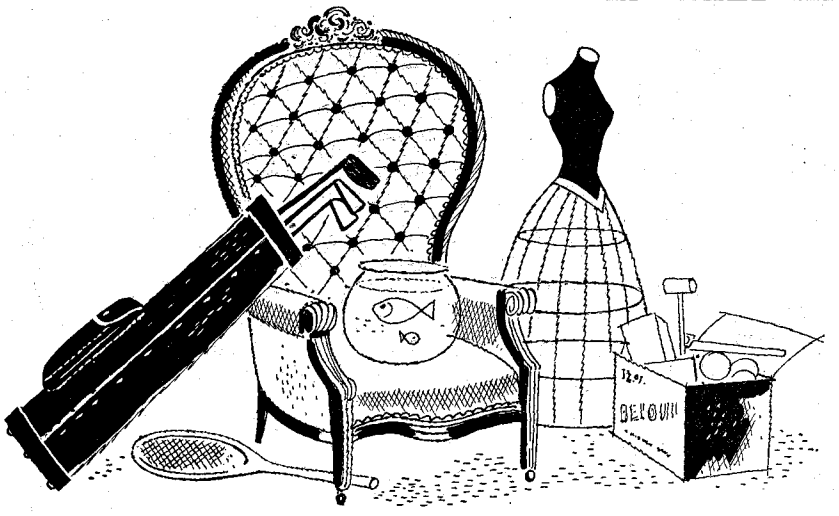

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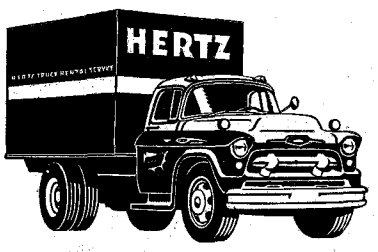

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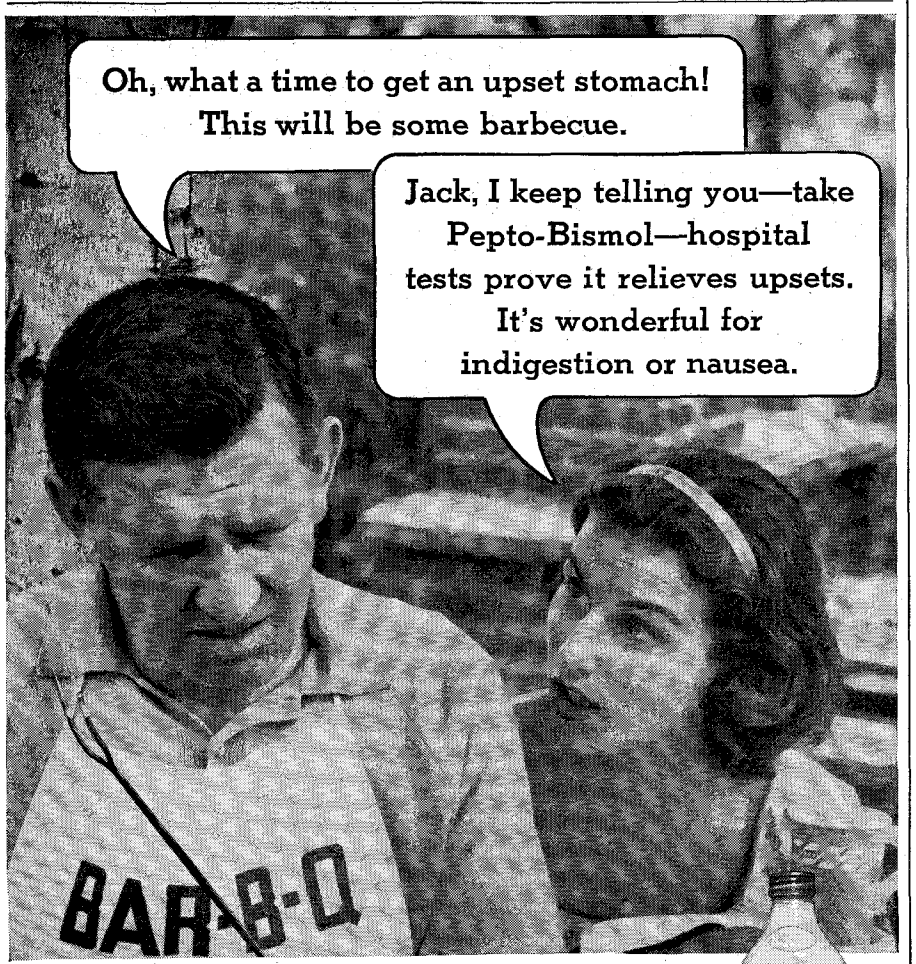
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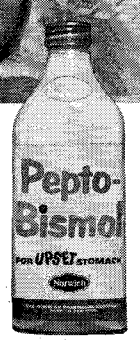

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conscious help, of course, but unconscious help. I can assure you it's been considerable. By the way, just checking through the records, we note that Homer Garvin had himself appointed a deputy sheriff, so he could carry a gun. . . . You wouldn't happen to know where Garvin's gun is now, would you?"

"Wouldn't it be in Mr. Garvin's possession?"

"I don't know. I'm sure I don't know," Tragg said. "But," he announced purposefully, "we intend to find out, and you can gamble on that, Mr. Mason. Well, I'll be seeing you, counselor. 'By now." Tragg left the office.

Mason said to Della Street, "Get Marie Barlow on the phone, Della."

Della Street called the switchboard, and, a moment later, said, "Here's Marie on the phone."

"Marie," Mason said, "this may be rather important. A lot of things have happened since I saw you last. Garvin may call you. If he does, I want you to tell him to get in touch with me at once, and tell him that he had better be a little careful how he does it because police are looking for him."

"Good heavens! The police!"

"That's right."

"What makes you think he'll get in touch with me?"

"Because I told him last night that you had been in to see him twice. It was news to him. His secretary had given him to understand that you'd never even asked for him."

"What? Why, that little, two-timing —— Why, that ——"

"Careful," Mason said, "don't get your blood pressure up. For your information, Eva Elliott was fired last night and is no longer with Mr. Garvin."

"Well, good for the boss!" Marie exclaimed. "Who's running the office?"

"So far, no one," Mason told her.

"Look, Mr. Mason," she said, "I'm going back."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I'm going back and open up that office for Mr. Garvin, and I'm going to stay on the job until he can get another secretary."

"You can't do that," Mason told her.

"Why can't I do it? I still have my old key to the office. I know the ropes. I know the clients. And at least I can be efficient and I'll answer the phone and see that he gets messages and see that the people who want to get in touch with him can get in touch with him."

"That might not be advisable."

"What do you mean?"

"Some people," Mason said.

She laughed. "I'll use my discretion."

"The situation may be a little different from what you anticipate. Some of the people who want to get in touch with him may be clothed with authority."

She thought that over for a moment, then said, "Thanks for the tip, Mr. Mason. If you get in touch with Mr. Garvin, tell him I'm on the job, and that all he'll owe me will be taxicab fare back and forth."

"O.K.," Mason said. "It may be a good idea."

He hung up the telephone and turned to Della Street. "I'm going out, Della. This time I'm going in my car, not ——" He broke off as the phone rang.

Della Street picked up her secretarial phone and said, "Who is it, Gertie? . . . Yes, I'm quite sure Mr. Mason wants to talk with him. . . . Homer Garvin on the line," she said.

Mason grabbed the phone. "Hello, Homer. Where are you?"

Garvin said, "Listen closely, Mason. I may not have time for anything except a few words."

"Shoot!" Mason told him.

Garvin said, "There's a possibility Stephanie Falkner fired the shot that killed Casselman while she was acting in self-defense. I want you to protect her."

"All right," Mason said. "If those are your instructions, that's fine, but where the devil are you and what ——"

"I'm being a red herring," Garvin interrupted.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm drawing the police off on a false scent. I'm going to try to keep on being a red herring. If I can get the police to accuse me of the crime, it will take a lot of the sting out of it when they finally back up and go after Stephanie."

"Wait a minute," Mason cautioned. "That's dangerous. You may not be in the clear yourself."

"That's all right. You take care of Stephanie. I'll take care of myself. Your first duty is to Stephanie. Do whatever you can to protect her, regardless of where the chips fall."

"Even if you become involved?"

"Even if I become involved."

"What's the idea?" Mason asked. "Just because your son was going with Stephanie Falkner and ——"

"Because," Garvin interrupted, "I love the girl. I guess I always have. I had been afraid to admit it even to myself. I'm telling you that in confidence, Mason, and if you blab that to anyone, even to Della Street, I'll break your damn neck."

Mason paused thoughtfully.

"You on the line?" Garvin demanded.

"I'm on the line," Mason said. "Here's a piece of news for you. I talked with Eva Elliott. She's out of your life for good and all. She won't even go near the office. The place is closed up tighter than a drum."

"We can't have that," Garvin said. "I've got a dozen deals pending and —— You'll have to get me someone, Mason."

"I already have," Mason said. "I talked with Marie Barlow on the phone. I told her Eva Elliott had been fired and that there was no one in the office. She's grabbing a taxicab and going up. She has her old key. She says she'll at least keep things in line."

"That," Garvin said, "is a load off my mind. Bless the girl. You said she was going to have a baby?"

"In about nine weeks."

"Tell her to stick it out as long as she can," Garvin said. "You may not hear from me for a while, Perry. I may be hard to find."

"You can't do that!" Mason said. "You ——"

There was a click at the other end of the line. The phone went dead.

Della Street raised her eyebrows in silent inquiry.

Mason said, "He may be stringing me along. He says he's playing red herring. I'm to represent Stephanie Falkner and try and keep her from getting involved. I'm going out, now, Della. I'll be back in about an hour. If anybody wants me, you haven't the faintest idea where I am."

"Could I make a guess?"

"Certainly."

"You're going to Homer Garvin's office and make certain there is no incriminating evidence for the police to find."

"That," Mason told her, "is an idea. It's a very good idea. The only trouble is there are two things wrong with it."

"What?"

"First," Mason said, "as an attorney I couldn't remove any evidence. That would be a crime. Second, I have something a lot more important to do. You must learn, Della, that an attorney cannot conceal evidence and he can't destroy evidence. You must also learn that an attorney with imagination and an abiding belief in the innocence of the client he's representing can do a great deal. We have one thing to be thankful for."

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"What?"

"The fact that Homer Garvin's wife insisted their first child should be named Homer, Junior."

"That," Della Street said, wrinkling her forehead, "is just half as clear as mud."

"I'll be back in an hour," Mason said, and walked out.

Mason drove his car into the used-car lot operated by Homer Garvin, Jr.

"Want to make a deal on that car?" a salesman asked.

Mason shook his head. "I want to see Garvin."

Mason opened the door of the office with the salesman at his heels. They crossed the office and Mason jerked open the door marked PRIVATE.

Homer Garvin looked up from his desk in surprise.

"Pardon the informality," Mason said, "but this is important. I want to talk with you where we can be undisturbed. How the hell do I get rid of this salesman who is yapping at my heels?"

"There's only one way that I know of," Garvin said. He nodded to the salesman. "Take his car out for a little spin, Jim. See what sort of shape it's in. Then check with our appraiser and see the best offer we can make."

"Go ahead," Mason said, "if that will take the heat off. But we're going places, Homer. If you have a man take my car out, you'll have to furnish the transportation."

"That's exactly what I was hoping," Garvin said. He turned to the salesman. "Take one of the appraisers with you and put the car through its paces. . . . All right, Mr. Mason, what can I do for you?"

"I want to know if you have a gun," Mason said. "I assume that you have. I know that you keep large quantities of cash on the lot here, and ——"

"I've got a gun," Garvin said.

"Got a permit?"

"Sure, I've got a permit."

"Let me see the gun you have in your desk," Mason said.

Garvin regarded him curiously for a moment; then pulled open the upper-right-hand desk drawer, took out a gun and slid it across the desk to Mason.

Mason picked up the gun, threw it down a couple of times in order to get the balance of the weapon and said, "This is a mighty good gun, Homer. It's a duplicate of one your dad carries."

"I wouldn't have anything except the best, Mr. Mason. Dad gave me that. It's just like ——"

Mason pulled the trigger. The roar of an explosion filled the little office. The bullet plowed a furrow across the polished mahogany of Garvin's desk, glanced off and imbedded itself in the wall.

"Hey! You damned fool!" Garvin shouted. "Put it down!"

Mason, still holding the gun, backed away. "Gee!" he said. "I didn't know it was loaded. I was just giving the trigger a little try and —— That's certainly a smooth mechanism."

"Of course it's a smooth mechanism," Garvin said. "And because I keep it for protection, I keep it loaded."

Mason slid the gun back to Garvin. "I guess I've got no business handling these things," he said.

Garvin said dryly, "You seem to know a lot more about them in court than you do when you're visiting clients."

"I'm sorry, Garvin. I guess I've made a commotion. I owe you a new desk."

"All right," Garvin said. "Now what? If you were anybody but Perry Mason, the act would have been convincing."

Mason grinned. "Put the gun in your pocket and come along."

"With the gun?"

"With the gun. You may need it."

"All right, I'll put another shell in and ——"

"No, no. Just the way it is," Mason told him.

"All right; where do we go?"

"We take a little ride."

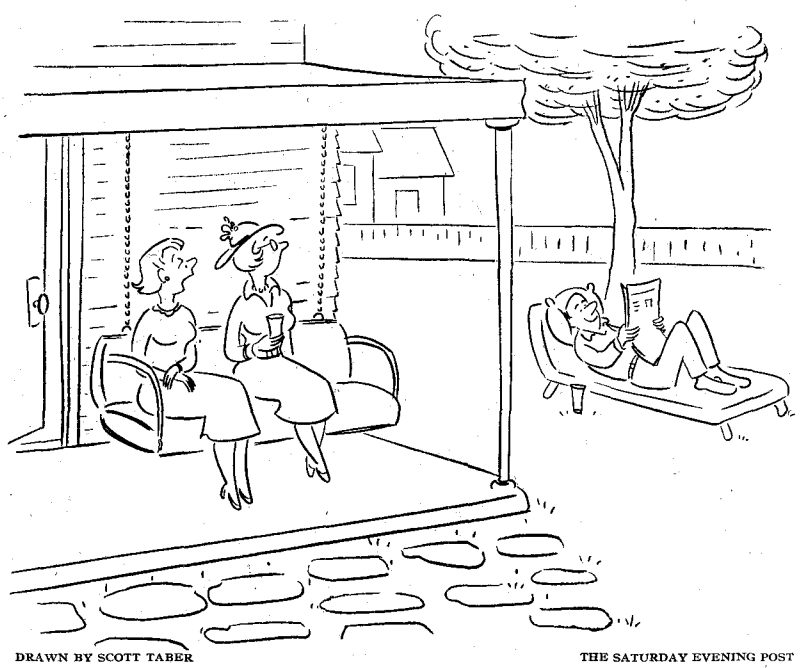
Garvin picked up a phone and said, "Get Ralph for me. . . . Ralph, I'm going out on a personal demonstration. Get me that X-Sixty job we took in yesterday. Have it out in front right away. . . . That's right! When I say 'right away,' I mean right away!"

Garvin surveyed the damaged desk. "Makes quite a groove," he said. "That was a swell-looking desk, but I didn't know the veneer on it was so thin. May I ask what's the idea, Mr. Mason?"

"The general idea," Mason said, "is that I want you to demonstrate this X-Sixty job you're talking about."

"Right this way," Garvin said.

He held the car door open and said, "Get right in. Get in behind the wheel of that car, Mr. Mason."



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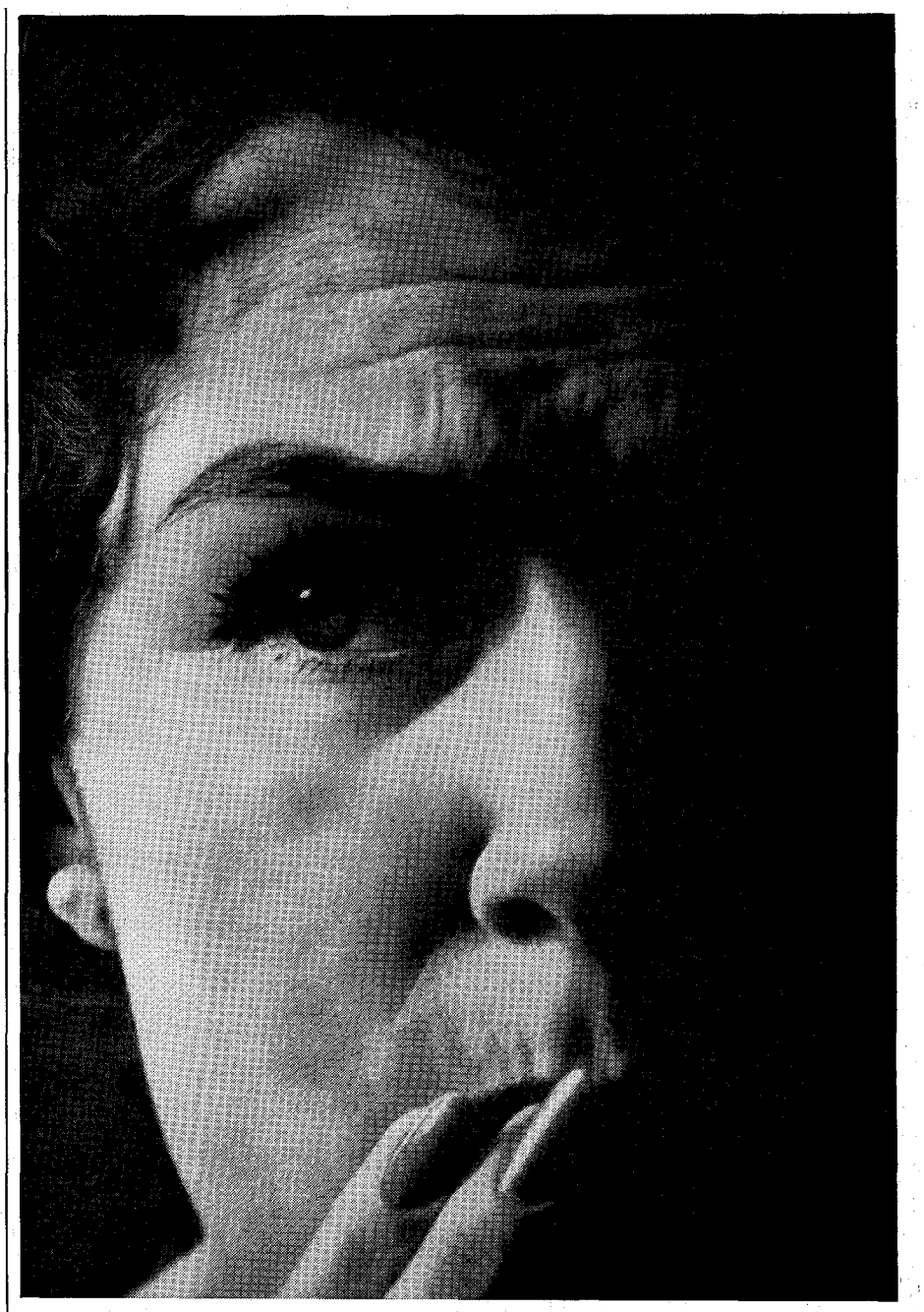

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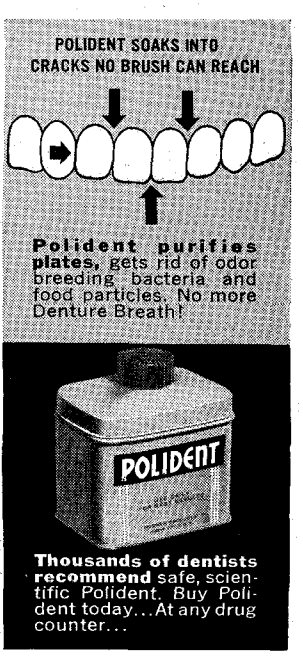
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Mason hesitated at the sight of the sports automobile which was drawn up in front of the place.

"Get in, try it and overcome both your prejudices and your ignorance at the same time. Greatest little job on earth! Compact! Efficient! Snappy! Distinctive! That's the kind of job you should be driving, Mr. Mason."

"Hang it!" Mason said. "In a car like that I'd stand out like a sore thumb. I'd go to call on a client and a hundred motorists driving by would see the car parked in front of the place and would say, 'Why, that's Mr. Mason's car. He must be in there calling on a client.'"

"Slide in behind the wheel, Mr. Mason. Go ahead. I did what you wanted and it's cost me a desk. This isn't going to cost you a cent, unless you buy it."

Mason slid in behind the wheel, put the car into gear, pressed the throttle slightly, and the car shot ahead as though it had been launched from a catapult. Mason spun the wheel just in time to catch a break in traffic and glide out onto the highway.

"May I ask where we're going?" Garvin inquired.

"Places," Mason said.

"Well, get this baby out on the freeway where we can roll it along a little bit. I want you to see what acceleration is."

"No," Mason said, "I'm getting along all right."

Mason drove for several minutes, then swung the car into a side street.

Garvin said suddenly, "Hey! Wait a minute! Wait a minute! What's happening here?"

Mason braked the car to a stop in front of the Lodestar Apartments.

"We have a job to do."

"Now wait a minute! Wa-i-i-it a minute!" Garvin said. "I don't know what you have in mind, but the answer is no."

"Come on," Mason told him.

"I'm a married man," Garvin told him.

"How does it feel?" Mason asked him.

"I don't know yet. It's a thoroughly enjoyable experience, so far, but —— I can see where it has advantages and disadvantages. However, I do have the most wonderful girl in the world, and I'm not going to do anything to jeopardize her happiness or mine."

"I wouldn't want you to," Mason said. "Come on along."

"What do you have in mind? Are you going to ask me to make some sort of a statement or ——"

Mason said, "I want you to keep your mouth shut. I want you to listen. If you feel like it, you can nod your head."

Mason led the way into the apartment house, up to Stephanie Falkner's apartment. The lawyer tapped on the door of the apartment. There was the rustle of motion from the other side of the door, then the door opened a crack.

"Who is it?" Stephanie Falkner asked.

She saw Mason and said, "Oh, Mr. Mason!" She threw the door open; then her eyes widened as she saw Homer Garvin, Jr., standing just behind Mason.

"Now get this straight, Stephanie," Homer Garvin said. "Whatever this is all about, it's Mr. Mason's idea. None of it is mine."

"Shut up!" Mason told him. "Come in! Keep quiet!"

Stephanie Falkner fell back. Mason escorted Garvin into the apartment and kicked the door shut behind him.

"Congratulations, Homer!" Stephanie said.

"Shut up, both of you," Mason snapped. "We don't have much time. Stephanie, Homer Garvin has been concerned about your safety. Despite his recent marriage, you remain a very dear friend. In view of what happened to your father and because he has learned through me that negotiations are again pending with what is probably the same syndicate, he feels that you should have something for your protection."

"For her protection!" Garvin asked.

"Shut up," Mason said. "Give her the gun."

Garvin hesitated, then reached in his pocket and pulled out the gun.

"Take it, Stephanie," Mason said. "There is no secret about this. There's no reason for any deception. If anyone asks you where you got the gun, you can tell them that it is a gun you received from Homer Garvin, and conversely if anyone asks you where the gun is you got from Homer Garvin, there is no reason you shouldn't hand over this gun. You will note that one shot has been discharged from this weapon. That was the condition of the weapon when it was given to you. You have no idea as to who discharged the cartridge, where or when. If anyone wants to know the answer to those questions, it will be necessary for them to check with Homer Garvin. Thank you very much for your courteous attention, and I think it was a splendid gesture on the part of Mr. Garvin to see that you were protected. That's all. . . . Come on, Homer."

Mason opened the door of the apartment. Stephanie Falkner regarded them with puzzled eyes. The gun lay on the table in the middle of the room.

Homer Garvin said, "I'd have told you about it before you read it in the papers, Stephanie, only ——"

"You don't have to explain, Homer," she said. "I understand perhaps a lot more than you think. After all, there's no reason why we can't be friends."

Homer pushed past Mason, stepped forward and extended his hand. The two shook hands.

Mason, holding the door of the apartment open, said, "Homer Garvin, if you don't get out of here, I'll call a taxi and ride back in that."

"That does it, honey," Homer Garvin said. "I'm selling the sucker a car."

As they were starting across the ground-floor lobby Mason suddenly grabbed Garvin's arm and said, "This way, please."

Mason led Garvin over to the seats by a table covered with reading matter. He grabbed a magazine, pushed Garvin down on the seat, shoved the magazine into his hands, picked up a newspaper and sat down beside him.

The door of the apartment house opened. Lieutenant Tragg, of the Homicide Squad, accompanied by Sergeant Holcomb and the taxi driver who had driven Mason earlier in the morning, approached the desk. They talked briefly with the attendant, then entered the elevator.

"All right," Mason said, "let's go, and let's hope they didn't notice that sports car out front."

"What the hell do you mean, didn't notice it?" Garvin said. "That's like suggesting a banker doesn't notice the steam calliope in a circus parade as it goes by during a directors' meeting."

"That," Mason said, "is what I'm afraid of. If you're going to do business with me on an automobile, you'll have to get something dark, quiet and conservative."

"I have just the thing for you," Garvin said.

"What is it?"

"A secondhand hearse. It's only had one owner."

At two-fifteen the telephone in Mason's private office rang and Della Street said, "Marie Barlow is on the phone, says it's rather urgent."

Mason nodded, took the telephone and said, "Hello, Marie. This is Perry Mason."

"Oh, Mr. Mason, I'm so glad I caught you. Two officers of the Homicide Squad are here, Lieutenant Tragg and Sergeant Holcomb. They have a search warrant authorizing them to search Mr. Garvin's office. What do I do?"

"Dust off the chairs," Mason said. "Invite them to make themselves at home. Tell them to search all they please. Have them give you an inventory of anything they take from the office. Give Sergeant Holcomb my compliments, and ask him to try to refrain from leaving burning cigarettes on the office tables and desks so they leave burnt smudges."

"That should do it," she said.

"That will do it," Mason told her. "Telephone me when they leave."

Mason hung up the phone and said to Della Street, "Well, here's where trouble starts. I'm going down the hall to see Paul Drake. Call me there if anything breaks."

Mason walked down the corridor, pushed open the door of the entrance office on which a sign read DRAKE DETECTIVE AGENCY.

He said to the receptionist, "Paul in?"

She nodded.

"Busy?"

"No, Mr. Mason. Go right on down. Want me to announce you?"

"No need unless there's someone with him."

"He's alone."

Mason pushed open the gate which led to a corridor flanked by small, cubby-hole offices each just big enough to interview a witness in privacy or where an operative could prepare a typewritten report.

Drake's office was down at the end of the corridor and was slightly larger, having room for a desk and a couple of extra chairs. Four telephones were arranged in a row on the desk. Drake was checking a report as Mason pushed open the door.

"Hi, Paul."

"Hi, Perry."

"Want a job?"

"Sure."

"George Casselman."

"He was murdered last night," Drake said.

"You keep up on your murders, don't you?"

"So do you, if I may say so."

Mason grinned. "I'm particularly interested in the time of death, any suspects the police may have, any information they may uncover, anything you can get on the background of Casselman. I'd suggest you grub around in Las Vegas because I think he has a Las Vegas background. I don't know how long he's been living in the apartment where the body was found. I want to get everything. The works."

"I can give you some information right now," Drake said. "Casselman was a penny-ante racketeer."

"Gambler?" Mason asked.

"Not so much gambler as petty rackets."

"O.K.," Mason said. "See what you can find out. I can give you one tip."

"What?"

"You remember a man who was killed here a few months ago, fellow by the name of Falkner—Glenn Falkner?"

"Oh, yes; gangster killing, wasn't it?"

"It was not," Mason said. "That is, I don't think it was, although the police have listed it as a gangster killing, and as a result not too much was ever done on it. Because Casselman had some connections in gambling circles and Glenn Falkner did, too, police have made a check on Stephanie Falkner, the daughter of the man who was murdered a few months ago."

"You representing her?" Drake asked.

"I'm looking out for her interests, Paul."

"O.K., I'll get busy. What is this? Big, medium-sized or small job?"

"Whatever is necessary to get the information. Start out easy and finish up hard."

Drake reached for a telephone. "O.K., Perry, I'll start some men on it right now. I have a man down in the press room at headquarters who gets stuff as fast as it's available for the papers."

"Have him keep an ear cocked," Mason said, "and shoot the information down to the office as soon as you get it."

"O.K.," Drake said, "I'm started."

Mason walked back to his own office, heard steps in the corridor behind him, turned and saw Stephanie Falkner hurrying down the corridor.

"Well," Mason said, "what brings you here?"

"Oh, Mr. Mason, I'm so glad I found you. May I see you a moment?"

"Come on in this way," Mason said, fitting a latchkey to the door of his private office.

TO BE CONTINUED

"Believe me, Esther, I didn't mean to insult your mother!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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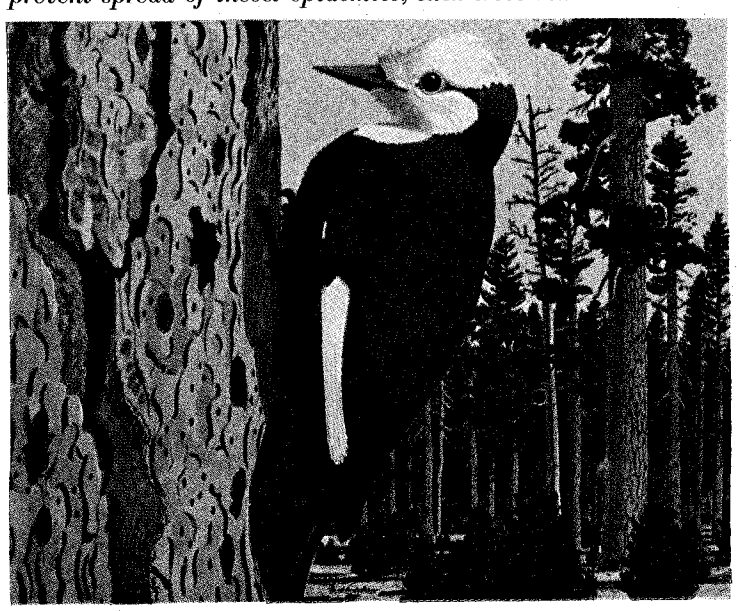
fire weather... a time of danger for America's forestlands

Fire, insects and disease are natural forest enemies. This tree is infested with pine beetles that ultimately will kill it. To prevent spread of insect epidemics, such trees must be removed.



When summer sun bakes the land and arid winds dry out the trees, men in the woods go on the alert. This is *fire weather*, a time of danger when lightning, a spark or careless match can set an entire forest ablaze... destroying timber and other important forest resources. To hold such losses to a minimum, tree farmers have developed well-organized and carefully planned fire protection programs.

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4-SQUARE

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Top-Secret Man

(Continued from Page 30)

straight from him, so far as this part of the story goes.

Everybody in Exeter was tremendously proud of Howard's appointment. A hometown boy, he'd gone to State, and from there to M.I.T., where he'd taken his doctor's degree. And all of this, mind you, without taking a single red cent from his Aunt Bess Enderby, who'd raised him after his folks died. All done on scholarships, hard work and good old, red-blooded Exeter County get-up-and-go. Fine boy in every respect. Tall, kind of heavy set, and his hair just beginning to recede a bit. Wore horn-rim glasses, but not stuffy, if you follow me.

Anyhow, when Howard came back to Exeter to work, his Aunt Bess had died, so he went to live at Mrs. Sam Heyward's boardinghouse out on West Market Street near Belvedere Avenue, and that's how he got to know Miss Vinnie Heyward, who was about three years younger than he was—that would have made her just on thirty—and taught sixth grade at Franklin Elementary. Not what you or I might call a beautiful girl, perhaps, but she had a sweet, kind face and manner. Probably it was only natural that she and Howard should be attracted to each other. Here was Howard, who'd worked too hard getting an education to have much time left for girls, and here was Vinnie, who felt she ought to stand by her widowed mother and was just about resigned to being an old-maid schoolteacher living out her life in their big old house.

And so it got to be pretty well understood between them that just as soon as Howard's year of probation was up and he'd proved he could handle the job, he and Vinnie would be engaged to be married.

Well, sir, you can imagine how the two of them felt when Roebuck Masterson called Howard into his office and told him the job was permanent.

"That missile-control system of yours has got us an eight-million-dollar contract from the Air Force, my boy," Roebuck Masterson told Howard. "Exeter Electronics doesn't overlook work like yours, Howard. Forget the probationary period; the job s all yours, and what's more, your first raise becomes effective today. Congratulations, m'boy!"

It was a dream come true. The big, sunny office with its fine, comfortable furniture, and full command of a research laboratory second to none were really his, Howard Enderby's. It was just about everything a bright young research scientist might wish, and then some.

That very night Howard took Vinnie out to dinner at the Hotel Phineas Exeter and proposed over their second cup of coffee. Vinnie's brown eyes were misty when she accepted, and she could barely keep from weeping when Howard brought out the diamond.

"With what I'll be making," Howard told her, "we'll be able to give your mother so much every month, and she can give up the boardinghouse, if she wants to, and find a nice little apartment. As for us, I've had my eye on that new development, Aurora Hills, out on the Bull Road; one of those split-levels, maybe."

"Oh, Howie," Vinnie said softly, "aren't they terribly dear? I mean, isn't that where the Luther Manchesters bought?"

"Luther Manchester, the lawyer? Why, Vinnie, do you realize that I'll be making nearly as much as Luther Manchester made the best year he ever saw?" Howard said proudly. "You won't have to blink an eye when Martha Manchester walks by, no, ma'am. Not Mrs. Vinnie Enderby, the prettiest girl in town."

"Oh, Howie," Vinnie breathed. "I'm so happy for us." And gently she laid her hand, sparkling with its diamond, on his.

Well, then, you can imagine how they must have felt two weeks later when Howard lost his job. He'd been working on plans for an entirely new research project when Roebuck Masterson sent for him, and when he arrived in Masterson's office, there was this quiet young fellow from the FBI.

"Howard, I'm one hundred per cent certain there's been some stupid mistake in the records," Masterson began bluntly, ignoring the shocked look on the face of this fellow from the FBI, "but it's about your security clearance. They tell me they can't clear you to work on Top Secret projects. Now they tell me! Frankly, I think they're crazy."

"But ——" Howard was speechless.

"Were you," the FBI man asked smoothly, "between September of 1937 and June of 1939, a member of the Demosthenian Literary and Debating Society at the Pennsylvania State College in State College, Pennsylvania, now known as the Pennsylvania State University at University Park, Pennsylvania?"

"Why, certainly," Howard replied unhesitatingly. "We won the All-College Trophy in '38. Old Doc Stolzmeyer was our faculty adviser that year. Grand old gentleman."

"H'm'm'm." The FBI man sounded mildly pleased. "That does it. Doubtless you are aware, Mr. Enderby, that Professor Stolzmeyer was at that time Eastern Regional Director of the Communist Party in the United States?"

"Oh, no! Oh, dear me, no!"

"Oh, yes. Now the odds are, Enderby, that you're probably fairly loyal, but in this game we can't take chances. Rules are rules and regulations are regulations, and the fact remains that for two years, give or take a few weeks either way, you were in regular and close association with a known Communist."

"But we won the All-College on the affirmative of: Resolved by this House; that the Soviet Union Stinks!"

"You see, Enderby? These people are subtle. Sorry, but so far as your clearance is concerned, it's no go."

"But Stolzmeyer himself could tell you I never ——"

"Professor Stolzmeyer, Enderby, took a sabbatical for study abroad in 1948. When last seen, he was boarding a train bound for Warsaw. He has since published two papers in the Soviet Journal of Comparative Bibliography and is believed living in Leningrad."

"Heaven knows how I hate to do this, Howard," Roebuck Masterson declared sadly, "but it looks very much as if I'll have to transfer you to Household Appliances. At least, until somebody clears this mess up once and for all."

"It's been very nice meeting you, Mr. Enderby," said the man from the FBI. "Sorry it's taken us so long to get around to you, but our backlog's tremendous. And you've taken this very well, I may say. Some of them foam at the mouth and run."

"But I've got to finish work on our missile-control system," Howard said desperately. "After all, it's my own invention, and none of the other fellows in the lab fully understand all of the problems we've still got to lick."

"Sorry, Enderby." The FBI agent's tone was final. "We can't take the risk. Your system's been classified Top Secret, and without a clearance—well ——" He shrugged and left.

So Howard Enderby was transferred to Household Appliances. Oh, it was done with tact and discretion, and Roebuck Masterson always made a point, over the poker table at the country club, of the fact that he needed his best men in Household Appliances because, in the final analysis, household appliances were the real backbone of Exeter Electronics. When world tensions eased, who would need guided missiles? But the world would always need and buy a better vacuum sweeper.

Nevertheless, there was bound to be talk, and there was. Howard Enderby had been tried and found wanting; he just hadn't measured up to the job. Some people said they'd always said right along that Bess Enderby's nephew was a little too smart for his own good.

But Vinnie Heyward, bless her, was steadfast and loyal, and said it didn't make even the tiniest bit of difference that Howard's lower salary wouldn't permit them to buy the split-level in Aurora Hills. And she went straight ahead with her plans for the wedding, except that she gave up all thought of a big ceremony with bridesmaids and ushers and all.

"Sooner or later they'll realize this is all just a silly, stupid old mistake," she kept telling Howard. "You'll see."

So they were married. Just a quiet little wedding in the side chapel at St. John's, with only a few friends. And found themselves a nice little apartment.

Howard worked hard in Household Appliances. He developed a new type of switch for the Exeter Line's mixer, and eliminated the static nuisance in the rotisserie. But his heart wasn't in it.

One afternoon, roughly three months after his demotion, he went to see Roebuck Masterson.

"Sir, I wonder if you'd mind suggesting to Bill Loughlin that he interlock the B-circuit complex with the thermal return," Howard said, referring to one of his former subordinates still working on the missile-control system.

Roebuck Masterson's eyes hardened, and he heaved himself to his feet behind his desk. "Howard, I'm shocked and surprised at you. How'd you know Bill was having trouble with that B circuit? Have you been pumping him for information? Aren't you aware you're not even supposed to know anything about that circuit?"

"It's really very simple, sir. I assumed that, in the normal course of development, Bill would be getting around to working on the B circuit just about now. I happened to pass him in the corridor this morning and he looked worried. I therefore assumed he'd come to the B-circuit problem and was encountering difficulties, and certainly the difficulty most likely to arise is with the interlock. The solution is to tie it in with the thermal return. You see what I mean?"

"You're dead sure Bill didn't violate security and come to you for help?"

"Dead sure."

"I'll pass on your suggestion, Howard, but I'm damned if I know what to think about this."

Well, as it turned out, interlocking the B-circuit complex with the thermal return did the trick, as Howard had known it would.

Several weeks later, he dropped by Masterson's office again, and laid on his superior's desk a superbly miniaturized angle-of-attack computer.

"George Heffernan ought to be about ready for this gadget," he told Masterson. "Anything larger would cramp the space he's going to need for the search-and-track radar." George Heffernan was Bill Loughlin's right-hand man. "I built it at home, by the way, in my spare time."

Two days afterward, Masterson was summoned to the Pentagon to face a grim-visaged group of Defense Department security officers, none ranking lower than full colonel.

"I tell you Enderby's a genius," Masterson told them flatly. "And I can swear on a stack of Bibles that he hasn't been near the research lab since the day I moved him out. The point is, he can estimate and deduce what problems are likely to arise, and then he simply goes ahead and works out an answer."

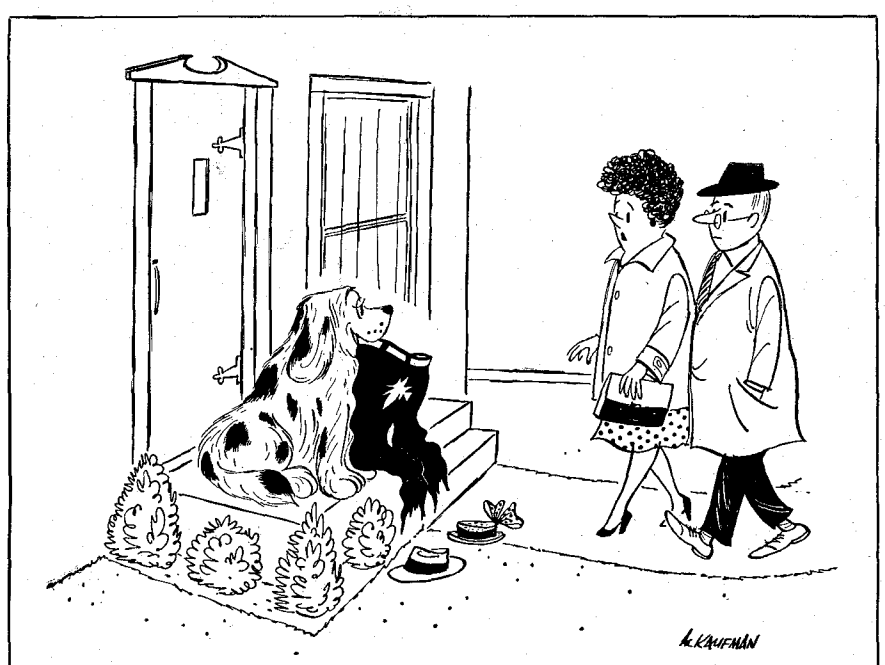
"He shouldn't," a rear admiral snapped, and stared distantly out of the window at the Potomac. "He's in violation of security even thinking about such things."

"I think intensive surveillance is indicated," an Air Force major general rasped. "We've got to establish who his contacts are; whether he's passing this stuff along and, if so, to who."

"To whom," corrected the gentleman from the Atomic Energy Commission, who had come to the meeting just in case.

"Nevertheless, Enderby's developed a workable gadget and we're going to use it," Roebuck Masterson said in a voice that rang steel. His eyes were icy beneath the formidable white thatch of his brows. "You can't

(*Continued on Page 92*)



"I wonder who called while we were out?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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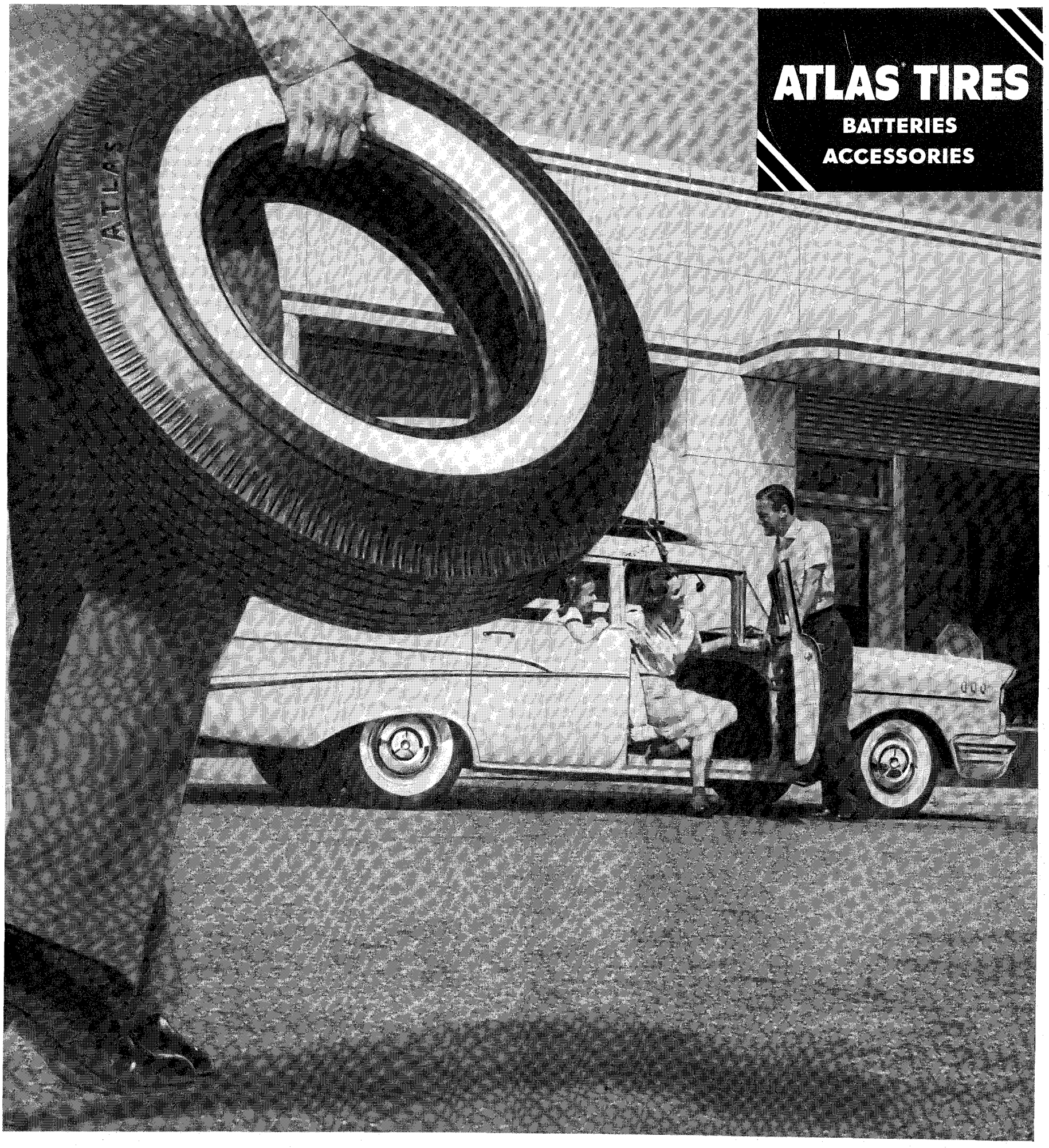

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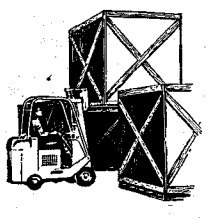

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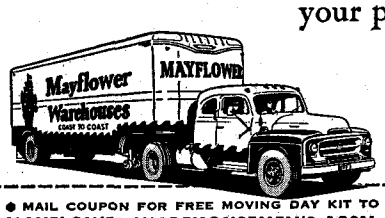

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Coast to Coast
EXCLUSIVE AGENTS AERO MAYFLOWER TRANSIT CO.

(*Continued from Page 90*) stop a man from thinking, even if everything he thinks is classified."

"That's what I don't like about the situation," the rear admiral admitted.

"I'll initiate intensive surveillance procedures at once," said the gentleman from the FBI.

Three days after this meeting, Agent G. Fred MacBirney moved into the guest-sewing-room-cum-den in Howard and Vinnie Enderby's apartment. Slow-spoken and gentle, G. Fred MacBirney was a tall young man of Howard's age, but considerably thinner. He was also considerably embarrassed.

"Isn't there something in the Constitution about not quartering troops on the people?" Howard asked, when MacBirney showed up at the door, presented his credentials and stated his mission. "Not that Vinnie and I object to you personally, believe me. Vinnie loves company, and so do I, up to a point."

"I'm not exactly troops," MacBirney pointed out, "but I think you've got an argument there that would stand up in court. It's in the Bill of Rights someplace and, frankly, I don't think this is legal; but then, I'm not giving the orders. I also think you're taking this wonderfully, I really do."

"Most of them foam at the mouth and run, I suppose?" Howard inquired, smiling benignly.

"I beg pardon?"

"Nothing, actually. Just a passing thought."

"You could say I'm a visiting cousin," MacBirney suggested helpfully. "I mean, it might make it easier for both of us."

"Do you by any chance play chess?" Howard asked as he helped MacBirney carry his suitcases into the guest room. "I'm an Egeshevsky's Gambit man, myself."

"Ever try Braunstein's end game?" MacBirney replied. "It works beautifully, once you get the hang of it."

"Now why don't you two boys step across the street to the Dutch Kitchen for a beer while I fix supper?" Vinnie called from her own kitchen. "Lamb chops, broccoli and scalloped potatoes. Does Mr. MacBirney take tea or coffee, Howard?"

That evening Howard won two games and lost one. G. Fred MacBirney insisted on going out to fetch midnight hamburgers, and Vinnie finished turning one of Howard's worn shirt collars and repaired a skirt.

Four weeks later, G. Fred MacBirney paused to light his pipe as he walked down South George Street past the First Presbyterian Church. A small anonymous black sedan eased up to the curb and MacBirney got swiftly into it.

"Well, Fred, what's the pitch? We haven't had Report One from you, and you've had a month." The driver headed for the open countryside south of the city as he began his interrogation. "Meanwhile, all hell's busted loose in Washington, but I'll get to that later. What's with this guy Enderby?"

"He hasn't been out of my sight for a minute, except when he's asleep. And I'd like to go on record as saying he's as nice a security risk as any I've ever seen. Mrs. Enderby's a superlative cook, and I've put on four pounds. It's her marble layer cake with coconut icing."

"Does he keep a typewriter in his bedroom?"

"Now you mention it, I think he does. After all, I'm using what used to be his study. Why?"

"Seems he's written a couple of letters to the Pentagon, and the boys are climbing up the walls and gibbering."

"What sort of letters?"

"They won't tell me, but I get the distinct impression they're horrified at the idea of sending such hot dope through the mails. You know, Fred, if it was anybody else on this assignment but you, I'd swear we were goofing somewhere."

"George, why don't you have dinner with us this evening and see for yourself what the Enderbys are like?"

"Who, me? Me! Why, they'd throw me out so hard I'd bounce into next week."

"Nonsense, George. Howard and Vinnie would love nothing better than to have me bring my boss home to supper."

"Fred, boy, maybe I will." George swung the small black sedan around and headed back toward town. "You say she prefers coconut icing, eh, Fred?" The sedan picked up speed.

G. Fred MacBirney's boss, George, was not exaggerating the gravity of the situation at the Pentagon, where something closely approaching panic had swept through the various branches, bureaus, sections and subgroups devoted to safeguarding the security of the Department of Defense.

The cause of this unfortunate situation was a series of letters from Howard J. Enderby. None of the letters had anything whatsoever to do with projects then under way at Exeter Electronics, and this is what shook one and all so badly. For example, Enderby had outlined, clearly and briefly, a radar diffusing device which could render an aircraft carrier invisible, on radar at least, at less than two miles. Once somebody who could understand the letter had been located, the reaction was immediate and violent. The letter was classified Top Secret, Eyes Only, and major changes were ordered in the construction of the carrier Shiloh, building at Newport News.

Another in the series of letters suggested the solution to a design problem which had been holding up production of the ultrasecret Air Force Vulcanus ground-to-air rocket for nearly six months.

"Announcement of the Vulcanus project appeared in my local newspaper more than a year ago," Howard had written, "and since I haven't yet read of its being produced, I got to thinking about the most likely trouble spot your people might run across, and it struck me that the target-locking transistors might give you a bad time. If you've got the problem licked, just throw this into the nearest wastebasket. Yours sincerely, H. J. Enderby, Ph.D."

When the sixth letter arrived, postmarked "Exeter, Pa.," the Under Secretary of Defense for Security called an emergency meeting in his office. It was a tense and uneasy assemblage, and the atmosphere was rendered no cheerier by the presence of a Deputy Attorney General, who had been asked to sit in to advise on questions of constitutional law.

"If this were Russia, we could have this man, Enderby, shot," the Under

Popular Pastime

It's really no fun having
nothing to do.
It's boresome, that's all
there is to it.
There's so much more zest
in taking a rest
When you've plenty to do,
but don't do it!

S. Omar Barker

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Secretary for Security said, opening the meeting. "And if this were Great Britain, we wouldn't be conducting this meeting in the first place. Gentlemen, we've got a problem on our hands, mark you my words."

"Under the law," the Deputy Attorney General put in, joining the tips of his fingers in judicial fashion, "the defenda—— that is to say, Enderby, cannot be prevented from thinking, as Schmidlap versus North Carolina plainly indicates. The question resolves itself into the problem of what you do with a man who keeps thinking Top Secret thoughts."

"We couldn't sort of classify his head, could we?" inquired a youthful Air Force brigadier, who was promptly frozen into flush-faced and embarrassed silence by a senior admiral.

"Wouldn't it be possible to strike the Demosthenian Literary and Debating Society off your list of subversive organizations?" the Under Secretary of Defense for Security asked wistfully. "You know, just quietly, just this once. As kind of a favor."

"Well!" The Deputy Attorney General was shocked to the depths of his legal soul. "That sort of thing may be all very well over here in Defense, but let me assure you we don't go in for it at Justice, no, sir-ree-bob!"

"We've got to do something," the Under Secretary said slowly, pounding the table with his fist to emphasize his words. "We . . . simply . . . have . . . got . . . to . . . do . . . something."

"I still say we could classify his head," the Air Force brigadier muttered beneath his breath, as the meeting broke up an hour later without reaching a final decision.

Back in Exeter, there was quiet joy in the Enderby apartment. Roebuck Masterson, daring opposition from his board of directors, had made Howard co-chief of Research and Development, in charge of Household Appliances, and had raised his salary accordingly. Howard and Vinnie had forthwith purchased the split-level Tudor cottage at 413 Fenwick Lane, right across the street from the Georgian Colonial rancher occupied by the Luther Manchesters. G. Fred MacBirney had gone to New York for a weekend and returned with a third-rate but absolutely genuine Matisse drawing which had taken every cent he'd saved for a vacation in Mexico.

"I want you kids to have something to remember me by," MacBirney had said simply as Vinnie accepted his gift, her gentle brown eyes swimming. "That is, if I ever leave."

"Which reminds me," Howard said, pausing in the act of stirring the preprandial shaker of martinis, "have you picked out the wallpaper for your room yet, Fred?"

And then the telephone rang.

"Is anything wrong, Howard?" Vinnie asked when her husband had finished listening to the caller at the other end of the wire. "You have such an odd expression on your face."

"They want me in Washington tomorrow afternoon," he told her. "And they said I'd better bring along my attorney, if I had one."

"Oh, Howard! I'm frightened!"

His jaw hard, G. Fred MacBirney reached for the telephone, dialed long distance, waited briefly and then spoke, harshly and swiftly, "That you, George? Fred MacBirney here. This is official. I quit. 'Night, George." And hung up. "As it happens," he said, turning to Howard and Vinnie, "I am a lawyer, licensed to practice law in the District of Columbia and before the Supreme Court of the United States. I hereby volunteer my services. Howie, you've just got yourself a barrister!"

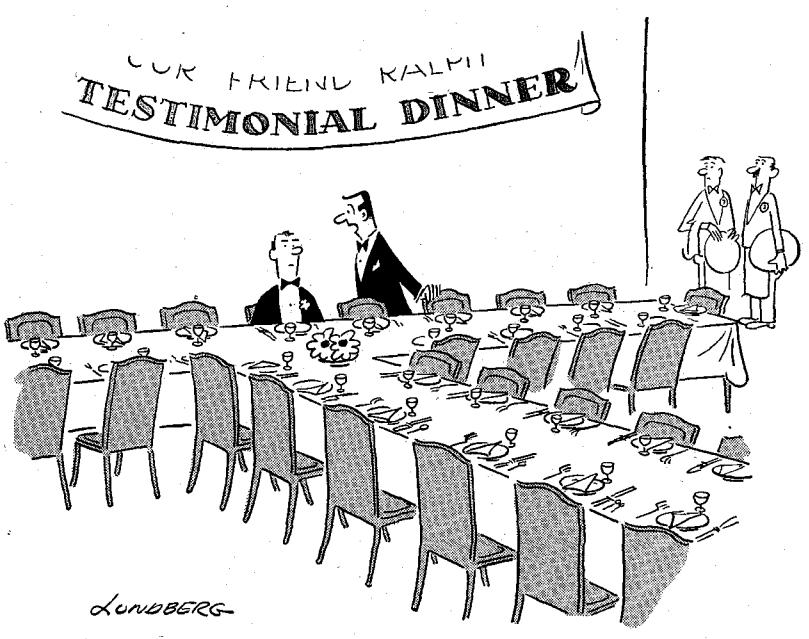
"I'll pack a lunch and we can drive down." Vinnie brightened at once. "It's been years since I've visited Washington."

The following day, Howard J. and Vinnie T. Enderby, accompanied by counsel, G. Fred MacBirney, presented themselves at the offices of the Under Secretary of Defense for Security, and were ushered into the same room in which the emergency meeting had been called a few days before. The same group was gathered about the long mahogany table, but on this occasion the door was guarded by two United States marines in dress blues.

"Admiral Walkinson, Lieutenant General Bishop, Colonel Catling and Mr. Davis, of the AEC," the Under Secretary completed the introductions. "Major Cramsie, would you get Mrs. Enderby an ash tray, please? . . . We want this to be as informal as possible, you understand, Mrs. Enderby. Just a friendly little group."

There followed a brief statement of the situation by the Deputy Attorney General, according to Fred MacBirney's best recollection. You will not, of course, be surprised to learn that the verbatim transcript of the proceedings was destroyed by

(*Continued on Page 95*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Let's face it, Ralph, you're not as popular as we thought!"

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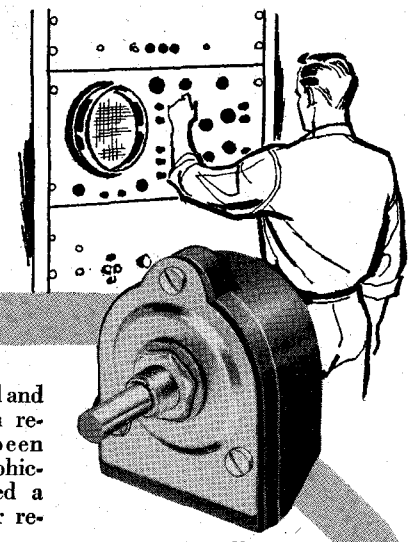

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A bullet for Charlemagne

THE thickset Caco general got slowly to his feet. Behind him, in the darkness, stood an ugly backdrop of a hundred Haitian outlaws. At his feet, a woman stirred a small fire.

Confronting him, the tattered young man in blackface disguise saw the fire gleam on his white silk shirt and pearl handled pistol and knew this was the murderous chieftain, Charlemagne Masena Peralte. The man he'd come for, through a jungle and a 1200-man encampment, past six hostile outposts, risking detection and certain death.

Charlemagne squinted across the fire. "Who is it?" he challenged in Creole.

There was no alternative; Marine Sergeant Herman Hanneken dropped his disguise, drew an automatic, and fired.

The night exploded into gunflame, most of it from Hanneken's second-in-command, Marine Corporal Button, and his handful of disguised Haitian gendarmes. But the shot that killed Charlemagne was the one which would finally end Caco terror and bring peace to Haiti.

Sergeant Hanneken is retired now—as Brigadier General Hanneken, USMC, with a Silver Star for Guadalcanal, a Legion of Merit for Peleliu, a Bronze Star for Cape Gloucester, a Gold Star, and a Navy Cross. And, for his incredible expedition against Charlemagne, November 1, 1919, the Medal of Honor.

The Herman Hannekens are a rare breed, it is true. Yet in all Americans there is much of the courage and character which they possess in such unusual abundance. Richer than gold, greater, even, than our material resources, it is the *living* wealth behind one of the world's soundest investments—United States Savings Bonds. It backs our country's guarantee: safety of principal up to any amount, and an assured rate of return. For real security, buy Bonds regularly, through your bank or the Payroll Savings Plan. And hold onto them!

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(*Continued from Page 93*) burning immediately afterward, and the two marines who had been present were transferred to duty aboard the radar picket ship Covington, permanently stationed in the Bering Sea. But Fred MacBirney's word is good enough for me, and this is the way it went, as he recalls.

"What it boils down to," the Under Secretary of Defense declared when the Deputy Attorney General had finished, "is that we're in a bind. We need your brain, Enderby, but legally you're not supposed to use it."

"Mr. Enderby's contributions are proving immeasurably valuable," rumbled the senior Air Force general, and there was a loud murmur of assent. "We've got to the point where we couldn't do without his thinking, rocketry-wise."

"Hear, hear," said the AEC's representative. "Well said."

"I tell you, Enderby," the Under Secretary resumed, "we've put our best thinking into this mess, and I believe we've come up with the answer."

"It better be good," muttered G. Fred MacBirney.

"We have decided, with the full agreement of the Justice Department," the Under Secretary said, "to classify you!"

"Top Secret!" the Deputy Attorney General added triumphantly.

"Now wait just one minute!" G. Fred MacBirney thundered, leaping to his feet. "Now you just hold your horses!"

But then Howard Enderby was speaking, and a curious smile was on his broad, pleasant face. "Relax, Fred," he said easily, beaming through his horn-rimmed spectacles. "Maybe he's got a point. Naturally," he continued, directing his attention now to the Under Secretary, "you've planned to classify Vinnie—that is, Mrs. Enderby—Top Secret too?"

"Why—ah, I hadn't thought about that angle," came the reply, in some confusion. "But I suppose we'd have to, wouldn't we?"

Howard nodded happily. "And I think you'll agree that, as Top Secrets, we really ought to be isolated. For security's sake."

"We did have something like that in mind, I'll admit," put in the Deputy Attorney General uneasily.

"And it goes without saying that you'll want me to go right on thinking?" Howard went on, sweetly and earnestly.

"Great Scott, yes, man! That's the very reason we've got to classify you!" boomed the senior admiral.

"But in order to think properly, I'll need the correct environment, won't I?" Howard asked, and now his voice was so gentle that the representative from the Atomic Energy Commission had to cup an ear to hear.

"That would seem to follow," the Under Secretary agreed smoothly.

"But if I didn't have the proper environment, I might not be able to think or I might even refuse to think, mightn't I?" Howard continued his relentless questioning.

"Again, that might be expected," the Under Secretary agreed, but his tone was suddenly guarded.

"In that case," said Howard Enderby calmly, "I have a number of suggestions to make."

The whole operation was carried out so quietly and efficiently that it was some time before Exeter, Pennsylvania, began to wonder what ever happened to Howard and Vinnie. Arrangements were made to dispose of the split-level in Aurora Hills, and the Enderbys' possessions were loaded in an unmarked van which later deposited them at a military airfield on the outskirts of Baltimore, where they were crated for shipment and placed aboard an aircraft of the Military Air Transport Service.

Roebuck Masterson was called to Washington and curtly informed that the Enderbys were now wards of the Government and that he would not discuss the matter further, under any circumstances.

In Alexandria, Virginia, G. Fred MacBirney paid a hurried call upon a Miss Joanne Baldridge, aged twenty-six, resident in that city, and shortly thereafter these two young persons also vanished.

In Roebuck Masterson, however, the Defense Department erred badly in supposing that he would accept their patently feeble story meekly, and tremble at their veiled threats.

Instead, he came directly to my chambers in the House Office Building and demanded that I take action. As soon as I had heard his story, I did so, for Roebuck Masterson is a responsible citizen and, in addition, exercises considerable influence in my party's affairs on a statewide scale.

As I've told you, it wasn't easy. There were evasions, denials, delays and endless petty annoyances, but in Rep. Clarence P. Upsham the Defense Department was dealing with a man armed with right, truth and justice, as well as, I might add, a potential member of the House Armed Services Committee, should my constituents see fit to return me to my seat for another term. In the end, the Defense Department crumbled.

While I insist on bringing to merciless light the Government's treatment, highhanded as it was, of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Enderby, I am, on the other hand, constrained by the considerations of our national security to refrain from disclosing their exact location. Suffice it to say that I, like them, was flown there aboard a military aircraft.

Howard and Vinnie, I am happy to say, are enjoying excellent health and, somewhat to my surprise, seem extremely happy. He has put on a little weight around the waist, but the climate has done wonders for them both.

Their house, a really quite commodious structure, faces out over the lagoon from its position in a grove of towering palm trees. Wicker armchairs and tables make the broad, shady verandas comfortable. and a score of cheerful natives, hibiscus flowers in their hair, make Vinnie's household tasks a work of love and joy. Vinnie, by the way, has become an expert at the surfboard, while Howard prefers sailing his catamaran for recreation after a day in his magnificently equipped laboratory.

Fred and Joanne MacBirney live on the other side of the island, past the Nike site and heavy antiaircraft batteries, in accommodations of equal comfort. Fred has been reinstated in the FBI, at Howard's express wish, and, like the Enderbys, the MacBirneys seem quite contented and even happy in their exile.

Indeed, when I announced my intentions of revealing their ghastly plight, both families were urgent in their appeals that I should do no such thing.

"Please, Congressman Upsham," Howard Enderby begged me earnestly on the day of my departure, following a truly excellent native luncheon served on palm leaves by a number of remarkably well-proportioned young native girls, "think it over. We've everything we need here. Fred and I are learning Bogdanoff's Gambit. Lieutenant Nurney, who commands the antiaircraft people, plays beautiful poker. The plane from the mainland brings us anything we want once a month, and I'm in the middle of some infrared-ray work for the Navy. Why not just forget the whole business?" Inside the house, an air-conditioner switched itself on, as the day was tepid, and I was grateful for its coolness, since, unlike Howard and Vinnie, who wore merely the simple island garb of brightly colored cotton sarongs, I was dressed in my customary dark blue serge.

"Please, congressman," Vinnie added her plea, and I was once again struck by the rich golden tan she had acquired while living on this lost tropical atoll.

"No," I told them firmly. "You young people have been grossly mistreated and your rights violated by our Government, and I will see justice done if it is the last thing I ever accomplish as a member of the Congress of the United States."

And I intend to. Or get classified Top Secret myself.

Buckskin and Blanket Days (Continued from Page 23)

which I had made in his camp two months before. The "grasshopper soup" was a joke invented by old Johnny Cake, for the soup was really made from buffalo meat. After I had finished it, I rode away to our own camp.

By the time I got there, I was hungry again. The previous morning, before starting out, we had buried twenty pounds of fat buffalo meat in a trench in the ground and had covered it with hot ashes and coals and laid a big sod on top. Now I pulled it forth, well cooked. After I had eaten, I stretched out to sleep.

The Englishman's voice woke me. "I told you so," he was saying. "If we had followed our guide, we'd have come back to camp, instead of lying out on the prairie all night in the rain. He came right back and had a comfortable time."

I never let on that the Englishman was mistaken.

We stayed at this camp until we had frightened away the buffalo in the neighborhood, and then started for the forks of Beaver Creek on the Republican River. The region was a hunting ground for the Pawnees, Omahas, Iowas and Otos. As the Sioux also claimed the country and hunted there, it had been the scene of more Indian battles than had all the rest of the Great Plains. Every hunter and plainsman had declared to us that he had never seen more beautiful country than the Republican Valley. There were no white settlements within two hundred miles, and no trails ran through it.

All that I knew about the region was the name and general course of each stream, shown on rude maps drawn for me by hunters we'd met in our Kansas camps—the Platte River, the Big Blue and Little Blue, and the Republican. Away to the west, but south from the Republican River, came Beaver Creek, Prairie Dog Creek and the forks of the Solomon River, all flowing east. These were the main streams among many. The only rivers of clear water in all that region were the Republican and its tributaries. A plainsman who held those facts in his mind could find his way over that whole country.

November, we had been told, was a beautiful month on the plains. The days would be cool, the nights not too cold for comfort. Antelope, buffalo and turkeys would be at their fattest. So we journeyed toward those happy hunting grounds with light hearts.

Soon we knew that the descriptions had not been overdrawn. From a hill, with the plains running to the horizon on every side and before us a virgin land of streams and forest, we viewed the land in silence. Herds of buffalo and antelope could be seen here and there. Southward, above the dry ground we had just crossed, appeared a mirage of beautiful lakes and trees; westward hung a shimmering haze. We sat long on our horses, imprinting that scene on our memories.

At last we went down into the valley and made our camp under great trees on the bank of a singing brook, where there was plenty of dry wood at hand and fine pasture nearby. In this hunter's paradise the days flew past with incredible swiftness. We did not notice the increasing sharpness in the temperature of morning and evening. We fished, hunted and trapped, watched the Frenchman prepare our trophies, and took no thought for the morrow.

One day an ominous cloud rose in the northwest. The temperature quickly fell fifty degrees, and a fine snow came whirling through the air. We made hurried improvements in our camp and built a fire.

We began to wonder what would happen if winter caught us on the plains. Richardson and Redpath tried to reckon what time of the month it was, but the only date we were sure of was the day we had left Lawrence, Kansas. Only one thing was certain; it was dangerous for us to remain any longer so far from civilization. We decided to start the next morning toward the Missouri River.

But first I went to visit a band of Pawnees who had been camping near us for several days. I told their young chief that we had more meat and hides than we could take with us; we would leave them behind as a present for his band. To this store we added much equipment the Englishman had decided to abandon. It was a rich gift for the Pawnees, and their young leader followed us the next day to give us a few Indian curiosities in return, and ask me to visit their tribe again.

After a journey of two or three hundred miles, we reached a steamboat landing on the Missouri. At that season boats came down the river loaded with furs; one of them took aboard Richardson, Redpath and the Englishman, bound for St. Louis. They left me with a hundred dollars, all the camp equipage and an Indian pony. Putting a pack on the pony, I saddled up Old Titus and started south for Kansas.

On my way I fell in with a large band of Indians, a mixed lot of Omahas, Otos and others, all friendly with the whites. I decided to live with them for the time being. There was plenty to eat in their camp, and feasting and dancing were under full headway all the time. The swiftness with which the weeks of this happy, unthinking life flew by was amazing.

There were men and women of all sorts in the village, with great differences in their characters and habits. Some of the young women had heavy, dark faces, and cared nothing for ornaments or tidiness; others were neat and no darker than brunettes among the whites. Among

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these last was a girl with sparkling eyes and a sylphlike figure, who was the belle of the place. Her name was *Me-the-um-ba*—that is, Sunshine.

Another local character was Half Day, an old Indian who was the chronologist of the tribe. When anyone wanted to learn the date of a past occurrence, he asked Half Day, who gave an immediate and correct reply. Half Day dated everything not from the birth of Christ but from a smallpox scourge which had nearly destroyed the tribe. Half Day's "great sickness" was either the severe epidemic of 1815 or the one of 1832–33.

The man whom I came to know best was Two Bears, who had the worst termagant for a wife I have ever met in any race of people. Two Bears was a fat, jovial old fellow, and the most loquacious person I have ever known. He was the storyteller for the village. A perfect actor, he could imitate the voice of a child, an old woman or a dignified chief delivering a formal address.

One day as I lounged in my tent, Two Bears came in. Seating himself by the fire, his face beaming with good nature, he invited me to attend a meeting of his club. "We've made a feast for you. You come tonight and we'll have plenty of fun."

His club had a large buffalo-skin tent, perhaps thirty feet in diameter, with a roaring fire in its center. The place of honor, opposite the entrance, was given to me. First came a dance, something like a cotillion, and at the end of each set the gentleman was expected to kiss his partner. The music came from two drums, accompanied by four male and two female voices. At first slow and soothing, it gradually quickened until an almost maddening exhilaration seized upon the hearers.

Two Bears presented to me as my partner lovely little Sunshine, who danced with fairylike grace. Quicker and quicker beat the music, faster and faster flew the feet. Then all at once the music stopped. It was time to kiss Sunshine, and I did.

Two Bears rushed up to me. "How do you like this? Didn't I tell you we had plenty of fun at my club?"

"This isn't the end, is it?"

"No, the men will dance by themselves now."

"Oh, pshaw!" I objected. "There'll be no fun in that. Let's have some more of this."

Two Bears laughed. "You're bad," he told me.

A minute or two later the master of ceremonies announced that the dance would be repeated. Sunshine ran to her place in the set, motioning to me to follow.

"This dance is different," she said. "You must keep step to the music and try to catch me."

The music started off at the double quick. My partner darted backward, holding out her hands toward me. Swift as an antelope, she flew round and round the fire, and I pursued. With eyes and hands, she pleaded for me to catch her, but always as I reached out to her she eluded me, and beckoned again.

One by one, the Indian warriors captured their coy maidens until I alone was left pursuing. The drums beat faster and faster; the victorious warriors shouted and laughed. In desperation I leaped over the fire and caught Sunshine in my arms.

"That's a foul!" screamed the warriors. But I held onto my maiden until Two Bears took my part, claiming that I had played fair. "For," he insisted, "his feet struck the ground exactly at the tap of the drum. He kept the time perfectly."

Next followed a dance for the men alone, the sort of dance that white people usually see at Indian ceremonies. In this club, whose object was fun, it aroused little interest. The women were busy hanging over the fire three big kettles of *wabruga*, a preparation of Indian corn. They propped up on sticks large ribs of buffalo meat to roast before the fire. When the dance had ended, we gathered in a circle around the fire and ate.

I know no meat which can tickle the palate like tender, fat buffalo ribs roasted before a wood fire. Each of us had a wooden bowl and a large horn spoon. The bowls were filled with *wabruga*, and I was given a meaty pair of ribs three feet long. In the course of an hour all the food disappeared amid a hum of voices and peals of laughter.

Then out came the pipes and the tobacco pouches; it was time for the storytellers. After a two-hour session, Two Bears called for another dance. Everything was shoved far back under the tent edge and the musicians made ready. All the girls had left. One side of the tent had been thrown back a little to enlarge the doorway. A woman's voice began to sing:

"Come from your hiding,
Come from your hiding
Away in the woods."

As the male voices and the drums took up the song, twelve girls ran in and danced around the fire. Outside the tent they had exchanged clothes, beads, bracelets and trinkets by way of disguise. Each held a shawl drawn over her head so that it left only one eye exposed. Each of the twelve represented a band in the tribe and had adopted a temporary name. The warriors knew those twelve names, but did not know which name any girl had chosen.

As the girls circled the fire, each waiting brave would select the one whom he supposed to be his former partner and, dancing before her, would pronounce one of the names. If she proved to be his partner and if he pronounced the right name, he led her away to his seat. There he had the privilege of wrapping his blanket around both her and himself while they sat to watch out the game. The difficulty was that, while a warrior might be pretty certain of his partner, even in her disguise, the name was sheer guesswork. He might have to dance twelve times before he could win.

It did not take me long to discover my dusky little sprite among the girls. Which name had she chosen? The names were Wild Rose, Fawn, Black Bird, Sunshine, White Bird, Moose, Pine Tree, Eagle's Wing, White Cloud, Swan, Quick to Hear and Old Woman.

I had a hard time of it. Nine times I made obeisance to my lithe little fairy, and danced the regulation steps before I called her by the right name—Quick to Hear. We started for my seat, but before we could reach it the ungrateful little sprite ran off and left me to sit down alone.

Two Bears, who was sitting with his captive all wrapped in his blanket, began to condole with me. At last he offered me his own girl, but when he unfolded the blanket, I found instead of a girl a chunk of wood. A roar of laughter greeted this little joke. When it subsided, Two Bears announced that it was time to eat again.

We were served hot soup, followed by dried fruit which had been pounded in a mortar and mixed with dried buffalo meat. Just as we were finishing the meal, Village Maker appeared in the tent door, smiling.

Surveying the group, he remarked, "You have had a good time, but you have stayed too long."

Two minutes later, the tent was vacant and silence reigned. As I walked away, I saw in the east the first streaks of dawn. We had made a night of it.

Going to my tent, I wrapped myself in my robes and soon was fast asleep. When I woke, the sun was sinking behind the treetops. I heard the sound of drumbeats from two or three directions. I raised an arm, and at that very slight sound a young man threw back my tent flap.

"I was the first one in after you woke up, wasn't I?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "Why do you ask?"

"Little Chief and Swift Walker both want you to come to their clubs tonight, but I've asked you first."

"I'll go to yours, then."

"Oh, it's not my club. It's Prairie Chicken's. He sent me to ask you."

"Then tell him I'll come."

A woman and a little boy came into my tent, carrying a large bowl of beans, boiled with corn and meat, and a bowl of hot soup.

When I had eaten, I walked over to Prairie Chicken's club. Their tent was larger than the one I had visited the night before, and more persons were present. They were chatting, laughing and telling stories. All the while the drummers were furiously pounding the drums. The guest's place was vacant, awaiting my arrival. I was given dried meat, fruit and nuts. Already full, I made a pretense of eating, and, complying with Indian etiquette, I carefully put in my pouch what was left. Every Indian, when given food, is expected to carry away all that he can't eat on the spot.

In the feasting which followed the first dances, I sat near an intelligent-looking girl who wore the tattoo mark of a chief's daughter. She asked me if my own tribe knew any dances different from those I had seen.

"Yes," I replied, "many different ones."

Several Indians broke in, "Teach us some."

I told them that the great difficulty would be the music, which had a tempo entirely unlike theirs.

A drum was brought to me; I whistled a little waltz, keeping time on the drum. The drummers soon caught the movement, but the female singers made an utter failure of it.

Then someone called out, "There's a girl here who says she can sing that!"

The girl came forward and sang the tune to Indian words. I was astonished.

"Where did you learn that?" I asked.

"When we went to visit the Cataho." She named a tribe that lived far toward the west.

Afterward I found out that some of the Rocky Mountain Indians really do have a waltz time to some of their dance music.

The girl sang, the drums beat, the male voices soon caught the movement. Here was the music for a waltz.

"Teach us the dance! Teach us the dance!" came to me from all sides at once.

Taking the chief's daughter by the hand, I led her out. In a few minutes we were whirling through the tent. The whole group was wild with excitement. Soon the tent was filled with Indian couples whirling around in a half-civilized, half-barbaric style.

The report that a new dance was going on brought scores of spectators. More wood was piled on the fire, and the edge of the tent was thrown up all around to give the onlookers a better view. Other couples joined in the dance, more singers caught the tune, more drums were brought out. Soon half the village was waltzing around Prairie Chicken's tent amid shouts (*Continued on Page 98*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

To be sure that Sally wasn't marrying him for his money, Dollarmark made her sign a premarital agreement limiting her alimony in case of divorce. She was to receive a lump sum of $5000 if divorced within three years, or $7500 if divorced later. He walked out on the marriage just within three years, but Sally sued for the $7500 and more.

"That agreement was illegal," she argued. "A wife is entitled to more than mere severance pay according to her years of service. Her relation is higher than that of an ordinary employee and should be compensated accordingly."

"Premarital agreements have been legal for centuries, and this one is now," Dollarmark replied. "Under this one, Sally is due $5000 and not another cent. That's more money than she ever saw at one time before she married me, anyhow."

If you were the judge, would you limit Sally to $5000?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Sally collected the larger sum. The court said that, while premarital contracts usually are legal, this one was void and against public policy because it fixed a bargain rate for early divorce.

Based upon a 1956 Maryland decision.

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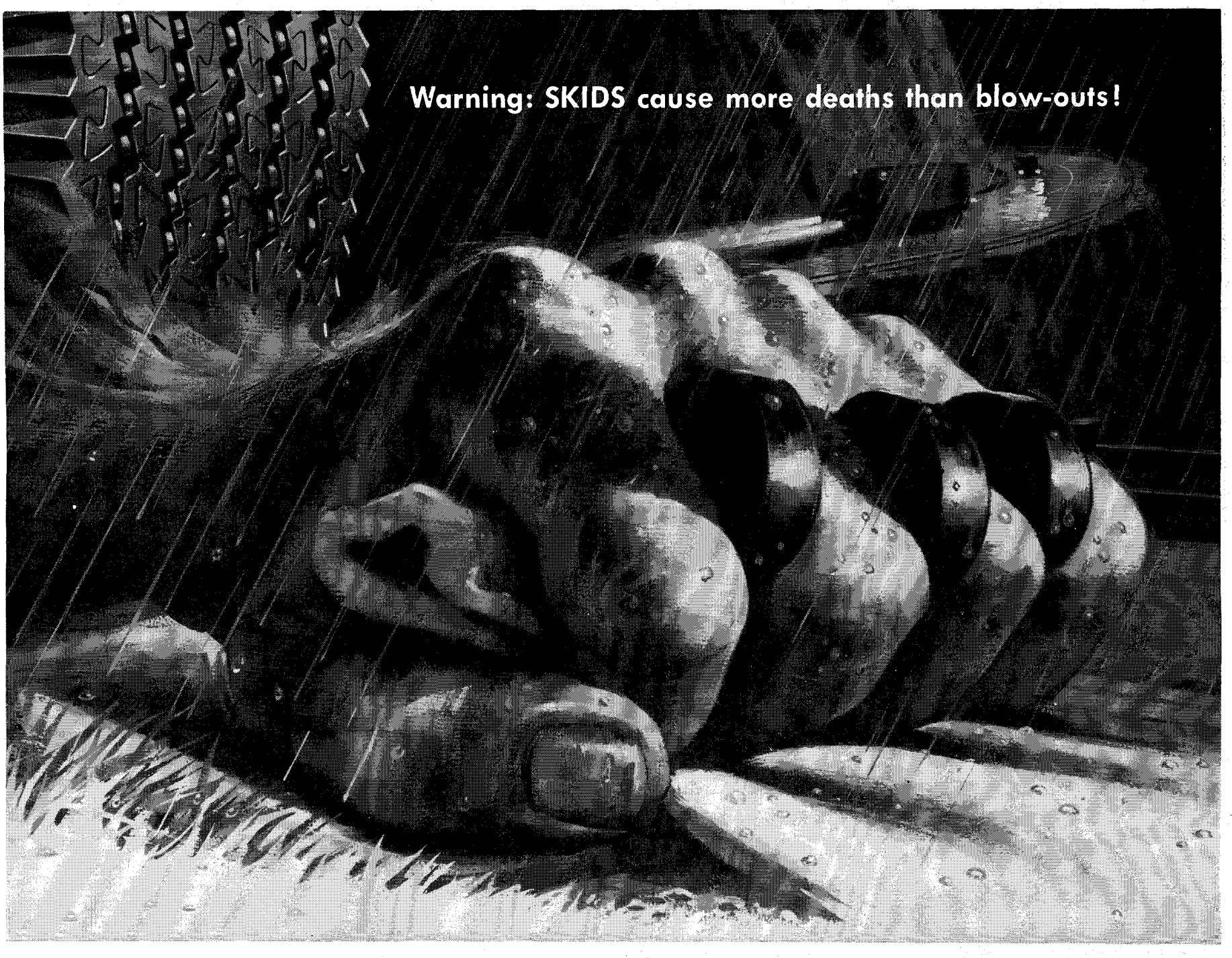

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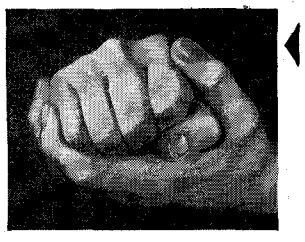

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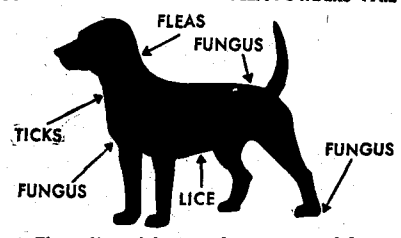

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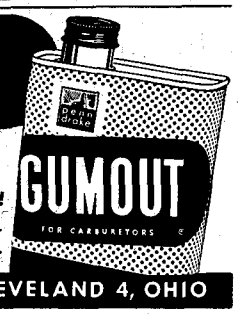

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(*Continued from Page 96*) of laughter, screams of delight and the racket of drums.

Next day nothing was talked of but the new dance. The young people were mad over it; for three weeks they did nothing but waltz. But the older folk looked with disfavor on the new dance. Gradually the opposition grew so strong that a council was held to decide what should be done. Here the waltz met its fate. The old wise men decided that it was "dangerous and indecent." They prohibited it in their tribe for "as long as the grass grows and the waters run," and the young folk went back to the simple games and dances of their forefathers.

It was now near the middle of a very severe winter. Provisions grew scarcer and the invitations to "come and eat" were extended less often. Food in an Indian village belongs to the women, who distribute it to suit themselves. They look after their children first; then, if anything is left, the men get it. Soon nearly everything edible had been consumed. No one had enough food except when some small hunting party was lucky enough to get an antelope or an elk. Then men who brought in the meat were hailed as heroes and made much of by those who had been hungry.

One day the chiefs gathered in a tent, carrying the great pipe. Village Maker had summoned a council to decide when the winter hunt should begin. Then, in a series of ceremonies which lasted four days, everything was done which superstition taught would insure the success of the hunt. All this time I had very little to eat, and probably should have had nothing whatever but for the kindness of Meepee, mother of my partner, Sunshine.

I noticed that one of the members of the Soldier Lodge, a secret society, seemed suddenly to have become the greatest man in the village. Although he was not a chief, his food was brought to him before anyone else was served, and he always had several courtiers close to him, waiting to obey his slightest command. Then I learned that he had been made the *Nudunaga*, the leader appointed for the hunt, whom it was death to disobey.

One morning all the Indians began to move up the river—some on foot, some on horseback, some alone, some in squads—gaily painted young men, finely mounted, and older men who trudged along in the rear through the snow, yelping dogs, scolding women and ponies laden with tent poles and camp equipage. No uninitiated observer could have dreamed that such a cavalcade had a leader and a planned organization. They did not even march in ranks and some lingered far behind. Yet each one knew the exact spot in relation to the others where he or she would sleep that night.

After traveling about twenty miles, the foremost Indians reached the designated camping place before sundown; the last ones did not arrive until nearly midnight. About a third of the band had no regular tents, so these unfortunates—and I was one of them—scraped away the snow from the leeward side of logs or thick bushes and, wrapping themselves in blankets or robes, slept in the open air. Those of us who had no womenfolk to serve us had nothing to eat.

Next morning I went to the tent of Two Bears, hoping his wife would feed me, but while I was still outside, I heard her scolding him. She told him he was a lazy, good-for-nothing old rascal.

"Look at our pony!" she stormed. "Our only pony! It's so poor it can hardly walk. All winter long you've kept it tied up while you were at dances. I expect it will die before we get back from the hunt." And so on, and on.

Through the tent flap I caught sight of Two Bears sitting by his fire, answering back not one word. While I stood there, one of my young friends came up and suggested, "Go on in. She'll give you plenty to eat."

"She's more likely to tell me to clear out."

"Then I'll go in." And in he went.

Without waiting to see the result, I walked on. Though I stood for a while near several different campfires, no one told me to "come and eat." Presently I saw the women taking down their tents. The order to move on had been issued. I drew my belt up a notch or two, mounted Old Titus and rode along. We were marching northwest, and all day long a snowstorm beat in our faces.

Once I wandered far off the route in search of game. When I picked up the trail again, I saw ahead of me five or six women trudging through the snow. Another followed a good way behind.

Chronic Necessities

By Hal Chadwick

It takes a lot of time to keep
Your housework up, I know;
To cook and bake and mop
and sweep
And dust and wash and sew.
It's endless, dear, as you
deplore.
But if I'm not mistaken,
The same is true about the
chore
Of bringing home the bacon!

I heard one woman call back to this loiterer, "Hurry up, daughter! It's not far to camp now!"

All the women carried packs on their backs and showed that walking through the snow against the wind had tired them. As I rode up, I saw that the lagging one was little Sunshine, who had been my partner at Two Bears' dance. She could barely stagger along. Indian etiquette, which deems it an unpardonable crime for a young man to address a girl on a trail or highway, forbade my speaking to her. I rode past all the women and dismounted.

When the main group reached me, I said to the nearest, "Mother, the young girl is exhausted; she can never walk to camp. Take my horse."

The woman held up both her hands and bowed her head in the Indian gesture of thankfulness.

"My son," she replied, "we were tired out."

I handed her the rein of my bridle and walked on. In a few minutes the women had used their hatchets to cut two long poles. They fastened the poles trailing back from each side of my saddle, tied a blanket between them and placed Sunshine and their packs upon this travois. Then they marched swiftly after me along the trail. Because I was faint from lack of food, they could travel faster than I; so I stepped to one side to let them pass.

Few of us reached the camping place that night until after dark, and I was one of the last to arrive. I sat down by a big fire which some of the young men had built. Just as I was preparing to lie down, I heard the welcome words "Come and eat."

I followed a vanishing form through the darkness until I reached the tribal group called End People. There against a sheltering bank Sunshine and her family had built a roof of branches with a fire in front of it. They had felled quite a large cottonwood tree, and Old Titus was foraging on the bark of its limbs. I knew from the seat which I was requested to take that for the remainder of the hunt I was to be the guest of that family.

A great pile of *nuskeda*, a kind of sweet potato, was in one corner of the bower. It was the search for these roots and the task of digging them that had delayed the women; they had brought them many miles through the snow in their packs. A good supply of these potatoes was roasting in the fire, and I was given more than I could eat. I stowed what was left of my portion in my pouch.

The next day we pushed on, traveling steadily until late into the night. No tents were pitched. Instead, tent skins, robes and blankets were spread around three great fires, and we all lay down in circles with our feet toward the warmth. After sleeping only two or three hours, we hurried on. Very few had eaten that day.

By two o'clock in the afternoon the advance group reached a thickly timbered spot and made camp. A stream dashed by over a sandy bed; there were large quantities of dry wood lying about. Nearby was a dense growth of rushes, which would fatten our horses. And now the buffalo could not be far away.

As hunger had made me restless, I mounted Old Titus and rode across a low range of hills in search of game. I was the best-armed person in the whole party, because I had a good breech-loading Sharps rifle and two Colt revolvers with six-inch barrels.

Toward night I found a flock of turkeys roosting in a low tree. I took out both my revolvers and cocked them; I also cocked my rifle and laid it by my right side. Then I fired three shots in rapid succession and got two turkeys. The rest of them flew a short distance and alighted in some low undergrowth. I followed and sounded a call on my turkey bone. Two turkeys drew near enough for me to shoot them. Then I threw all four birds across Old Titus and rode swiftly back to camp and my adopted family.

When I arrived nearly everyone was asleep. But Sunshine's mother, Meepee, sat by a fire in front of a shelter of boughs.

"Mother," I told her, "I've brought you some meat."

She raised her hand to her mouth and made the peculiar intonation by which Indians express surprise. Then she darted into the tent and returned with Sunshine and another woman. In a moment they had unsaddled my horse, spread a robe for me in front of the fire and arranged my saddle for a pillow. One of the women led Old Titus away, the two others skinned two of the birds, and in ten minutes they had the turkeys roasting before the flames.

The next morning before daylight, two or three groups were sent out to look for buffalo. These scouts were forbidden to kill any game. If they made a discovery they were to return to camp with the report, so that all the hunters might start together with an equal chance of success.

I was invited to the tent of the *Nudunaga*, who presented me with an eagle feather—the regulation honor conferred upon the man who has brought in the first game on a hunt. Everywhere, I found, I was received with great respect. We did not know then that on this very day a further bit of good luck was to place me temporarily near the pinnacle of local fame.

Editors' Note—This is the first of three articles. The second will appear next week.

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Secrets of the Unknown War

(Continued from Page 36)

the interview, he told Jensen and Nielsen he had burnt down their headquarters at Eskimoness, but that did not startle them into any more admissions. Ritter could not help adding, to relieve their anxiety and perhaps to excuse himself, that so far as he knew, their friends—Poulsen and Henry Rudi and Kurt Olsen—had all got away. After an hour or so of interrogation, Ritter left Marius and Peter under guard in the hut and went outside alone.

Some of Ritter's men had noticed that he seemed distraught. In fact, the past twelve hours had been a turning point in his life. By all the standards Ritter had been brought up to respect, the killing of Eli Knudsen was a crime and a sin. Of course, the machine gunner had not meant to shoot Knudsen, but the crime lay in the circumstances which had made Ritter bring weapons of war to the peaceful arctic—a peace he had learned to love as an arctic hunter before the war. The sin was that he had ever accepted a job which in any way served Nazism—a system he abhorred. Back in Germany it had seemed wise to take that fortunate chance to go to the arctic again, for the sake of his own security and his family's. Now he could see what a dreadful mistake he had made.

As Ritter stood outside the hut at Sandodden that morning he made one definite resolution: he would not repeat this crime. If it came to the test again, he would pray to be guided by Christian, not Nazi principles, whatever the consequences might be.

Sandodden had become a hateful place for him, and he gave orders to journey on to Hansa Bay. The Germans harnessed their dogs and drove away, taking their prisoners with them, and peace and quietness settled again on this scene of violence. The remains of Eli Knudsen were left lying in the shack beside the hut, and they still lie there today.

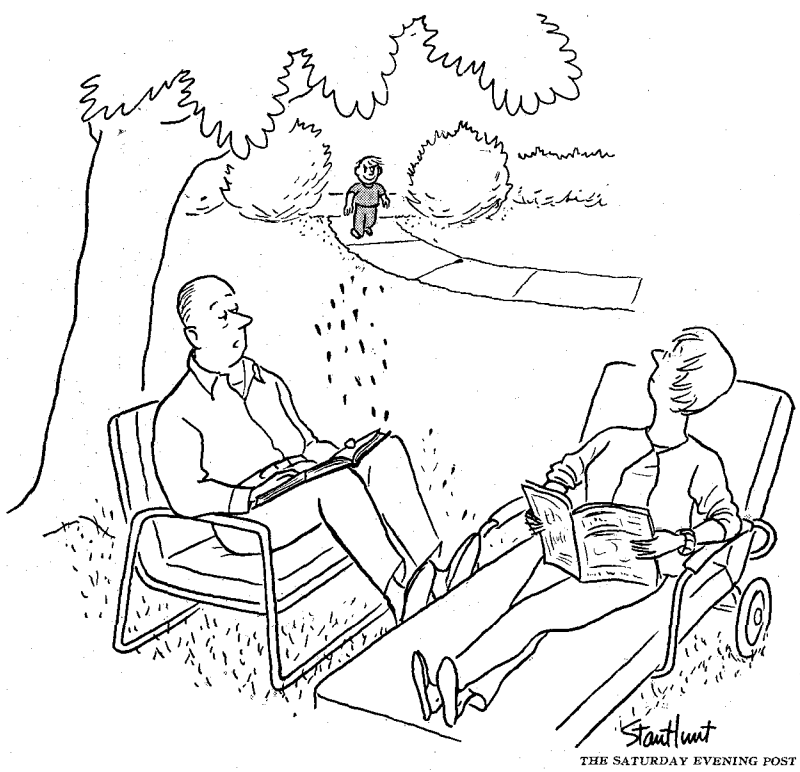
The Germans had captured every single dog which had been at Eskimoness, except the ones they had shot, and part of Knudsen's team too. They now had the makings of eight teams, and so they could take them all back to their base at Sabine Island only if they let Peter and Marius drive one each. Ritter divided this cavalcade into two groups and sent Peter with the first while he and Marius traveled with the second. One party went south along the shore of Wollaston Forland, and the other north over the Kuppel Pass, to approach Sabine Island from the other side.

Before they left Sandodden, the prisoners were told that if one of them gave trouble on the journey or tried to escape, the other one would be punished. But Ritter took all the sting out of the threat for Marius by giving him back his old team, the one he had lost at Cape Wynn.

After Peter and the first three men had gone, Ritter told two Germans of the second party to start. They both set off with a practiced air, but after a few seconds one of these teams caught sight of the other, and at once the two orderly teams disintegrated into a tangled mass of snapping, yelping dogs, the sledges collided and overturned and one of the most comprehensive dogfights Marius had ever seen was under way. Ritter told Marius to go and sort them out. Marius ran to the sledges and waded in and laid about him with an expert hand, and very quickly the dogs separated, panting and pleased with themselves. To discover that the Germans were far from efficient at the all-important art of driving dogs immediately restored Marius' self-confidence.

The two parties met again at the hut on Germania Harbor—the very place where Jensen had discovered the presence of the Germans in Greenland. There Peter and Marius were left under guard, while Ritter and most of the others went on to the base, which Marius now knew for certain was hidden in Hansa Bay.

For Marius and Peter, a most curious kind of imprisonment began. Ritter knew there was no need for him to lock his prisoners up. He had no inclination to give them the ruthless treatment he guessed they had expected, and he picked the older men of his trawler crew, rather than the young Nazis, to look after them. The hut was small and the guard had no option but to live on terms of equality



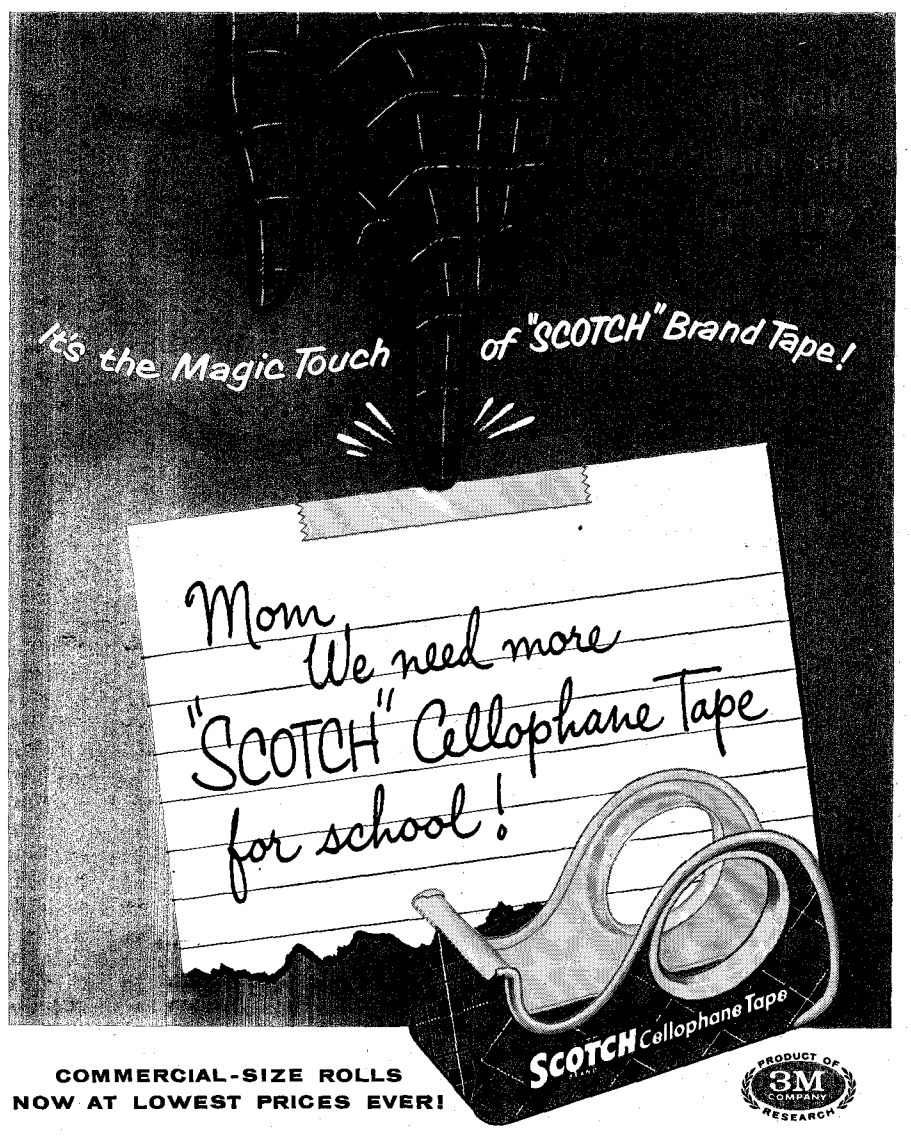
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh-oh, here comes the Bodwell s guided missile. Where are our interceptors?"

ment, with its homesteads and radio station and peaceful people, was the only place on the coast really worth defending.

Ella Island in the next few days fell into a state of complete confusion. During the and taking the two other men with him he had got to Ella Island in four days more, a total distance of about 270 miles. With only six dogs, this was a remarkable achievement by any standards.

seriously. But what surprised him most was that Ritter was so unlike what he had expected a German commander to be. He seemed to be a vague, gentle and friendly person.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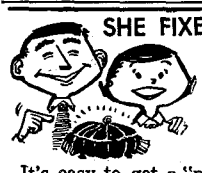

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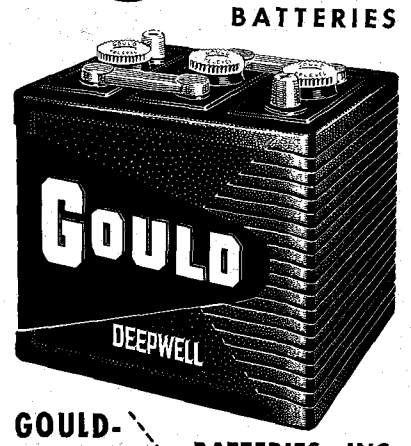

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with the prisoners. The German sailors, at the end of their first winter in the arctic, were glad of the chance to pick up

not be quite so incompetent with dogs as Marius had pretended. The question was whether it really mattered if he escaped

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Keeping Posted

All About a New Dress

That photograph of the **Samson Raphaelsons** shows the glamour of life on a Bucks County, Pennsylvania, farm. Explanation: one day Mrs. R. remarked that exactly one year ago they had returned from a trip to Europe, and the author asked, "Say, did you ever wear that cocktail dress you bought in Paris?" Raphaelson avers that his wife didn't need the dress, but set out to buy it anyway, and (unlike his heroine on page 34) *did* buy it. "Of course I never wore it," answered Mrs. R. "Where would I, on the farm?" So Raphaelson came to dinner that evening with a dinner jacket over his sport shirt, and his lady, seeing this, happily arrayed herself in her good-as-new dress. The Raphaelsons now live in New York, but not on account of the dress.

However, this is *not* the Dior cocktail outfit that Raphaelson put in his story, and when illustrator **Joe Bowler** asked Dior's New York office to read the manuscript, he was told, "But Monsieur has no design quite like that." So Dior's helpfully ordered some genuine sketches sent from Paris, Raphaelson switched his dress description slightly to be the real Dior, and all is well. Including this first Post appearance of Joe Bowler, an able young New Yorker.

The Raphaelsons have an anniversary.

Illustrator Bowler and all the folks.

Kenneth Roberts

Kenneth Roberts, 71, died July 21st in Kennebunkport, Maine, and it is good to recall that a few months previously his vivid and studiously authentic historical novels about early America won a special Pulitzer Prize citation. Roberts and this magazine had an unusual rapport; he was in the Post 205 times, including 191 articles. Most memorable, to be sure, was the 1937 serialization of part of his famous novel, Northwest Passage, based on historical documents he discovered himself during a three-year research. Other Post novels were Lively Lady (1931) and Captain Caution (1934). Earlier, Roberts had been an intelligence officer in the Army's post-World War I Siberian Expeditionary Force, whose mission he called "utter futility." After the war he became a Post correspondent, roving not only many lands but a great variety of subjects, from world affairs to such homely pursuits as golf and dieting. A bluntly outspoken man, he often feuded in print with world notables; he once referred to politicians as "highly placed jackasses," and his last Post article (Nov. 6, '48) found him flailing away at the eminent English historian, Arnold Toynbee, who in his A Study of History wasn't very complimentary toward Roberts' beloved Maine. In the critical view Kenneth Roberts was a man of true literary stature whose novels will be his enduring memorial.

Kenneth Roberts.

The Oft-Quoted Mr. Jones

Mr. and Mrs. Jones: also Eric, David and Nancy.

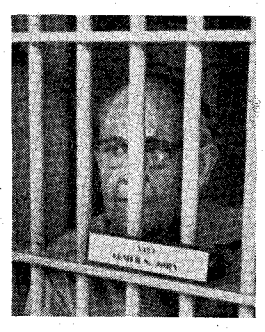
Franklin P. Jones is one of the most widely quoted epigrammatists extant. Let's suppose he writes, "The only thing that will really prevent baldness is hair." (Quoted from May 8, '54 Post). Such a line is quoted, re-quoted, with credit, without credit, with credit to somebody else, as it floats around among other magazines, newspapers, columnists, syndicates, broadcasts, telecasts, public speeches, house organs, wall slogans, calendars, diaries and blotters. (Jones sometimes uses his own quips without credit to himself in writing public-relations or advertising copy—"I think I must speak quite firmly to myself about this.") Well, if one multiplies the above example by the 1000 or so epigrams he has had in the Post—but let's skip abstruse mathematics and all join in a well-deserved burst of applause. For Jones' sparkling column, Put it This Way, is ten years old, going on eleven, on page 68.

Frank Jones, a partner in Philadelphia's Gray and Rogers advertising agency, once wrote, "The best way to keep a man is in doubt." His wife, Carol, reflects, "He doesn't mean half of what he writes, but I don't know which half."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Penalty Worse Than Death"

A veteran prison warden asserts that life sentences exact a toll more terrible than execution. Read his appeal for drastic reform in our concept of punishment.



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